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Pont de L'air near Lannest.

NORTH WALES;

INCLUDING ITS

SCENERY, ANTIQUITIES,
CUSTOMS,

AND SOME SKETCHES OF ITS

NATURAL HISTORY;

DELINEATED FROM

TWO EXCURSIONS THROUGH ALL THE INTERESTING
PARTS OF THAT COUNTRY,

During the Summers of 1798 and 1801.

By THE REV. W. BINGLEY, A.M.
FELLOW OF THE LINNEAN SOCIETY,
AND LATE OF PETERHOUSE, CAMBRIDGE.

Illustrated with a Map, Frontispieces, and Music.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

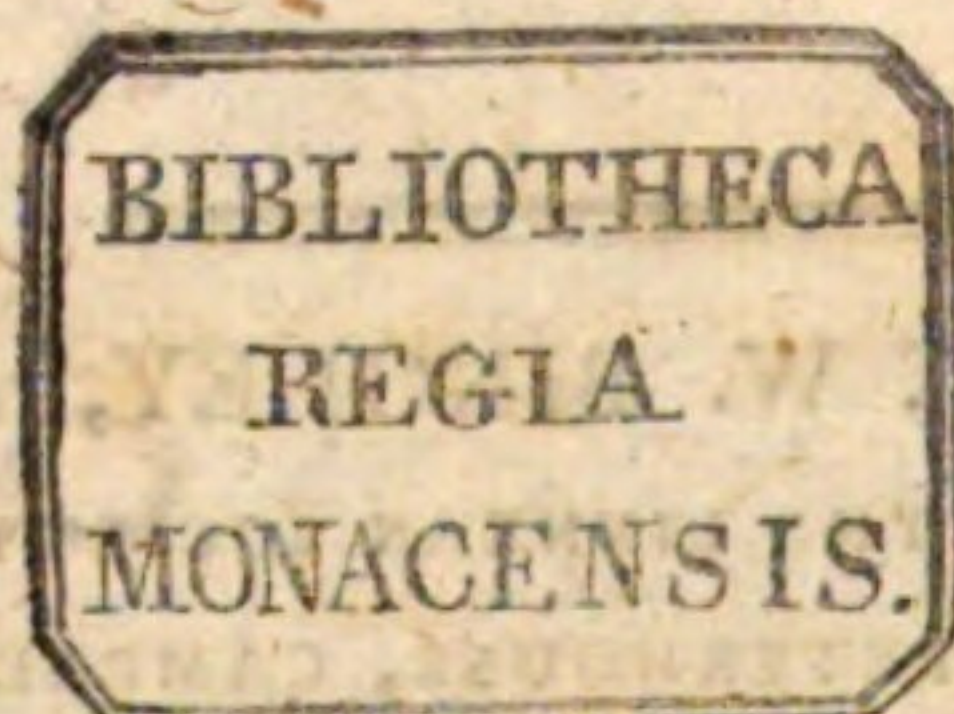
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PREFACE

TO

JAMES EDWARD SMITH, M.D. F.R.S.

PRESIDENT OF THE LINNEAN SOCIETY,

THESE VOLUMES,

DESCRIPTIVE OF

A HIGHLY ROMANTIC AND INTERESTING

PART OF THE

BRITISH EMPIRE,

ARE INSCRIBED,

AS A TESTIMONY OF THE SINCERE ESTEEM,

OF HIS VERY AFFECTIONATE,

AND OBEDIENT SERVANT,

WILLIAM BINGLEY.

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AND CREDITED SERVANT,

WILLIAM BINGLEY.

PREFACE.

IN the summer of the year 1798, I was induced, from the various accounts that had reached me respecting the grandeur of the mountain scenery of North Wales, to appropriate three months to a ramble through all its most interesting parts. I accordingly set out from Cambridge, (where I was then resident,) soon after the commencement of the long vacation, and proceeded, in the cross-country coaches, immediately to Chester. From Chester I leisurely skirted the north coast of Wales, along the great Irish road *, through St. Asaph and Conwy, to Bangor. At Caernarvon I remained for a considerable time, making excursions in all directions among the mountains, and through the principal parts of the island of Anglesea. When I had examined all the places that I could learn were worth notice, I continued my route, entirely round the country, visiting, in my course, Harlech, Barmouth, Dolgelle, Machynlleth, Llanydloes, Newtown, Montgomery, Welsh Pool, Oswestry, Wrexham, and Mold. From Mold I crossed over (towards the interior) to Ruthin, and proceeded through Llangollen, Corwen, and Bala, to Shrewsbury, whence, in the month of September, I returned to Cambridge.

* Except only in going from the village of Northop to Flint, and thence to Holywell, in the whole not more than eight miles.

Not satisfied with this single journey, I returned into North Wales in the year 1801, and resided there four months more; during June, July, August, and September. In this latter excursion my time was chiefly occupied in examining the counties of Caernarvon and Merioneth, and the island of Anglesea, visiting again, in these counties, all the places that I had before seen, ascending most of the principal mountains, and searching about for other, new and interesting, objects.

Previously to my first journey, I had made several tours through nearly all the romantic parts of the North of England. I can, however, with truth declare, that, taken in the whole, I have not found these by any means so interesting as four of the six counties of North Wales, namely, Denbighshire, Caernarvonshire, Merionethshire, and Anglesea. The traveller of taste (in search of grand and stupendous scenery), the naturalist, and the antiquary, have all, in this romantic country, full scope for their respective pursuits.

My mode of travelling was principally as a pedestrian, but sometimes I took horses, and at other times proceeded in carriages, as I found it convenient. A traveller on foot, if he has health and spirits, has, in my opinion, many advantages over all others: of these, the most essential is that complete independance on every thing but his own exertions, which will enable him, without difficulty, to visit and examine various places that are altogether inaccessible to persons either in carriages or on horseback.

From my first entrance into the country I had formed a determination, if I found my observations sufficiently interesting, to lay the result of them before the public. This I did in my *Tour round North Wales*, published about four years ago. Till that journey was nearly completed, no

tour of any importance, later than that of Mr. Pennant, (originally published in 1778,) had come to my knowledge. I had not then heard of those either of Mr. Aikin, Mr. Warner, or Mr. Skrine, and therefore, not without reason, considered myself as filling an unoccupied place in British topography. The work, notwithstanding there were no fewer than half a dozen others, of a nearly similar nature, published about the same time, was so well received by the public, as to afford reasonable hopes of success to fresh exertions. The present volumes are the offspring of these exertions. How they will be received, remains yet to be decided.

To this work is attached a *Map of North Wales*, compiled from the most authentic sources, to which I could have access, and corrected by my own observations. I fear that, in many instances, it may be found inaccurate, but as Mr. Evans's "Map of North Wales," which contains by far the fewest errors of any that has been yet published, now sells at the enormous price of a guinea, I was, from this circumstance, induced to attempt the compilation of a new one to illustrate my own journey. If it only tends to reduce the price of Evans's map, I shall consider the labour and expence that have been bestowed upon it as sufficiently repaid.

The *Itinerary*, inserted in the second volume, will be found of considerable use to the traveller, as it contains a notice of almost every object worth visiting throughout the whole of North Wales. It contains also an account of the distances, and a character (as I found them) of most of the inns.

Since, in a periodical work of deservedly high celebrity, it was remarked of my "Tour round North Wales," that I had quoted many books as authority for my historical
A 4 data,

data, the references to which appeared rather to be taken through the medium of other books, than from the writers themselves; I think it necessary here to declare, that, of all the following authors, I have perused the originals, and every reference to them is made on my own examination. Various other writers are quoted from my own perusal, but of the titles of their works I have preserved no memorandum.

A LIST of the principal Historical Works quoted in the following Volumes.

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Blunt. Fragmenta Antiquitatis, or ancient Tenures of Land, and Jocular Customs of some Manors, by Thomas Blunt; with additions, &c. by Josiah Beckwith, F.A.S. 8vo. York, 1784.
Borlase. Antiquities of Cornwall. Folio. London, 1754.
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Camb. Reg. Cambrian Register, vols. i. and ii.
London, 1795, &c.
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Carte. History of England, by Thomas Carte, gentleman. 3 vols. folio. London, 1747, &c.
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Clarendon.

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London, 1784.
- Gutch.* Collectanea Curiosa, or Miscellaneous Tracts relating to the History and Antiquities of England and Ireland. 2 vols. 8vo. . . . Oxford, 1781.
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- Phillips.* History and Antiquities of Shrewsbury from its Foundation. 4to. London, 1796.
- Powel.* The Historie of Cambria, written originally in the British language, above 200 years past, translated into English by H. Lhoyd; corrected and augmented by D. Powel, D.D. 4to. London, 1584.
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- Speed.* The Theatre of Great Britain. 2 vols. folio. London, 1611.
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- Tanner.* Notitia Monastica; with additions by James Nash, A.M. Folio. Cambridge, 1787.
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Christchurch, Hants,
April 1, 1804.

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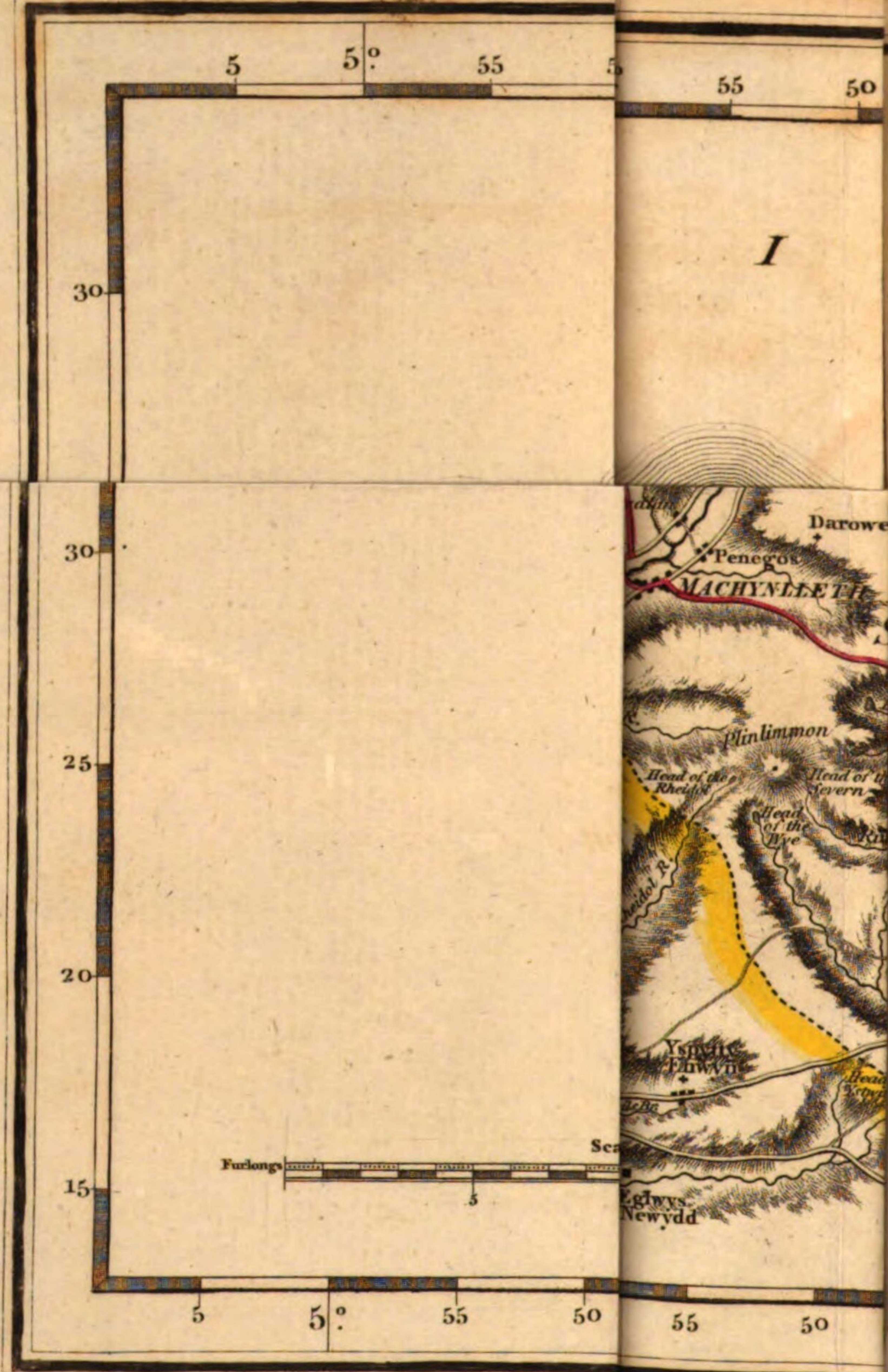
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NORTH WALES:

INCLUDING ITS

SCENERY, ANTIQUITIES,

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IN antiquity and singularity, Chester may be said to vie with any town in Great Britain; and within the walls there appeared such an air of gloom and melancholy, as to give me no very favourable opinion of it as a place of residence. The houses are, for the most part, a motley group of buildings modern and antique, which, contrasting together, afford a character in many instances not a little grotesque.

grotesque. The streets, which are tolerably broad, are excavated to a considerable depth out of the earth: on a level with these are warehouses and kitchens; whilst above, and on a level with the shops and court-yards, are galleries, or, as they are called,

Rows,

which run, on each side, along the fronts of the houses, and afford a sheltered walk for foot-passengers. These are tolerably wide, but low and close, and often very dirty. As they are eight or ten feet, at least, above the street, persons are under the unpleasant necessity of descending and ascending the steps wherever a lane crosses them. Their width, in many places admitting of stalls betwixt the passage and the street, give to a stranger the idea of a public road through the midst of shops. Over them, and supported in front by wooden posts, are the higher stories of the houses. It is the Rows which tend principally to give its air of singularity to this town: and to see the chief business of the place transacting in these covered ways, which one might almost fancy had once been a middle story cut out of all the houses, does appear to a stranger truly singular*.

* "These Rows," says Mr. Pennant, "appear to have been the same with the ancient *vestibules*, and to have been a form of building preserved from the time that the city was possessed by the Romans. They were built before the doors, midway between

THE WALLS

round this city, which are, except those of Carlisle, the only entire specimen of ancient fortification now existing in Britain, are built of a soft red stone, found on the spot, that gives them at a distance the appearance of brick. Their circuit is nearly two miles, and they are sufficiently broad at the top to admit conveniently of two persons walking abreast. Their elevation is such, that all the gardens of the adjoining houses are completely overlooked by those who stroll along them. The inhabitants keep them at present in repair merely for the purposes of pleasure and recreation. This is done principally by the murage duty of two-pence on every hundred yards of Irish linen that enters the port of Chester. In different parts they command extensive and varied prospects. On the east, the Broxton hills and the castle-crowned rock of Beeston are seen at a distance; whilst fine cultivated grounds fill the intervening space. Towards the west, the mountains of Flintshire, that bound the beautiful vale of Clwyd, are very visible: and almost immediately beneath are the river and canal which present to the observer, in contrast, a scene of bustle and commerce.

tween the streets and the houses; and were the places where dependents waited for the coming out of their patrons." *Tour in North Wales*, vol. i. p. 113.

Betwixt the river and the walls is a piece of pasture-ground about a mile in circumference, called

THE ROODEE.

This is used as a race-ground; and few places in the kingdom, of its size (for it is only about a mile round), are better calculated for the purpose, as it is nearly furrounded by eminences that command a view directly upon it.

Tradition says that in the year 946, an image of the Virgin mother and a large cross were interred here. The story is curious:—This image belonged to the church of Hawarden, and, during the invocations of the inhabitants for relief from a season of drought, by which they were suffering very greatly, being either not securely fixed in its place, or not possessing that share of infallibility which has frequently been ascribed to the image of the Virgin, it, somewhat unexpectedly, fell upon the head of Lady Trawst, the governor's wife; the effect of which was immediately fatal. In consequence of this lamentable catastrophe, the inhabitants of the place held a consultation as to the most proper mode of disposing of the image; and after due deliberation, its sentence was;—"To be banished from that place by being laid on the sands of the river, from whence the tide might convey it to whatever other quarter the virgin whom it represented should think proper." As it was low water when the
image

image was taken to the sands, the tide of flood, of course, carried it up the river; and on the day following it was found near the Roodee, where it was immediately interred by the inhabitants of Chester with all due pomp and solemnity, and a large stone was placed over the grave with this inscription:

The Jewes their God dide crucifie,
 The Hardeners theirs dide drowne,
 'Cause with their wantes she'd not complye;
 And lyes under thys colde stone.

THE CATHEDRAL.

Near the walls, at the north-east side of the city, stands this, one of the most heavy, irregular, and ragged piles of building I ever beheld. It is constructed of the same red stone as the walls; from the softness of which, it seems fast mouldering into decay. In its exterior it has neither grandeur nor elegance to recommend it to notice.

There is much neatness and beauty in the choir, and the Gothic work around its sides has a very pleasing effect. About the walls in the chancel are dispersed the monuments of several bishops and clergymen, but none of them of any magnificence.

The bishop's throne stands on what is generally, though improperly denominated the shrine of St. Werburgh; a large stone richly ornamented with Gothic carving. Round the top of this there is a range of thirty small images, at present neatly
 B 3 *gilded,*

gilded, supposed to have been intended for the kings and saints of the Mercian kingdom. The shrine, in which the sacred relics were deposited, must have been somewhat more portable than this mass of stone, (a vessel no doubt either of silver or gold,) for in the year 1180, Mr. Pennant tells us, “it was brought out to stop the raging of a fire in the city, which, for a long time, had been invincible by every other means: but the approach of the holy remains *instantly proved their sanctity by putting an end to its furious desolation.*” *

The altar-piece, which is of very fine tapestry, is executed after one of the cartoons of Raphael, and represents the history of Elymas the sorcerer. Wright, in his travels through France and Italy, expresses his opinion, that it is much superior to any of the tapestry that he saw in the Vatican.

Behind the altar is the chapel of St. Mary, where prayers are read every morning at six o'clock.—The south transept forms the parish church of St. Oswald.

On the south side of the altar there is an ancient tomb, which is carefully shewn to strangers as that of Henry IV. emperor of Germany. Camden says, that, in order to escape from the troubles which his own unguarded conduct had brought upon his empire, this prince fled in disguise to England, and resided at Chester, unknown as to

* Pennant's Tour in North Wales, vol. i.

his real character for near ten years: but, death approaching, he discovered himself, and was afterwards interred in the Abbey church*. The story seems altogether doubtful, and the latter part of it is certainly untrue, for he is well known both to have died and been buried at Liege.

The chapter-house stands on the east side of the cloister court: but neither in this place, nor in the vestibule, did I observe any thing in the least interesting.—In the year 1724, the remains of the celebrated Hugh Lupus, the first earl of Chester, after lying undisturbed upwards of six hundred years, were, in repairing the building, discovered here, wrapped in leather, and deposited in a stone coffin. Part of his shroud is still in preservation.

Near the cathedral is the Abbey-court, a neat square, with an obelisk in the middle. On the south side of this is situated the bishop's palace, a handsome modern stone building. The other houses of the court are occupied principally by the prebendaries, minor canons, and vicars choral.

The cathedral was built on the site of a nunnery founded about the year 660, by Wulpherus king of Mercia, for his daughter Werburgh, afterwards sainted, to whom it is dedicated*. The chief part of the present fabric was erected during the reigns of the three last Henries.

* Camden's Britannia, Gibson's Edit. p. 558.

BISHOPRIC.

Chester was anciently part of the diocese of Litchfield; but in 1705 one of the bishops, choosing to reside here, was the occasion of his successors being frequently, but improperly, styled Bishops of *Chester*. Henry VIII. made it a distinct bishopric, and added it to the province of Canterbury: from this, however, it was soon afterwards disjoined, and annexed to that of York †, in which it still remains. This diocese contains the entire counties of Chester and Lancaster; part of Westmorland, Cumberland, and Yorkshire; two chapelries in Derbyshire; and five parishes in Flintshire; amounting in the whole to two hundred and fifty-six parishes, of which a hundred and one are impropriations. The bishopric is valued in the King's books at four hundred and twenty pounds a year, and is computed to be worth about two thousand five hundred.—There are belonging to the cathedral, a dean, two archdeacons, a chancellor, treasurer, six prebendaries, and other inferior officers.

* The abbey (for in the time of Hugh Lupus this church was converted into an abbey), must have been a very considerable one: for, at the dissolution in the reign of Henry VIII., its revenues were valued at above a thousand pounds.

† Gibson's Camden, p. 558.

CHURCHES.

There are eight parish churches within the walls:

St. Oswald's,	St. Michael's,
St. Peter's,	St. Mary's,
Trinity,	St. Olave's, and
St. Bridget's,	St. Martin's*.

St. John's church stands just beyond the walls, and not far from the river, in the south-east part of the town. This church, which was once collegiate, has been a large and magnificent pile of Saxon architecture; and even yet exhibits some very curious specimens of the massy strength of the Saxon columns and arches. It was founded, by Ethelred king of Mercia, about the year 689; in consequence, says tradition, of a visionary admonition to found a place of religious worship on the first piece of ground where he should afterwards see a white hind. This legend is supposed to be represented by a sculpture, now almost defaced, on the west side of the tower.

On the south side of the church-yard there is a small anchorite's cell, to which the wounded Harold retired after his defeat at the battle of Hastings;

* In the parish of St. Martin there were formerly two religious houses; one appropriated to the Carmelites, or Grey Friars; and the other a convent of Benedictine nuns, dedicated to St. Mary. Of these, the present remains are very few.

and

and where, in meditation and solitude, he is said to have closed his life.

THE CASTLE.

In the south angle of the town walls is situated the castle, founded by Hugh Lupus in the reign of William the Conqueror; but of the ancient building there is not, at present, much left: what remains, however, is of the same red stone as the cathedral and walls. About twelve years ago a design was entered into, to take down so much of the ancient parts as was necessary to the purpose, and erect, in their stead, a new gaol, shire-hall, &c. upon an improved and very extensive plan.

The present shire-hall is a truly elegant fabric, of light-coloured stone, with a portico in front. The court-room is semicircular, and lighted from above. Few rooms in the kingdom exceed this either in purity of design, or in the taste exhibited in its execution. Its style appeared to me to be truly Grecian; but this, as well as most buildings with domes, is said to be a very difficult place to speak in.

The new county-gaol is a very considerable structure; it contains five different yards for the use of the prisoners, upwards of forty cells for criminals, and fourteen solitary cells for the condemned.

The apartments for the judges are in the upper wards of the castle.—To the castle belong a governor,
nor,

nor, lieutenant-governor, and constable; and it is garrisoned by two companies of invalids.

Among other remarkable things that were pointed out to me in Chester, was

GLOVER'S STONE.

This stone stands at the head of Castle-street, and is the boundary, in this direction, of the jurisdiction of the city. Here the criminals are delivered to the city sheriffs for execution. Opinions are divided as to the origin of this singular custom. There is a tradition, that when Chester was made a separate county by Henry VII., the citizens, tenacious of *privilege*, took upon themselves this unpleasant task, rather than suffer the county officers to exercise any authority within their jurisdiction.—Others say that this duty was imposed upon the citizens as a punishment for having once rescued a felon from the hands of the officers, as he was on the way to execution.

BULL-BAITING.

In few places has the barbarous and unmanly sport of bull-baiting been more assiduously attended to, or sanctioned by the presence of persons in such respectable stations of life, than in this. It is not many years since the mayor and corporation, habited in their robes, regularly attended, in their *official capacity*, as participators in this rational amusement! On the accustomed day, as soon as their presence
announced

announced that the entertainment might commence, the town crier opened the business by proclaiming aloud to the gaping audience:—"Oyez! Oyez! Oyez! if any man stands within twenty yards of the bull-ring, let him take—*what comes*:" and after some other customary ceremonies, the scene of slaughter began. During this time the whole town was one continued scene of riot, intemperance, and confusion: honest employments of every description were at an end; and this, the darling amusement of the citizens, occupied alone their thoughts and attention. The noble animals they tormented might have been esteemed mere machines, created but for their pleasure: and it is only under this impression that I can possibly reconcile to myself the truth of one anecdote that has been related.—In the year 1787, one of the bulls, after exerting the utmost vigour in his defence, covered with lacerations, and groaning in agony, sunk to the ground. Unwilling either to lose any part of the spectacle, or to exert a single effort of pity for the dying animal, one of the by-standers, more fertile in expedients than the rest, proposed setting fire to the straw that was upon the ground, as a sure method of rousing him. A shout of exultation immediately announced that the plan was approved; and in a very few minutes it was adopted!—It is needless to subjoin any reflections on this relic of barbarism inherited from our ancestors. Its evident tendency is to corrupt the heart, and steel it against every tender feeling of
of

of humanity. If, however, those who have the dearest interests of society at heart will only continue to discountenance it, we cannot doubt but the custom will become, in a very short time, altogether unknown.

PUBLIC BUILDINGS.

The principal public buildings of Chester, besides those I have already mentioned, are the following:

The Exchange; an elegant fabric, supported on columns, containing a large and commodious common-hall, in which the quarter-sessions are held, and all the city-officers are elected. Here are also held the city-courts of crown-mote, and port-mote.—The exchange likewise contains a mansion house, where the corporation entertainments are given, and the citizens have their assemblies during the winter; and the subscription library.

The Pentice is an ancient building near the centre of the city, where the magistrates sit to transact the business of the peace, and where the town-office is kept. This is about to be taken down in order to widen the street, the passage through which it very much obstructs at present.

The House of Industry stands near the river on the west side of the town. In this the poor, not only of the parishes of Chester, but even of distant parishes, on agreement with the governor, are supported and employed. The number of persons it generally

generally contains is betwixt two and three hundred.

The Infirmary is also on the west side of the town, but within the walls. It was opened in the year 1761, and is very amply supported by voluntary contributions.

The Blue-Coat School, near the north gate, was founded by Bishop Stratford in the year 1706. By this institution thirty-five boys are maintained and educated for four years, at the end of which term they are put out apprentices to business. Here is also a similar institution for ten girls, who, at the end of four years, receive each forty shillings, and are placed out to service.

The North-Gate Gaol is the city-prison for felons and debtors.

The Bridewell, or House of Correction, where the small crimes are punished by hard labour and confinement, is near the north gate, on the opposite side of the canal.

SKETCH OF THE HISTORY OF CHESTER.

From the very form of the place, we are led to conjecture, that Chester was indebted to the Romans for its foundation: for the four principal streets, Bridge-street, Northgate-street, Watergate-street, and Eastgate-street, crossing each other at right angles, still retain the original appearance of a Roman camp. Of this, however, we have no direct historical evidence, though it is well known
to

to have been one of the principal military stations that the Romans had in this island *.

At different times there have been various remains of Roman antiquity discovered here, such as altars, statues, coins, and two hypocausts; one in a field near the Watergate, and another near the Feathers Inn in Watergate-street. The latter is yet left unfilled up, and may be inspected by the curious. It is entered through a blacksmith's shop and pantry, and, from the lowness and darkness of the place, few but antiquarians will be induced to visit it. Its form is rectangular, and it had formerly thirty-two low pillars that supported square tiles perforated for the passage of the warm vapour into the sudatorium, or sweating-room above, which is now destroyed.

After the Romans departed from Britain in the fifth century, this place fell under the government of the British princes. In their hands it remained till the year 603, when it was wrested from them by Ethelfrid king of Northumbria. Brochwel Yfeythroc, prince of Powys, made a feeble attempt

* Its British names of *Caer Legion*, "The Camp of the Legion," and *Caer Lleon Vawr ar ddyfr Dwy*, "The Camp of the Great Legion on the Dee," were derived from the twentieth legion having been chiefly quartered here. By the Romans it was called *Castrum Legionis*, "The Camp of the Legion;" *Deva* and *Deunana*, from the river; and afterwards *Cestria*, from the Latin word *castrum*, a camp. The Saxons gave it the names of *Legancester* and *Legaceaster*. *Gibb. Camd.* p. 557.

to oppose him. Relying on the interference of Heaven in his behalf, he brought forward his army, composed only of monks and other religious from the monastery of Bangor (which was but few miles distant), and placed them upon an eminence, naked and defenceless. Ethelfrid observed them in the attitude of prayer, and, considering them as much his enemies, in imploring the power of Heaven against him, as they would have been had they opposed him in arms, commanded the soldiers immediately to the attack; in consequence of which, upwards of twelve hundred of them were slain*.

Chester, after this period, seems to have been alternately possessed by the Britons, the Saxons, and the Danes: by the latter, however, it was held but a very short time, being restored to the Saxons by the valiant daughter of Alfred the Great, Elfreda, the wife of Ethelred duke of Mercia†.

Elfreda, terror of mankind!
Nature, forever unconfin'd,
Stamp'd thee in woman's tender frame,
Though worthy of a hero's name.
E'en Cæsar's conquests were out-done,
By thee, illustrious Amazon!

* Chronicon Saxonum, p. 25. Matt. Westm. p. 206. Hist. Eccl. Bedæ, ii. c. 2. p. 111. Brit. Eccl. Antiq. Jacobo Usserio, p. 132. Fuller's Church History, p. 63.—The Saxon Annals, Bede, and Mr. Pennant, place this battle in 607; Usher in 613: but from various other writers it appears that 603 is the true date of the event.

† Matt. Westm. p. 354.

After the Norman conquest, William created his nephew Hugh Lupus earl of Chester, and delegated the same sovereign jurisdiction to him in this county, that he himself possessed in the rest of the island. By virtue of this grant, the earls held parliaments at Chester, consisting of the barons and tenants which were not bound by the acts of the English parliament*. The earls were petty princes, and all the landholders in the county were mediately or immediately their vassals, and under the same allegiance to them as to the kings of England.

Hugh Lupus, immediately after receiving the earldom, in order to secure himself from any incroachments either of Welsh or English, repaired the town walls, and erected the castle†.

In several of the reigns subsequent to the Norman conquest, Chester was made a place of rendezvous for the English troops in all expeditions against the Welsh. In consequence of this it frequently suffered very considerably. Camden informs us that the "skirmishes here betwixt the Welsh and English in the beginning of the Norman times were so numerous, the inroads and incursions, and the firing of the suburbs of Hanbrid beyond the bridge so frequent; that the Welshmen called it *Treboeth*;

* Gibs. Camd. p. 567. The words of the grant are "tenere totum hunc comitatum sibi, et hæredibus suis, ita libere ad gladium, sicut ipse rex tenebat Angliæ coronam."

† Gibs. Camd. p. 558.

that is, Burnt Town. They tell us also that there was a long wall made there of *Welshmen's Skulls* *."

So early as the time of Hugh Lupus, the trade of Chester appears to have arrived at some degree of consequence. The exports consisted in horses, cheese, and slaves, for this inhuman traffic was carried on to a very considerable extent even by our Saxon ancestors. The imports were principally spices and other luxuries of the East; cloth from Flanders; linen from Germany; bulls, indulgences, pardons, and relics, from the great warehouse for those articles in Italy; furs, whalebone, feathers, &c. from Russia, and other northern countries; and wine from France and Spain. Lucian, a jolly monk of the eleventh century, speaks of ships "coming from Gascoign, Spain, Ireland, and Germany, which, by Christ's assistance, and by the labour and conduct of mariners, repair hither and supply them with all sorts of commodities; so that being comforted by the grace of God in all things, *we drink wine plentifully*, for those countries have abundance of vineyards †."

From the time of Hugh Lupus, for near two centuries, Chester continued entirely under the jurisdiction of its earls; but on the death of John Scott, without issue male, in 1237, Henry III. took the earldom, and all the powers annexed to it, into his own hands; and in return granted to the city its first royal charter.

* Gibb. Camd. p. 559.

† Ibid.

Henry bestowed it on his son Edward, afterwards king Edward I., from whom it successively devolved upon Simon de Montfort, Earl of Leicester, Edward of Caernarvon, Edward of Windsor, Edward the Black Prince, Richard of Bourdeaux, Henry V., Henry VI., Edward V., Edward the son of Richard III., Arthur the son of Henry VII., and afterwards to Henry VIII. A long period was now suffered to elapse, and the next person to whom the earldom was conferred was Henry Frederick Stuart, son of James I. He was succeeded by his brother, afterwards Charles I., and from him it went to Charles II. After a period of more than eighty years, George the son of George I. succeeded, afterwards Frederick his elder brother, then his present Majesty, and in 1762 it was transferred to the Prince of Wales, in whom it still continues.

In the city of Chester it was that the Welsh made their final acknowledgment to the sovereignty of England in the year 1300, by Edward of Caernarvon, Prince of Wales, when the freeholders of the county did homage and fealty for their respective lands.—Henry, duke of Lancaster, afterwards Henry IV., in 1399 seized this city and its castle in his way to Flint against the ill-fated Richard II., and on his return to London, secured him one night in the castle*.

* Stow, p. 322. Carte's Hist. of England, vol. ii. p. 635.

From this period no very memorable incident occurred till the civil wars of Charles I. Chester adhered with great fidelity to the royal cause, and was consequently besieged by the parliament's army: but it was not till every hope had been cut off by the important victory which the latter had gained at Rowton Heath, of which, from the leads of the Phoenix Tower, the king himself was an anxious spectator, that it was surrendered on the 3d of February 1645-6, on the most honourable terms, after a gallant resistance for near five months, during part of which time the garrison were so much distressed for provisions, as to eat even their horses, dogs, and cats.

The reader will, no doubt, be glad of some relief from this tedious detail of local history, which, however, was necessary towards rendering a tolerably perfect account of this once celebrated place. I cannot, however, conclude it without noticing a few of the descriptions that have been given to us of the hospitality and generosity of the ancient inhabitants of Chester, and its county.

Speed calls Cheshire "the feed-plot of gentility;" and Dr. Fuller, in his English worthies, says, "the Cheshire gentry are remarkable for four things; their numbers, not to be paralleled in England in the like extent of ground; their antiquity, their loyalty, and their hospitality; no county keeping better

better houses, which, because all grows on their own, may be the better afforded.—This truth has given rise to a pleasant observation: that it appeared to all people that the Cheshire gentry were good house-keepers, because they have so many wheat-sheaves in their coats of arms; bread being the staff of hospitality, and wheaten the best of all bread. Indeed, upwards of forty wheat-sheaves, (called garbs in heraldry), may be reckoned, which are borne in the several coat-armours of the gentry of this county.” Drayton, in his Polyolbion, describes them as having,

——“ Livelihood of their own, their ages to sustain;
Nor did the tenants pay the landlord’s charge maintain;
But as abroad in war, he spent of his estate,
Returning to his home, his hospitable gate,
The richer, and the poor stood open to receive,—
They, of all England, most to ancient customs cleave.”

To an odd stratagem of a female of this place of the name of Elizabeth Edmunds, was owing the entire safety of the protestants of Ireland, in the reign of queen Mary. Dr. Cole, a commissioner from the queen, on his way to that country, stopped one night at Chester. The mayor, in his official capacity, waited on him, and he unguardedly spoke of the murderous business in which he was engaged, and took out his commission in the presence of the hostess, who had a brother, a protestant, in Dublin. When the mayor left him, he politely attended him

down stairs, and Mrs. Edmunds in the mean time took the commission from the box, and substituted for it a pack of cards, with the knave of clubs placed uppermost. The doctor, on his return, put up the box, and on his arrival at Dublin, presented it in form at the castle to the lord deputy and privy council. His lordship opened it, and the whole assembly, as well as the commissioner himself, were in the utmost astonishment at its contents. He assured them that it *had* contained a commission, but why it was not there then, and how the cards came into its place, he was as ignorant as they. Disappointed and chagrined, he returned to the English court for a fresh commission, which he obtained, but before he could again arrive in Ireland, the queen died. Her successor, queen Elizabeth, rewarded the woman for this meritorious act with a pension of forty pounds a year for her life.

In a chronological list of remarkable events at Chester, I find the following singular occurrences :

- 1489. This year St. Peter's steeple was pointed, when a goose was eaten by the parson and others on the top thereof, and part cast into the four streets.
- 1517. The plague raged so shockingly, that the streets were deserted, and grass grew a foot high at the cross.
- 1552. The magistrates of Chester were restrained by act of parliament from licensing more than four persons to sell wine within the town.
- 1569. This year the two sheriffs, Peter Licherband, and William Massey, Gent. fought a battle, for which they were fined ten pounds towards the repair of the walls.

1617. King James visited Chester, and was presented by the body corporate with a *gilt* cup, and a hundred Jacobins of gold, as a rich token of the attachment of the city to his crown and person.

A whimsical story is told by Mr. Yorke respecting this expedition of king James. When he was on the road near Chester, he was met by such numbers of the Welsh who came out of curiosity to see him, the weather was so dry, and the roads so dusty, that he was nearly suffocated. He was completely at a loss in what manner to rid himself of them civilly: at last one of his attendants putting his head out of the coach, said: "It is his Majesty's pleasure that those who are the best gentlemen shall ride forwards." Away scampered the Welsh; and but one solitary man was left behind. "And so, Sir," says the king to him, "you are not a gentleman then?" "Oh yes, and please hur majesty, hur is as good a shentleman as the rest; but hur ceffyl, God help her, is not so good *."

MANUFACTURES, TRADE, AND POLICE.

The only manufacture of any consequence in Chester is that of gloves, which is carried on to some extent. There are also snuff mills; a small manufactory for tobacco pipes; an iron foundry; patent shot manufactory; ship builders' yards, and

* Royal tribes of North Wales. *Ceffyl* is the Welsh word for horse.

other concerns, which afford some but not much employment for the poor.

The maritime business is of no great extent. It consists chiefly of the coasting and Irish trades; and a small portion of commerce with foreign countries. Great quantities of cheese, coals, and lead are exported. The imports are principally linen cloth from Ireland; and hides, tallow, feathers, &c. from other quarters. The number of ships belonging to the port is but small. The business of ship-building is, however, carried on to a considerable extent, many vessels of from one hundred to five hundred tons burthen being annually built here.

Till the new channel was made for the river Dee, which was finished about the middle of the present century, vessels of twenty tons could scarcely reach the town, and ships of burthen were obliged to lie ten miles lower down, by Park-Gate. But now, at the spring tides, vessels of near four hundred tons burthen are able to come up almost to the bridge.

The Ellesmere canal, which forms a communication between the rivers Severn and Mersey, crosses the Dee very near the town of Chester. This grand and expensive undertaking, when completed, will very greatly facilitate the commercial intercourse betwixt England and Wales, by affording a much more cheap and commodious mode of conveyance for goods of every description than could otherwise have been had.

Just

Just above the bridge is a stone causeway with a fall of thirteen feet, which cuts off constant communication by vessels between the upper and lower parts of the river. Six or eight tides in the year flow over it, and these allow a navigation for small vessels as far as Bangor. The snuff mills, and the town corn mills, are directly upon this dam.

The government of Chester is vested in the corporation, which consists of a mayor, (who has the power of life and death within his own jurisdiction,) two sheriffs, twenty-four aldermen, and forty common-council men. Two of the latter are *leave-lookers*, whose office it is to lay informations against all persons exercising trades within the city who are not freemen. The two senior aldermen are *murengers*, or receive the murage duties for maintaining the walls. Two are treasurers, who are next in succession to the mayor. There are likewise a sword and mace-bearer, and other inferior officers.

The city returns two members to parliament chosen by the freemen at large, and the sheriff is the returning officer.

CHAP. II.

CHESTER TO FLINT.

Hawarden and Castle.—Euloe Castle.—Coed Euloe.—Defeat of the Army of Henry II. by the Welsh.—Northop.—Flint.—Flint Gaol and Castle.—Richard II. betrayed to Bolingbroke.—Borough.

IT was early in the morning of the sixth of July that I commenced my route from Chester into Wales, in a direction towards St. Asaph and Conwy. The day had not dawned more than two hours, the dew then sparkled upon the leaves and grass, and the sun shot his red beams through the undispersed fog. The birds on every side were pouring forth their melodious notes, and the cheering coolness of the air corresponding with my own disposition at the time, to enjoy in the full all these beauties of nature, rendered the outset of this journey infinitely more pleasing than that of any of my rambles through the romantic parts of England. The fog soon cleared away, and the now unclouded sky seemed to indicate a continuance of the most delightful weather. I wandered so slowly along, that it was near seven o'clock before I arrived at

HAWAR-

HAWARDEN*.

This is a small clean-looking town in Flintshire, celebrated only for its *castle*, which has been an extensive building, and was formerly of considerable importance to the interests both of the Welsh and English people. This building, of which at present little more than the fragments of the walls and keep are left, stood on a considerable eminence, near the road, at the east end of the town, within the grounds of Sir Richard Stephen Glynne, Bart. It commands an extensive prospect towards the river Dee and the county of Chester.

The late Sir John Glynne was at the expence of having much of the rubbish removed from the ruins : and in one place there was discovered a long flight of steps, at the bottom of which was a door, and formerly a draw-bridge. This crossed a deep long chasm, to another door leading to two or three small rooms, probably places of confinement, where prisoners, after pulling up the bridge over the chasm, might be lodged in the utmost security†.

The circular keep, which is more elevated and perfect than the other parts of the building, has,

* The British name of this place was Pennard Halawg, or Pennard y Lag, corrupted probably from Pen y Llwch, "the head-land above the lake;" the subjacent marshes having been once covered by the sea.—*Pennant*.

† *Pennant's Tour*, i. 104.

within these few years, had a room fitted up in it in the modern stile. This addition, however, and the painted statues interspersed in the grounds, but ill accord with the wild and shattered ruins around them.

HISTORY OF HAWARDEN CASTLE.

The time of the foundation of this fortress is not known. It appears to have been in existence soon after the Norman conquest; for it was then possessed by Roger Fitzvalerine, son of one of the noble adventurers who followed the fortunes of William the Conqueror*. It was held by the seneschalship to the earls of Chester, and was afterwards the seat of the barons of Mont Alt, who were stewards of the palatinate of Chester†.

On the extinction of the ancient earls in 1237, Hawarden castle and some other fortresses belonging to them were resumed by the crown‡. But, about thirty years afterwards, when Henry III. and his son Edward were taken prisoners by Simon de Montfort at the battle of Lewes, their liberation was purchased by the resignation to him of the earldom of Chester from Edward, who then held it, and by the absolute cession to the prince Llewelyn, not only

* Collin's Peerage, i. 48.

† Gough's Camd. ii. 558.

‡ Pennant's Tour, i. 94.

of this place, but of the sovereignty of the whole of Wales*.

Shortly after this time it must have been destroyed; for Llewelyn, in 1267, when he restored to Robert de Mont Alt the whole of the lands of Hawarden that he had formerly possessed, strictly enjoined him not to build any castle there for thirty years†. A fortress seems, however, to have been raised long before the expiration of that period; for in the night of Palm Sunday, 1281, David, the brother of Llewelyn, ungrateful for the favours which had been so lavishly conferred upon him by Edward I. surprized and took Hawarden castle, cruelly massacring all who resisted‡.

This and other acts of these two princes were the cause of a war which not long afterwards ended in the total subjection of North Wales to the crown of England.

The ungrateful David, after the death of his brother, being taken by the king, suffered severely for his offences. He was dragged by horses through the streets of Shrewsbury to the place of execution: here he was hanged: he was then beheaded, and his body was divided into four parts. His heart and

* Rymer's *Fœdera*, i. 814. Carte's *Eng.* ii. 156.

† Rymer's *Fœdera*, i. 845.

‡ Matt. Westm. 370. Hen. de Knyghton, apud *Historiæ Anglicanæ Scriptores decem*, 2464. Powel's *History of Wales*, 337.—M. Westm. and Hen. Knyghton place this insurrection in the ensuing year.

bowels were burnt; his head was placed on the Tower of London; and the other parts of his body were exposed to the eyes of the public, one at Bristol, another at Northampton, the third at York, and the fourth at Winchester*.

Hawarden seems to have continued in the barons of Mont Alt for near fifty years from the death of David; when Robert, the last baron, having no male issue, conveyed it to Isabella, queen of Edward II. but on her disgrace it came once more to the crown†.

In 1336 Edward III. granted it, along with the stewardship of Chester, to William de Montacute, earl of Salisbury‡; in whose family it continued till the year 1400, when John, his great nephew, was beheaded by the townsmen of Cirencester, after attempting an insurrection in favour of his deposed master, Richard II. The earl had, prior to this event, made over his estates in fee to four of his friends; but after his attainder by an act of parliament they became forfeited to the crown.

Thomas, duke of Clarence, the son of Henry IV. who was afterwards slain at the battle of Baugy in 1420, received a grant of Hawarden from his father; and about twenty years after his death it was given to Sir Thomas Stanley§, who held it till the

* Matt. Westm. 371.

† Dugdale's Baronage, i. 527. Gibs. Camd. 688.

‡ Dugdale, i. 646.

§ Gibs. Camd. 688.

year 1450, when it was resumed, and granted to Edward Prince of Wales.

The surviving feoffee of the Earl of Salisbury now laid claim to his estates, on the plea that the Earl was not possessed of them at the time of his forfeiture. An inquisition was taken, his plea found good, and complete restitution was made to him *.

In 1454 Hawarden was again conveyed to Sir Thomas, afterwards Lord Stanley; and after the death of his son Thomas, earl of Derby, it descended to his second wife Margaret, the mother of Henry VII. After her decease it continued in the family till the execution of the gallant James, Earl of Derby, in 1651: soon after whose death it was purchased from the agents of sequestration by serjeant Glynne†.

On the restoration an order was made by the lords that the estates of the Earl of Derby and several other noblemen should be restored. This induced Glynne to make an offer of the surrender of Hawarden for a lease of three lives. The proposal, however, was not accepted. The lords then sent to the House of Commons a private bill for restoring to the earl all his father's property; but this being strongly opposed, was set aside, without coming to a second reading. The earl, after this, was glad to compound for the property of this

* The four feoffees had claimed them soon after the execution of the Earl; but their petition was rejected.

† Pennant, i. 98.

place; and for some small consideration granted it to ferjeant Glynne and his heirs* ; in one of whom, Sir Richard Glynne, it yet remains.

In the civil wars Hawarden was betrayed by its governor to the parliament†, and kept for them till 1643, when part of the English forces, who had been serving against the rebels in Ireland, upon the cessation there, came over to assist the king, and landed at Mostyn, a place about sixteen miles distant. Soon after their arrival they made an attack on this castle, and after a fortnight's siege, "and much ink but little blood spilt," it was surrendered to them‡.

In the hands of the Royalists it continued till after the surrender of Chester in 1645, when it was vigorously besieged by the parliament's forces under general Mytton, and in about a month was taken§.

On the twenty-second of December, in the same year, the parliament, alarmed at some disturbances which had taken place amongst their soldiers, or-

* Pennant, i. 99. who quotes Drake's parliamentary history, and a manuscript account, communicated to him by Sir John Glynne.

† Carte's life of the Duke of Ormond, ii. 471. and iii. 204.

‡ See the ridiculous letters that passed on this occasion between the commanders of the besieging army and the garrison, in Rushworth's Collections, part iv. vol. ii. p. 301. and Pennant, i. 101, 102.

§ Rushworth's Historical Collections, part iv. vol. i. p. 21. Whitelock's Memorials, 192—197.

dered this and four other castles to be dismantled*. These orders extended only to the rendering of it untenable; its further destruction was effected by the owner, Sir William Glynne, between the years 1665 and 1678†.

Having finished my examination of Hawarden and its castle, I continued my route towards Northop. A little beyond the ninth mile-stone from Chester, I turned, on the right, over some meadows, in search of a small fortress called

EULOE CASTLE†.

It stands about a quarter of a mile from the road, and from its situation on the edge of a glen, and and being surrounded with wood, I had no little difficulty in finding it. It formerly consisted of two parts; the larger of which was an oblong tower, rounded at one end, and about fourteen yards long, and ten or twelve in width, guarded on the accessible side by a strong wall. The other part consists of an oblong court, at the extremity of

* Whitelock, 231.

† Pennant, i. 103.

‡ Leland says, "This word Yollo is the same in Welsh that Llewelyn ys, and Ludovicus in Latin."—It appears more probable that Euloe Castle is only a corruption from Castell Iolo, Edward's Castle: but on this head we have neither tradition nor a single syllable of history, except the passage above quoted, to guide us.

which are the remains of a circular tower. This fortress has been well defended, on one side by a trench, and on the other by the deep valley that runs beneath it. Leland says that Euloe Castle was the property of a gentleman of Flintshire, of the name of Howell, who, by ancient custom, a privilege he inherited from his ancestors, used to give the badge of a silver harp to the best harper in North Wales. In his own time it was, he informs us, "a ruinous castelet or pile *."

It was in the wood adjoining to this place, called

COED EULOE,

that king Henry II. in an expedition against Owen Gwynedd, prince of North Wales, received a severe and most memorable repulse from David and Conan, the two sons of that hero. The army of Owen was encamped, and seemed ready for engagement, and some slight skirmishes were commenced. These, however, were but artifices to draw the English into a narrow and dangerous pass between the hills, where a numerous ambuscade was secretly placed under the command of his sons. Henry, too confident in the strength of his men, and not relying sufficiently on the opinion of those who had a more perfect knowledge of the country than himself, fell into the snare, and paid dearly for his rashness; for when he and his vanguard, following the Welsh into

* Leland's Itinerary, v. 53.

the valley, were engaged in fight, another party, with horrible outcries, arose on a sudden from under the cover of the woods, which hung over the steep, and assailed them with stones, arrows, and other missile weapons. The disadvantageous situation of the English army, and the confusion into which they were thrown, totally disabled them from resisting this unexpected attack; and they were routed with dreadful slaughter*.

NORTHOP.

When I arrived at Northop, a small village, containing a handsome and somewhat ancient church, I turned out of the usual road to Holywell, and went towards Flint†. About two miles from this place, and from the slope of a hill, at the bottom of which stands the town, the scenery opened in a most pleasing manner. It was high water; and the estuary of the Dee, which runs up towards Chester, enlivened by the vessels "lightly floating on its surface," the towns of Park-Gate, and some others on the opposite shore, appeared to peculiar advantage. At the ebb of the tide this wide arm of the sea dwindles into a narrow stream, inclosed on each side by long and dreary banks of sand.

* Lyttleton's History of Henry II. vol. ii. p. 72, 73.

† It is not worth the while of any tourist to follow my route to Flint, as he will find there scarcely any thing worth his notice.

FLINT

is a market town, small, irregularly built, and by no means pleasant. It has once been surrounded by a ditch and ramparts, but these are now nearly destroyed. Being situated near the sea, it is resorted to by a few from the neighbouring country, as a bathing-place; but the marshy coast which extends from the edge of the water almost to the town, must render it, in this respect, extremely disagreeable. The *church*, or rather chapel, for it is but a chapel of ease to Northop, is a dirty ill-looking building, with a boarded turret.—From this place there are packets which sail every tide, when the wind permits, for Chester and Park-Gate. This is from hence a charming, and, as far as relates to Park-Gate, certainly an expeditious mode of travelling.

Though the great sessions for the county are held at Mold, the *county gaol* is at Flint, situated in the castle-yard, in a fine healthy situation. It is a good building, and constructed on a plan similar to the gaol of Ruthin. Over the front door of this prison, on a black and white marble slab, is an elegant inscription, the composition of Mr. Pennant, which informs us of the benevolent purposes for which it was erected:

In the
 twenty-fifth year of his Majesty Geo. III.
 in the Sherifalty of Sir Thomas Hanmer, Bart. this
 prison was erected
 instead of the ancient loathsome place of confinement,
 in pity
 to the misery even of the most guilty;
 to alleviate the sufferings of lesser offenders, or of
 the innocent themselves,
 whom the chances
 of human life may bring within these walls.
 Done at the expence of the county,
 aided by the subscription of several of the gentry;
 who,
 in the midst of most distressful days,
 voluntarily took upon themselves part of the burthen,
 in compassion to such of their countrymen
 on whom
 Fortune has been less bounteous of her favours.

The *castle* stands upon a rock in the marsh, and so near the river, that sometimes at high-water the walls are washed by the tide*. It has been a square building, with a tower at each angle, some remains of every one of which are yet left. The tower at the south-east corner, which is called the Double Tower, is much larger than the others. In its outward diameter it measures forty feet: it is formed by two concentric walls, each six feet thick,

* The channel of the Dee is at present at some distance, but the river formerly flowed close under the walls. There are still in some parts rings left to which ships were moored. — *Pennant*.

having a gallery eight feet wide included between them, and leaving a circular area of about twenty feet in diameter, into which there was an entry from the gallery by four doors*. This appears to have been the keep. The interior of the castle is a square court, containing about an acre of ground. In the curtain on the west side there are yet left several windows with pointed arches.

HISTORY OF FLINT CASTLE.

The founder of this castle has not yet been decidedly ascertained. Camden and Lord Lyttleton attribute it to Henry II. after his defeat at Coed Euloe, and concur in the opinion that it was finished by Edward I.†: whilst Fabian, Stowe, and many others, say that it was built by Edward only, about the year 1275, not mentioning a word of its being begun by Henry, though in the same sentence they each tell us that Edward strengthened Rhyddlan Castle; which plainly evinces that they distinguished betwixt building and repairing ‡.

* Grose's Antiquities.

† Gough's Camd. ii. 588. Lyttleton's Henry II.

‡ Hen. de Knyghton, 2462. Hollingshed, ii. 279. Stowe, 200. Leland says, "Quia Lewelinus princeps Walliæ ad parliamentum Edwardi regis venire noluerat, rex Walliam adiens, castellum de Flint *de novo fundavit*, castrum de Rudelan *firmavit*, ubi Lewelinus subdidit se regi, dando pro transgressione, L. M. librarum." Collect. de Reb. Brit. i. 246.

On Palm Sunday, 1281, the Welsh, wearied of their subjection to the English, as a signal of general insurrection seized this and other castles, plundering at the same time all who refused to join their party*. In the year following, therefore, Edward, repairing to Wales, took Caergwrle castle, and marched on immediately afterwards to this place, from whence Llewelyn and his brother David fled in precipitation, leaving it undefended †.

In the year 1332 Edward III. granted this and other castles, with all his lands here, to the Black Prince, to hold to him and his heirs, kings of England: and in 1385 it was bestowed by Richard II. with the chief-justiceship of Chester, upon Robert Vere, Earl of Oxford ‡."

It was surrendered fourteen years after to Percy Earl of Northumberland, who betrayed into it the unfortunate Richard II. under the insidious pretence that Bolingbroke, who was waiting for him here, desired only to have his property restored, and that the kingdom should have a parliament. Northumberland met the king at Conwy, where he had gone after his return from Ireland; and they were proceeding together towards this place, when, among the recesses of the mountains near Penmaen Rhôs, the latter observed a band of soldiers. Alarmed

* Matt. Westm. 370. Hen. de Knyghton, 2464. Powel, 361. Stowe, 201.

† Carte's England, ii. 193. Pennant, i. 47.

‡ Grose's Antiquities.

for his safety, and now fearful of the snare that was laid for him, he attempted to return; but Percy springing forward, caught his horse's bridle, and forcibly directed his course. They dined at Rhyddlan, and arrived in the same evening at Flint. The next day, "after dinner, (says Stowe,) the Duke of Lancaster entered the castle all armed, his basenet excepted. King Richard came down to meet him; and the duke, as soon as he saw the king, fell down on his knees, and coming near unto him, he kneeled a second time with his hat in his hand: and the king then put off his hood and spoke first: 'Fair cousin of Lancaster, you are right wellcome.' The duke, bowing low to the ground, answered, 'My lord, I am come before you sent for me; the reason why I will shewe you. The common fame among your people is such, that ye have for the space of twenty or two and twenty years, ruled them very rigorously: but, if it please our lord, I will helpe you to govern better!' The king answered, 'Faire cousin of Lancaster, sith it pleaseth you, it pleaseth me well!' The duke then with a high sharpe voyce, bad bring forth the king's horses, and two little nagges, not worth fourtie franks, were brought forth: the king was set on the one, and the earl of Salisbury on the other: and thus the duke brought them from Flint to Chester;" from whence, after a night's rest, they were taken to London*.

* Stowe's Annals, 321. Pennant, i. 50.

From this period I have been able to meet with no documents relative to the castle of Flint, till the civil wars of the reign of Charles I. when it appears to have been garrisoned for the king, after having been repaired at the expence of Sir Roger Mostyn, who was appointed governor*. In 1643 it was besieged by sir William Brereton and sir Thomas Middleton, and was defended till all the provisions, even to horses, failing, the governor surrendered it upon honourable terms. — It must afterwards have been retaken by the royalists; for in August 1646 it appears to have been surrendered to major-general Mytton†. In December of the same year it was, with Hawarden, and three other castles, ordered by the parliament to be so far destroyed as to render it untenable‡.

In the year 1283 Flint was made a free borough, and received its charter, which was afterwards confirmed in the reign of Philip and Mary, and again in the twelfth of William III. §.

This place, in conjunction with Caerwys, Rhyddlan, Caergwrle and Overton, sends a member to parliament. The election is made by such of the inhabitants as pay parochial taxes; and the returning officers are the two bailiffs appointed by the mayor.

* Carte's England. Pennant, i. 47.

† Whitelock, 221.

‡ Rushworth's Collections, part iv. vol. i. 297. Whitelock, 231.

§ Pennant, i. 46.

CHAP III.

FLINT TO HOLYWELL.

Ridiculous Scene near Bagillt.—Holywell.—Mode of assembling to Church.—Wenefred's Well.—Legend of St. Wenefred.—Miracles.—Mosses.—Inventors of the Well.—Devotees.—Mills and Manufactories on the Stream.—Destruction of Water Wheels.—Well for weak Eyes.—Basingwerk Abbey.—Basingwerk Castle.—Tradition respecting it.—Watt's Dyke.

NOTHING very interesting occurred in the road betwixt Flint and Holywell; and had it not been for the shortness of the journey, scarcely six miles, it would have seemed somewhat tedious.—I soon became in a great measure separated as it were from the country, by a range of hills on the left of the road, which did not allow me one pleasing prospect: and on the opposite side a long and dreary marsh, with an extent of sand in the bed of the river not less than two miles in any direction beyond it, presented such a dull uniformity of objects, that I was glad to be indebted even to a few straggling gulls, which at intervals came whirling over my head, uttering their harsh screams, for sources of reflection and amusement.—About mid-way I passed a little hamlet, where the dingy countenances of the inhabitants plainly

plainly indicated their employment to be in some of the many lead works with which this neighbourhood abounds. My appearance seemed to afford them considerable diversion; and the broad grin and vacant stare met my eyes whichever way I turned them. The ideas of a pair of spectacles and a wallet, were what they had never been accustomed to associate in the same person: and though either of them, separately, would have strongly excited their curiosity, yet, when connected, the phenomenon appeared entirely unaccountable by any of the data their experience had afforded them. About three hundred yards beyond the place, I turned round, and beheld a group consisting of about twenty men, women, and children, collected in the middle of the road, (in earnest consultation), which did not disperse so long as I continued in sight.

HOLYWELL.

I know no town in North Wales that in a commercial view is of more importance than Holywell. The numerous manufactures in its vicinity, and its easy access to the sea, have rendered it the great mart of this part of the kingdom. The town is spacious, but irregular; pleasantly situated on the slope of a mountain which extends nearly to the water. Many of the houses are good, and give to it an air of considerable opulence.

The parish church is a building of no beauty whatever, situated near St. Wenefred's Well. It is so
much

much below the rest of the town, that the bell is scarcely audible at a little distance. When the inhabitants are to be called to prayers, they are therefore under the necessity of adopting the following singular remedy for this defect:—a person hired for the purpose, fastens a leathern strap round his neck, to the end of which a bell of tolerable weight is suspended, and over one of his knees he buckles a cushion; thus accoutred he sets out a certain time before the service commences, and walks through the principal parts of the town, jingling the bell every time his cushioned knee comes forward.

WENEFRED'S WELL,

From which the name of Holywell was given to this place, springs with vast impetuosity from a rock at the foot of a steep hill near the bottom of the town. It is covered by a small Gothic building, said to have been erected by Margaret the mother of Henry the VII., but Mr. Grose was of opinion, that the frieze of the outside cornice, which is ornamented with monkies, and other grotesque figures, indicates it to be of more ancient date*. Nothing, observes this accurate writer, can exceed the delicacy and elegance of the Gothic work on the inside of this building, which forms a canopy over the well, having in the centre, and serving as origin to the gothic arches, a circular shield on which was once carved a coat of arms. Above this was the chapel; at present convert-

* Antiquities.

ed into a charity school. The water passes from the small well, under an arch, into a larger one, which was intended for the bath.

THE LEGEND.

The legendary origin of this well is singular. Wenefred*, who is supposed to have lived in the early part of the seventh century, is reported to have been a beautiful and devout virgin, of noble descent. She was placed under the protection of her relation Beuno, a descendant from the kings of Powys, who had founded a church here. A young prince of the name of Cradoc, struck with the elegance of her person, resolved to attempt her virtue; and, seizing an opportunity when all except herself were at prayers, he declared to her his passion. She made some excuse to escape from the room, and then fled from the house to the church, which appears to have been situated at the foot of the hill. Before she could reach this sanctuary he overtook her, and with his sword, in an extacy of rage and disappointment, struck off her head. This, like an elastic ball, bounded down the side of the hill, through the door of the church, and up one of the aisles directly to the

* The following particulars are principally extracted from bishop Fleetwood's life of St. Wenefred, published in 1713.—The Welsh name of this female was Gwenvrewi; Tudur Aled, a Welsh bard who flourished about A. D. 1450, has celebrated her sanctity and the reputed miracles of her well, in a poem still extant.

altar where her friends were assembled at prayer : resting here, a clear and copious fountain immediately gushed out. St. Beuno snatched up the head, and again joining it to the body, it was, to the surprize and admiration of all present, immediately re-united, the place of separation being only marked by a white line encircling the neck. Cradoc dropped down on the spot where he had committed the atrocious act ; and the legend informs us that it was not known whether the earth opened to receive his impious corpse, or whether his master, the devil, carried it off, but that it was certainly never seen afterwards. The sides of the well were covered with a sweet-scented moss, and the stones at the bottom became tinged with her blood !

The liveless tears shee shed into a fountaine turne,
 And, that for her alone, the water should not mourne,
 The pure vermillion blood that issued from her veines
 Unto this very day the pearly gravel stains ;
 As erst the white and red were mixed in her cheek,
 And that one part of her might be the other like,
 Her haire was turned to mosse, whose sweetness doth declare
 In liveliness of youth the natural sweets she bare *.

Wenefred survived her decapitation about fifteen years, and having, towards the latter end of that time, received the veil from St. Elerius at Gwytherin, in Denbighshire, died abbess of that monastery. There her body rested in quiet for near *five hundred years,*

* Drayton's Polyolbion, p. 160.

till the reign of king Stephen, when a miracle having been wrought, by her intercession, on a monk at Shrewsbury, the abbot of the convent there determined on a translation of her remains to their monastery, which, after much difficulty and many pretended visions from heaven, was at last effected, about the year 1138.

The well, after her death, was endowed with many miraculous properties: it healed the diseases of all who plunged into its water, and Drayton says that no animal whatever could be drowned in it.

The following is one of the numerous wonders that have been recorded of its powerful influence: a party of depredators stole a cow from a pasture not far distant, and that their footsteps might not be traced, dragged her along some neighbouring rocks. But how were the impious wretches deceived: not one step was set without leaving an impression on the stones, as if they had been passing over soft clay; nay, the learned editor of the life of St. Wenefred says that the original describes them as at every step *sinking up to the very knees!* The owner was, by this means enabled to recover his beast; and the terrified wretches, coming in penitence to the altar, confessed their crime, and were, no doubt by the intercession of the saint, forgiven.

The sweet-scented moss, growing plentifully on the sides of this well, is nothing more than *jungermannia asplenoides* of Linnæus; it is found in many other springs in the kingdom, and is also occasionally
to

to be met with in moist places, by road sides, and in woods. The supposed tincture of the blood is likewise a vegetable production, *byffus jolithus*. I have some doubt whether the moss, as it is called, does not entirely derive its smell from that of the byffus, which is very powerful, and which I have known it to retain on a stone in a cabinet for a great length of time, even though itself was almost dried away and become invisible.

The day of the commemoration of St. Wenefred is the 3d of November, and it is yet observed by the Roman Catholics of this part of the country.

Dr. Powel has ascribed the invention of this well to the monks of Basingwerk, an abbey about a mile distant, from the circumstance of its not being mentioned by any person who wrote previous to the foundation of that monastery*. Giraldus Cambrensis, a man ever ready to relate any wonderful story, though he lodged there a night, in his journey through Wales, in the year 1187, does not once speak of it.—Dr. Fuller, in his peculiar manner of writing, remarks of the legend of St. Wenefred, “that if the tip of his tongue who first told, and the top of his fingers who first wrote this damnable lie, had been cut off, and they had both been sent to attend their cure at the shrine of St. Beuno, they would certainly have been more wary afterwards how they reported or recorded such improbable untruths †.”

* Notes on the Itin. Cambriæ of Gir. Cambrensis, p. 38.

† Worthies of Wales, 38.

The devotees of the saint were formerly very numerous, and in the last age the well was so noted, that, according to Mr. Pennant, a crowned head dignified the place with a visit. "The prince who lost three kingdoms for a mass, payed his respects on the 29th of August, 1686, to our saint, and received as a reward a present of the very shift in which his great grandmother, Mary Queen of Scots, lost her head*." Of late years the visitors have much fallen off: however, if I may judge from seven crutches and two hand-barrows stuck among the gothic ornaments of the roof, I should suppose that the well was not yet entirely forsaken. Indeed the sanative properties of this water, in common with those of cold baths in general, are not to be disputed; but to attribute to the intercession of a saint those things which from the common course of nature are to be accounted for, seems only worthy the ages of superstition and ignorance.

The quantity of water thrown up here has been found, on an accurate calculation, not less than *eighty-four hogsheads* in a minute. The well has never been known to be frozen, and it scarcely ever varies in quantity, either in droughts, or after the greatest rains. These circumstances render it of inestimable value: for, although the water has only a mile and a hundred and twenty-four yards to run, before it arrives at the sea, it turned, a few years ago, the machinery to eleven different extensive

* History of Whitford and Holywell.

MILLS AND MANUFACTORIES.

1. *A Corn Mill*, a large building that stands near the head of the stream.

2. *The Upper Cotton Mill*, erected in the autumn of the year 1783, and finished in the short space of six weeks from the laying of the foundation. It is six stories high, and forty yards long.—This and all the other cotton works on the stream belong to a partnership concern, under the firm of the “Cotton and Twist Company.”

3. *The Old Cotton Mill*, erected in the spring of 1777. This is only three stories high: it is thirty-three yards long, and eight wide.

4. *The Crescent Cotton Mill*, erected in the spring of 1790. It is six stories high; twenty-six yards long, and ten wide.

5. *The Brass Battery Mills*, built in the year 1765. These works are at present in the hands of Thomas Williams, Esq. and Co. under the firm of “The Greenfield Copper and Brass Company*.” Goods are here prepared for Africa, America, and other parts of the globe. For Africa, large brass pans, called *Neptunes*, in which the negroes make salt: pans for getting the gold out of the beds of the rivers, that has been washed from the mountains by the violence of the torrents: bright and black *manillas*; the latter are the current coin of some parts of the African coast, and the first are rings to orna-

* Since this work was sent to the press, Mr. Williams is dead, and the property has been advertised for sale.

ment the arms and the legs of the negroes. Brass vessels are also made here for various other purposes; and brass and copper rods.

6. *A Copper Rolling Mill*, erected in 1787. This is the largest and most commodious building of the kind in the kingdom, being eighty-six feet long, sixty-nine wide, and near thirty high in the centre. It is the property of the Greenfield Copper and Brass Company.

7. *The Lower Cotton Mill*, was built in the summer of 1785. It is six stories high; thirty-six yards long, and ten wide.

8. *A Copper Wire Mill*, belonging to the Parys Mine Company, situated on the east side of the stream. This is a manufactory for brass wire of every denomination. Square materials are also drawn at this place for making copper nails, in the common way of beating and heading.

9. *A Copper Rolling Mill* of the Parys Mine Company.

10. *Brass Melting Houses* belonging to the Greenfield Copper and Brass Company. At these works the proprietors make plate-brass for the purpose of being manufactured at their Battery Mills; plate-brass for wire for the pin manufacturers, and ingot brass for the founders, &c. They have a mill, conveniences to calcine, buddle, and grind calamine, &c. and a copper forge. The latter is now out of use.

11. *A Copper Forge*. This is the property of the Parys Mine Company, and stands on the lower part

of

of the stream, next the sea. These buildings were finished in the year 1780. Here is a great forge for heating the cakes of copper previously to their being beat into pans, or rolled into sheathings, &c. From hence our navy is in part supplied with sheathing, bolts, and nails. Some of the bolts are twenty feet long, and so hardened by rolling and battering as, when facilitated, by boring with an auger two-thirds of their length, to be capable of being driven almost to their heads, into places where the beds of timber are extremely thick. Rudder bands and braces are manufactured here; and nails, from a foot long to the size of a fadler's tack. Braziers are furnished from hence with all kinds of copper vessels.—These, and all the other works on the stream of this description, are furnished with copper from the Anglesea mines.

The Mine Companies employ near forty vessels of from thirty to fifty tons burthen each, to convey the several manufactures, or the materials, to and from Liverpool, and other places where they have connections.

In this stream it is remarked that the waterwheels are very soon destroyed: so much so that an oak wheel, which in most other waters ought to have lasted at least thirty years, has been known to become unfit for use in twelve. A species of moss, the *bypnum riparium*, vegetates on the wood, and harbours the larvæ of some species of insect in such immense quantities, that they soon eat even into the heart of the

the wood. On this account, the Greenfield Company's Copper and Brass Rolling Mill, has its water wheels formed of cast-iron in the place of timber.

By the road side, near the larger well is a *small spring* that was once famous for the cure of weak eyes. An offering was made to the tutelar saint (for most of the springs in this country are dedicated to some imaginary saint) of a crooked pin, and at the time of laving the eyes, an ejaculation, by way of addition to the charm, was uttered by the patient. In the present age the waters have lost nearly all their efficacy.

BASINGWERK ABBEY*.

In search of Basingwerk Abbey, I proceeded along the road by the side of the stream, for about a mile, till I came to the marsh, and then crossing it to the right, I found myself within sight of the ruin, which stands on an eminence just above. These shattered time-worn remains, with the surrounding sycamores, are from some points of view highly picturesque and beautiful.

The ivy now in rude luxuriance bends

Its tangled foliage through the cloistered space,

O'er the green window's mould'ring height ascends,

And fondly clasps it in a last embrace.

* Maes glâs, or Greenfield monastery.

The little at present left is scarcely sufficient to indicate to us what this Abbey was when in its flourishing state. The church, which lay on the east side, is totally destroyed. The refectory is the most entire part of the building, and has on one side a large recess with a couple of circular arches. The pillars that support these are somewhat singular, being formed of stones that at present, according to the remark of a friend who attended this part of my ramble, bear an appearance not unlike that of cheeses piled on each other. Above the refectory was the dormitory where the monks had their cells. The chapel of the Knights Templars, founded here by Henry II., is spacious and elegant. The brick building striped with timber, that joins the Abbey, and certainly adds nothing to its beauty, is conjectured by Mr. Grose to have been the granary. The situation is delightful, commanding an extensive prospect of the river Dee, Chester, Park-Gate, and the Lancastrian hills. The architecture is mixed, the round arches and short maffy columns exhibiting the Saxon, and the narrow pointed windows the Gothic style.

Tanner and Dugdale say that Basingwerk Abbey was founded by Ranulph Earl of Chester, about the year 1131, and that this foundation was afterwards confirmed by Henry II. and Llewelyn prince of North Wales. Many of the old writers ascribe the original foundation to Henry, but Mr. Pennant is of opinion

opinion that it ought to be referred to a period considerably anterior to either of these*.

At the dissolution of abbeyes in the reign of Henry VIII. its revenues appear to have amounted to somewhat more than a hundred and fifty pounds *per annum*.

BASINGWERK CASTLE.

Vestiges of this fortress are yet visible in the foundation of a wall on the edge of Watt's Dyke, and by the road side near the turnpike gate, at a little distance from the Abbey : but these are very trifling. It is supposed to have been indebted for its erection to Richard the son of Hugh Lupus earl of Chester. In the year 1119, after his return from Normandy, where he had been educated, he attempted a pilgrimage to Wenefred's well ; but either in his journey thither, or on his return, he was attacked by a party of Welsh, and obliged to seek for shelter in Basingwerk Abbey. Thus situated, he implored protection from Wenefred, who, tradition says, raised certain sands betwixt Flintshire and the opposite coast, to permit his constable and men to pass over to his relief, which, from that circumstance, were called *Constable's*

* Notitia Monastica. Monasticon Anglicanum, i. 720. Pennant's Tour, i. 24. Stow's Annals, 158. Leland's Collectanea, i. 101.—Powel, in his notes on Giraldus Cambrensis, and bishop Gibson, in his additions to Camden, agree in its being founded so late as 1312. Knyghton and Bromton say it was founded subsequent to the year 1150.—See also the following account of Basingwerk castle.

Sands! If any reliance whatever is to be had as to the origin of this tradition, it tends to prove that the foundation of the Abbey was prior to the date generally assigned to it, and that the well was accounted miraculous before the journey of Giraldus Cambrensis, notwithstanding his being entirely silent respecting it. I must confess myself inclined to the former opinion, but I have inserted the story, that the matter may be decided by heads wiser than my own.

The castle is well known to have been rebuilt in the year 1157, by Henry II. after his escape in the battle near Euloe; he, however, first cleared all the passes and cut down the woods around it, which at that time were impenetrable forests, affording shelter, as he had keenly experienced, to powerful enemies*. The Welsh ever looked upon this fortress as a disagreeable check upon their proceedings and liberty, and therefore about eight years afterwards, Owen Gwynedd, after many unsuccessful attempts, at last took it by storm, and immediately levelled it with the ground†. From this time it does not appear to have been the cause of any further contentions.

WATT'S DYKE.

This barrier begins at Maesbury near Oswestry, passes by that town, through the grounds at Wynn-

* Matt. Paris, 81.—MS. Chronicle, from Brutus to the end of the reign of Edward the Fourth, in the library of St. Peter's College, Cambridge.

† Powel's History of Wales, 223.

stay, near Wrexham, Hope, and Northop, and terminates in the Dee at this place. Churchyard is almost the only writer that has not confounded this with Offa's Dyke. He assigns as the object of its formation that the space betwixt the two, for they run to a considerable distance nearly parallel with each other, was to be free ground, where the Britons and Danes might meet for all commercial purposes.

There is a famous thing,
Call'd Offa's Dyke, that reacheth farre in length.
All kind of ware the Danes might thither bring,
It was free ground and call'd the Briton's strength.
Wat's Dyke, likewise, about the same was set,
Between which two the Danes and Britons met,
And traffic still, but passing bounds by sleight,
The one did take the other pris'ner sleight,

CHAP. IV.

HOLYWELL TO ST. ASAPH.

Lead Mines.—Calamine.—Roman Pharos.—Memoranda of Mr. Pennant.—Vale of Clwyd.—St. Asaph.—History of the Cathedral.—Miracle performed by St. Asaph.—Vale of Clwyd.

THE road from Holywell to St. Asaph is rugged but pleasant. This country abounds in *lead mines*, and I passed some very considerable ones about a mile beyond Holywell. The veins of ore, as I was informed, run in directions either north and south, or east and west, but of these the latter are by much the richest. They are found in a matrix either of chert or limestone, and often extend to unknown depths. The common, or lamellated ore, yields above fifteen hundred of lead to twenty of the ore; and, in general, about fourteen ounces of silver to the ton.

Calamine is also found in great quantities in this neighbourhood, and in veins like the lead, sometimes mixed with ore, but frequently alone. Nearly the whole of Flintshire abounds with it, and so entirely ignorant were the inhabitants of its use as, within the last sixty years, even to mend their roads with it. These roads have, however, been since
turned

turned up in many places, and their materials converted to more valuable purposes.

I had not passed the lead mines far before I came within sight of an ancient circular building, in form not much unlike a windmill, on the summit of a lofty hill, called Carreg, in the parish of Whitford, and about two miles to the right of the road. This, Mr. Pennant, entreating his friends not to consider him an *antiquarian Quixote* for doing it, conjectures to have been a Roman pharos, constructed to direct the navigators to and from Deva, along the difficult channel of Seteia Portus.

MEMORANDA OF THE LATE MR. PENNANT.

A large mansion called Downing, which stands about half way betwixt the road and the sea-shore, was, not long ago, the residence of Mr. Pennant.

This indefatigable and useful writer was born at Bychton, in the parish of Whitford, on the 14th of June 1726. He was a lineal descendant from Tudor Trevor, who married Angharad the daughter of Howel Dda, prince of North Wales*.

He became possessed of the estate at Downing by the death of his father David Pennant; and having discovered a rich mine of lead ore on it, he was enabled, by means of the emoluments arising from

* The name is truly Welsh, derived from *pen* the head or end, and *nant*, a narrow valley; the house of Bychton, the ancient family mansion, being seated at the head of a very considerable dingle.

this,

this, to make considerable improvements. Here he principally resided.

“The house itself,” he informs us, “has little to boast of. I fortunately found it incapable of being improved into a magnitude exceeding the revenue of the family. It has a hall, which I prefer to the rural impropriety of a paltry vestibule; a library; a parlour capable of containing more guests than I ever wish to see in it at a time, *septem convivium; novem convivium!* and a smoaking-room, most antiquely furnished with ancient carvings, and the horns of all the European beasts of chace. This room is now quite out of use as to its original purpose. Above stairs is a good drawing-room, in times of old called the dining-room, and a tea-room, the sum of all that are really wanted. I have Cowley’s wish realized,—a small house and a large garden!”

The library contains, he says, a numerous collection of books, principally of history, natural history, and classics. “My own labours” (he adds) “might fill an ordinary book-room.”

In his history of Whitford and Holywell, he mentions another house called Downing, on the opposite side of the dingle, about three hundred yards from this mansion, the property of Thomas Thomas, Esq. Fierce feuds, as usual in days of yore, raged, according to his relation, between the two families. “These Montagues used to take a cruel revenge on their neighbour Capulet, by the advantage

advantage of a stream, which ran through their grounds in its way to our kitchen, where it was applied to the turning of a spit. How often," says he, "has that important engine been stopped, before it had performed half its evolutions! our poor Capulet swearing, lady crying, cook fuming, and nurse screaming! But

To hear the children mutter,
When they lost their bread and butter,
It would move a heart of stone."

Till the advancement of Richard Pennant, Esq. in the year 1783, to the title of Penrhyn, the family, according to his own account, was never distinguished by any honours beyond the most useful one, that of a justice of the peace: and "I should blush," he says, "if a Pennant could be found, who, through lack of public spirit, sloth, or selfishness, would decline that great constitutional office!"

The first sheriff of this house was Pyers Pennant, who discharged that trust in 1612. He had the fortune to marry the daughter of a family not famed for placidity, or the milder virtues. *Valdè, valdè, irritabile genus!* "And from them, Tom," an aunt used often to tell him, "we got our passion;" and frequently added the wise Welsh caution, *Beware of a breed!*

The fruits of this marriage soon appeared, for Thomas, the eldest son, in a *furor brevis* killed his miller.

millar. He was indicted for manslaughter, tried, and convicted, but afterwards pardoned.

When Mr. Pennant was about twelve years old, the father of Mrs. Piozzi presented him with a copy of Willughby's Ornithology. This first gave a taste for the study of natural history, which he afterwards pursued with so much avidity, and from which the world has obtained so much instruction and benefit.

The high gratification that he derived from this delightful science, and a desire of examining the island that gave him birth, induced him, about his twentieth year, to make, from Oxford, the tour of Cornwall. In this expedition he obtained a considerable knowledge of the mineralogy of the West of England. Not long afterwards he went over the principal parts of Ireland; but such, he informs us, "was the conviviality of the country, that his journal proved as *maigre*, as his entertainment was *gras*: so it never was a dish fit to be offered to the public."

In the year 1755 he began a correspondence with Linnæus, which ended only when the age and infirmities of that justly celebrated man obliged him to desist. To the talents of Mr. Pennant, Linnæus subscribed in the highest terms; and two years after the commencement of their acquaintance, Mr. Pennant was, at his instance, elected a member of the Royal Society at Upsal.

In

In 1761, he published his first work, the folio edition of his *British Zoology*.

Four years after this he made a short tour to the continent, during which he became personally acquainted with Le Comte de Buffon. While in Paris, he passed much of his time with this naturalist, and afterwards spent some days with him at his seat at Monbard.

At Ferney he visited Voltaire. "He happened," says Mr. P., which is nearly the whole account he gives of him, "to be in good humour, and was very entertaining; and in his attempt to speak English, convinced us that he was a perfect master of our oaths and our curses."

At Bern he commenced acquaintance with Baron Haller, and at the Hague with Dr. Pallas. His meeting with the latter gave rise to his *Synopsis of Quadrupeds*; and afterwards, in a second edition, to his *History of Quadrupeds*. A work of this nature was commenced by Pallas, at the desire of Mr. Pennant, on a plan somewhat similar to that of Ray's *Synopsis*; but this gentleman being invited to Petersburg by the empress of Russia, his employments there did not allow him sufficient leisure to carry it on: it was therefore transferred from his to Mr. Pennant's hands; but from Pallas he continued to receive considerable improvements and corrections.

In 1769, he made his first tour into Scotland, a country at that time almost as little known to its southern

southern brethren as Kamtschatka. He published an account of this journey, which proved that the northern parts of Great Britain might be visited with safety, and even with pleasure; and from this time Scotland has formed one of the fashionable British tours. A candid account of this country was so great a novelty, that the impression was instantly bought up, and the following year another was printed, and as soon sold. By this work he endeavoured to conciliate the affections of two nations which had been set at variance by evil-designing people, and he received ample testimony from several of the Scots of their approbation and satisfaction.

In 1772, he performed his longest journey; his second tour in Scotland, and voyage to the Hebrides; and he returned rich in civic honours, receiving the usual compliments of every corporated town. The publication of this tour obtained the applause that it justly merited.

It was in this journey that Mr. Pennant became acquainted with Mr. Hutchinson, of Barnard Castle, the author of the histories of Durham and Cumberland. The first interview was sufficiently whimsical: Mr. P. relates it:—"I was mounted on the famous stones in the churchyard of Penrith, to take a nearer view of them, and see whether the drawing I had procured, done by the Rev. Dr. Todd, had the least foundation in truth. Thus engaged, a person of good appearance, looking up at me, observed,

observed, 'what fine work Mr. Pennant had made with these stones!' I saw he had got into a horrible scrape; so, unwilling to make bad worse, descended, laid hold of his button, and told him, 'I was the man!' After his confusion was over, I made a short defence, shook him by the hand, and we became from that moment fast friends."

He made, previous to the year 1778, several journies over the six counties of North Wales, in which he collected ample materials even for their history. His work on this country appeared, at different periods, in two volumes in quarto. Of its merits I am able to speak in terms somewhat positive, having myself examined nearly every place, in this division of the principality, that Mr. Pennant had visited. I can pronounce of it, that, for accuracy, it is throughout (when the necessary allowance is made for alterations that have taken place in the lapse of four-and-twenty years) almost unexceptionable. What it wants in elegance of style is sufficiently compensated by quantity of matter, and the antiquarian, the artist, and the philosopher, may alike derive from it information and instruction.

His Arctic Zoology appears to have been commenced about this period. At first this was designed only to comprehend the zoology of North America, and it was intended to bear that title, as a colony of Great Britain. But the moment that country became separated from us, he determined upon an
F alteration

alteration in his plan: taking in all the animals of the northern parts of the old continent, he resolved to render it a more general work, and therefore gave it the above title. This was so well received by the public, as to be translated into German by Professor Zimmerman; that part of it which relates to the north of Europe was translated into Swedish, and the introduction into French.

In the year 1779, when the discontents began to grow so high, that even the little county of Flint took a share in the attempt to produce a redress of grievances, he was desirous of rendering every assistance in his power to allay the popular fury. He exerted himself among his neighbours, and reasoned some of them again into their senses. He also framed a speech to deliver at a general meeting, but when the time arrived, such was his diffidence, that he had not courage enough to rise up; and therefore, as the only method he had to resort to for the circulation of this opinion, he printed the lenitive intention.

The following is an enumeration of his different publications, with their dates:

British Zoology, folio edition,	- - -	-	1761.
————— second edition, two vols. 8vo.	- - -	-	1768.
————— vol. iii. 8vo.	- - -	-	1769.
————— 103 additional plates, &c. 8vo.	- - -	-	1770.
————— fourth edition, three vols. 8vo.	- - -	-	1776.
————— vol. iv. containing worms, &c.	- - -	-	1777.
Synopsis of Quadrupeds, 8vo.	- - -	-	1771.

History

History of Quadrupeds, being the second edition of the Synopsis, two vols. 4to.	-	-	-	1781.
----- third edition, two vols. 4to.	-	-	-	1792.
Genera of Birds, 8vo.	-	-	-	1773.
Indian Zoology, folio,	-	-	-	1779.
----- second edition, 4to.	-	-	-	1792.
Arctic Zoology, two vols. 4to.	-	-	-	1784.
----- Supplement to, 4to.	-	-	-	1787.
----- second edition, two vols. 4to.	-	-	-	1792.
Tour in Scotland in 1769, 8vo.	-	-	-	1771.
----- second edition, 8vo.	-	-	-	1772.
----- third edition. 4to.	-	-	-	1774.
Tour in Scotland in 1772, forming vol. ii. 4to.	-	-	-	1774.
----- vol. iii. 4to.	-	-	-	1775.
----- fifth edition, three vols. 4to.	-	-	-	1790.
Tour in Wales, vol. i. 4to.	-	-	-	1778.
----- vol ii. 4to.	-	-	-	1781.
----- second edition, two vols. 4to.	-	-	-	1784.
Journey from Chester to London, 4to.	-	-	-	1782.
Account of London, 4to.	-	-	-	1790.
----- second and third editions,	-	-	-	1791.
Literary Life, 4to.	-	-	-	1793.
History of Whitford and Holywell, 4to.	-	-	-	1796.
Outlines of the Globe, vols. i. and ii. 4to.	-	-	-	1798.
Miscellanies, only 30 copies, from a private press.				
History of the Patagonians, from the same press.				

Posthumous Publications.

Outlines of the Globe, vol. iii. and iv. 4to.	-	-	1801
Journey from London to Dover, 4to.	-	-	1801.
Journey from Dover to the Isle of Wight, 4to.	-	-	1801.

The two last of these form also two of the volumes of the work denominated by Mr. Pennant, "Outlines of the Globe." This, in manuscript,

occupies two-and-twenty folio volumes, and uncommon expence was bestowed on them in ornaments and illuminations. No more than fix have been yet published.

The writing of his numerous works, their correction, and the additions to the subsequent editions, with his various other duties, kept both his mind and body in active and continual employment.

To his regular and temperate mode of life, and his riding exercise, for he performed all his different tours on horseback, with the perfect ease of mind that he enjoyed on these pleasing excursions, he attributes the almost uninterrupted good health that he enjoyed for near seventy years. His general time of retiring to rest was ten o'clock; and he rose both in summer and winter at seven. He carefully avoided that meal of excess, a *supper*; "and my soul," says he, "rises with vigour to its employs, and does not, I trust, disappoint the end of its Creator:

Behold how pale the seated guests arise,
From suppers, puzzled with varieties!
The body too with yesterday's excess,
Burthen'd, and tir'd, shall the poor soul depress;
Weigh down this portion of celestial birth,
This breath of God, and fix it on the earth."

His favourite exercise seems to have been on horseback, and this he continued, as far as he was able,

able, to the latest part of his life, “considering the absolute resignation of the person to the luxury of a carriage, to forbode a very short interval betwixt that and the vehicle which is to carry us to our last stage.”

In the year 1792, the sixty-seventh of his age, he says of himself, “though my body may have somewhat abated its wonted vigour, yet my mind still retains its powers, its longing after improvement, its wish to see new lights through the chinks which time has made.” And speaking of his great attempt, the *Outlines of the Globe*: “Happy is the life that could beguile its fleeting hours without injury to any one, and, with addition of years, continue to rise in its pursuits.—But more interesting, and still more exalted subjects, must employ my future span.”

Some of these latter observations appear in his “*Literary Life*,” which contains his biography, so far as relates, principally, to his literary concerns, to the commencement of the year 1793. This, although published by himself, he whimsically denominates a posthumous work, the name in dotted characters

THOMAS PENNANT.

subscribed to the advertisement, indicating it to be sent into the world by his departed *literary* spirit. From this time he declares himself determined to

appear in no new works before the public, yet the activity of his mind would not suffer him, even in this advanced age, entirely to resign himself to private labours and domestic concerns; accordingly he wrote, and in 1796 printed, the "History of Whitford and Holywell," the word

RESURGAM

appropriately occupying the leaf preceding the title. He afterwards published also the two first volumes of the "Outlines of the Globe."

The loss of an amiable daughter, in the year 1794, had so great an effect upon his mind, that he was never able perfectly to recover it. In April ensuing he had the misfortune to snap the patella of his knee in descending a flight of steps. This accident confined him long to his room, but he recovered from it in a wonderful manner.

Towards the latter end of the year 1796 he began to be affected by the pulmonary complaint, which at length terminated his life. His mental faculties, however, still continued in a great measure unimpaired till the month of October 1798, when his disorder began to wear a serious aspect. He was from this time confined to his bed, and on the sixteenth of December closed his existence without a groan. Conscious of approaching dissolution, he met the stroke with the utmost composure and resignation.

Thus

Thus was society deprived of one of its most active, and one of its most valuable members.—Of the industry and talents of Mr. Pennant, his election as member of various literary institutions, both at home and abroad, bear satisfactory evidence :

Antiquarian Society,	-	-	-	Nov. 1754.
Royal Society at Upsal,	-	-	-	Feb. 1757.
Royal Society of London,	-	-	-	Feb. 1767.
Royal Academy at Drontheim,	-	-	-	Mar. 1769.
L.L.D. at Oxford,	-	-	-	May 1771.
Societas Physiographica, Lund.	-	-	-	June 1783.
American Philosophical Society at Philadelphia,				April 1791.
Royal Academy of Sciences at Stockholm,				May 1784.
Royal Society at Edinburgh, Hon. Mem.				Jan. 1785.
Society of Antiquaries at Perth, Hon. Mem.				Dec. 1785.
Linnean Society of London, Hon. Mem.				

In the writings of Mr. Pennant, we are not to look for any of those brilliant effusions of genius that mark the pen of some of the modern naturalists and travellers. But if he did not possess their fire, he had the more valuable requisites of untarnished principle, and a scrupulous adherence to truth. Perseverance, industry, and correctness, are their leading characteristics. His reading was extensive, particularly in the zoological branches of natural history. He possessed a retentive memory, and a considerable rapidity of composition, his works being generally printed, with little or no correction, as they flowed from the pen.

As to his private character; he was religious without bigotry, and, from principles the most pure and disinterested, firmly attached to the established church. He was a steady friend to our excellent constitution, and when the spirit of democracy with which the mania of a neighbouring country appeared desirous of overwhelming our kingdom, was spreading abroad, he resisted its efforts with all his might. In times of scarcity he materially alleviated the distresses of the neighbouring poor by the importation of grain. If he had foibles, let them be buried in his grave, and let the first who is without, draw them thence to his dispraise. To sum up the general character of Mr. Pennant in few words, he was a man of upright conduct and the most unshaken integrity, uniting to a good head that valuable counterpart so often wanting, an excellent heart.

VALE OF CLWYD.

About two miles from St. Asaph, I entered the celebrated vale of Clwyd*, and, favoured by a charmingly serene morning, the whole scene, from the side of the hill, appeared to the greatest advantage. Towards the south stood Denbigh, with the shattered remains of its castle crowning the summit of a rocky steep in the middle of the vale; and on

* Called by the Welsh Dyffryn Clwyd, *The Vale of the Flat.*

the north, clad in its sober hue, I observed the castle of Rhyddlan. The intervening space was enlivened with meadows, woods, cottages, herds, and flocks scattered in every pleasing direction, whilst the whole was bounded by the sea and the dark retiring mountains. This, from the extent of picture, is not a scene fitted for the pencil, though its numerous beauties must attract the attention of every lover of nature. When we enter a rugged mountainous scene, where the shelving fides scarcely afford foil for vegetation, and where the whole character is that of savage grandeur, we are struck with astonishment and awe; but, when nature presents us with a scene like this, which seems to abound in health, fertility, and happiness, every nerve vibrates to the heart the pleasure we receive. Here the pencil fails:

I admire—

None more admires—the painter's magic skill,
 Who shews me that which I shall never see,
 Conveys a distant country into mine,
 And throws Italian light on English walls:
 But imitative strokes can do no more
 Than please the eye—sweet Nature ev'ry sense.
 The air salubrious of her lofty hills,
 The cheering fragrance of her dewy vales,
 And music of her woods,—no works of man
 May rival these; they all bespeak a pow'r
 Peculiar, and exclusively her own.

St.

ST. ASAPH.

After enjoying this lovely scene for some time, I descended into the vale, crossed the bridge over the little river Clwyd, and soon after arrived at St. Asaph, or, as it is called by the Welsh, Llan Elwy, *the Church of Elwy*, a name obtained from its situation on the bank of the river Elwy, which runs along the west side of the place. It consists of little more than a single street, the houses pretty uniformly built, up the side of a hill. It has a cathedral and parish church; and, as a city, is, except one or two, the most insignificant in the kingdom. The cathedral, though small, is plain and neat. The episcopal palace is a large and convenient building, under the grounds of which the Elwy runs. The deanery is on the opposite side of the river, and stands due west of the cathedral.

HISTORY OF THE CATHEDRAL.

Cyndeyrn Garthwys, or Kentigern, the son of Owain ap Urien Reged, was bishop of Glasgow and primate of Scotland, but was driven thence by the persecutions of one of the Scottish princes. He fled into Wales, where he was taken into the protection of Cadwallon, uncle to Maelgwn Gwynedd, prince of North Wales, who assigned to him Llan Elwy as a place of residence. Here, about

about the year 560, he founded an episcopal seat and monastery, and became himself the first bishop. On the death of his persecutor he was recalled into Scotland, but first nominated his disciple Afa or Afaph, his successor, from whom both the church and place received their names. In the time of Afa, the number of monks were nine hundred and sixty-five; of these three hundred were labourers in the fields, three hundred servants about the monastery, and the rest were religious. Afa died about the year 596, and was interred in the cathedral.

In the disturbances during the time of the Normans, such devastations appear to have been committed in these parts, that the see remained long unoccupied. Towards the middle of the twelfth century, however, we find that a bishop Gilbert was consecrated to it. Galfrid Arthur, or Geoffry of Monmouth, was his successor*.

About the year 1247, in the wars betwixt Henry III. and the Welsh, the bishops both of St. Asaph and Bangor were driven from their sees, and became indebted to voluntary contributions for subsistence†. In somewhat more than thirty years after this period, the cathedral was consumed by fire, and two years were occupied in rebuilding

* Collectanea Curiosa, vol. i. p. 262. Matt. Westm. p. 41.

† Matt. Paris. 642.

it *. In the interval, Edward I., at the request of bishop Anian, petitioned the Pope to permit him to remove the see to Rhyddlan, as a place from whose fortifications it would be protected against the fury of the Welsh, whilst in its late situation it had been exposed to all their attacks. He, at the same time, made an offer both of ground for the church, and a thousand marks towards the expences of building it †. The design, however, appears to have been frustrated either by the death of the Pope, or the exhortation of the archbishop of Canterbury to rebuild the cathedral on its former site. The roof and upper parts, with the bishop's palace and canons' houses, were again destroyed by Owen Glyndwr in 1404; and they remained in ruins for upwards of seventy years, when they were rebuilt by bishop Redman ‡.

During the protectorship of Oliver Cromwell, the post-master of St. Asaph, who had attached himself to the puritanical party, occupied the palace, in which he kept his office. He used the font belonging to the cathedral as a trough for watering his horses, and, by way of venting his spleen on the established clergy, he tied up his calves in the bishop's throne.

The diocese of St. Asaph comprehends nearly all Flintshire, Denbighshire, and Montgomeryshire,

* Willis's St. Asaph, p. 45.

† Rymer's Fædera, vol ii. p. 45.

‡ Tanner.

besides three hundreds in Merionethshire, and a small part of Shropshire. The members of the chapter are the dean, archdeacon, (who is the bishop,) six prebendaries, and seven canons: and, besides these, there are belonging to the church four vicars choral, four lay-clerks or singing men, four choristers, and an organist.

The following are mortuaries that were formerly due to the bishop on the decease of every beneficed clergyman within his diocese. They were on the interference of bishop Fleetwood set aside by act of parliament, and the living of Northop was annexed to the bishopric in their stead.

His best gelding, horse, or mare.	His waistcoat.
His best gown.	His hat and cap.
His best cloak.	His falchion.
His best coat, jerkin, doublet, and breeches.	His best book.
His hose or nether stockings, shoes, and garters,	His surplice.
	His purse and girdle.
	His knife and gloves.
	His signet, or ring of gold.

MIRACLE.

Not many years ago a mark on a black stone in the pavement of the street, about the middle of the hill between the two churches, used to be pointed out to strangers as the print of St. Asaph's horse-shoe, when he leaped with him from Onan-hassa, which is about two miles off. This, however, observes Mr. Grose, who relates the story, seems to

to have been a miracle performed rather by the horse than by the saint, to whom alone it is ascribed, unless the keeping of his seat at so great a leap may be deemed such. What was the occasion of this extraordinary leap we are not told; whether only to shew the agility of his horse, or to escape the assaults of the foul fiend, who, in those days, took unaccountable liberties even with saints *.

VALE OF CLWYD.

The tower of the cathedral commands a most extensive prospect of the vale of Clwyd, in every direction; and it is almost the only situation that I could find for seeing it to advantage. The river Clwyd, from which the vale takes its name, is a diminutive stream that meanders along its bottom, scarcely three yards over in the widest part. Its banks are low, and after sudden rains it is subject to the most dreadful overflowings, the torrent at these times, frequently sweeping along with it even the very soil of the land it passes over. From this circumstance it is that much of the land near its banks is let at very low rents. This vale is perhaps the most extensive of any in the kingdom, being near twenty-four miles in length, and about seven in width; containing the three considerable towns of St. Asaph, Denbigh, and Ruthin; and though it is impossible to exhibit

* Grose's Antiquities, vol. vii. p. 43.

a more beautiful scene of fertility, yet, from its great width and its want of water, I believe the painter will prefer to it many of the deep and picturesque glens of Caernarvonshire and Merionethshire.

EXCURSION FROM ST. ASAPH TO RHYDDLAN.
 From St. Asaph I wandered along the vale three miles, towards the village of Rhyddlan, or the Red Stone, so called from the colour of its flag. The country all the way was interesting. At the distance of about a mile I looked back upon the little city I had left. Its high steep occupied the slope of the hill, at the top of which stood the castle; and the intermingled trees and houses, with the turbulent river flying down the bottom, and a magnificent bridge of five arches, grouped together into an extremely beautiful scene. The river Rhyddlan, as it is called, is a small stream, but it is very rapid, and its banks are very high. It is in a flat, on the eastern bank of the river Clwyd, about two miles from its influx into the sea. This is here a little extended in width, so as, at high water, to admit of small flat vessels riding up, as far as the bridge. Although Rhyddlan is now a very

(80)

CHAP. V.

EXCURSION FROM ST. ASAPH TO RHYDDLAN.

View of St. Asaph.—Rhyddlan.—Edward I.—Statute of Rhyddlan.—Morfa Rhyddlan.—Rhyddlan Castle.—Friary.—Port.—Diserib.—Diserib Castle.—Plants.—Siamber Wen.—Anecdote of Sir Robert Pounderling.

FROM St. Asaph I wandered along the vale three miles, towards the village of Rhyddlan, or the *Red Shore*, so called from the colour of its site. The country all the way was interesting. At the distance of about a mile I looked back upon the little city I had left. Its single street occupied the slope of the hill, at the top of which stood the cathedral; and the intermingled trees and houses, with the turbulent river Elwy flowing at the bottom, under a majestic bridge of five arches, grouped together into an extremely beautiful scene.

RHYDDLAN

Lies in a flat, on the eastern bank of the river Clwyd, about two miles from its influx into the sea. This is here a little extended in width, so as, at high water, to admit of small flat vessels riding up, as far as the bridge. Although Rhyddlan is now a

very insignificant village, it was formerly a place of considerable magnitude and importance; but no traces whatever of these are left except in the ruins of its castle*. Edward I. annexed to it the privileges of a free borough, to facilitate an intercourse betwixt the Welsh and English, for the purpose of allaying the rooted enmity and the unhappy jealousies that had for centuries rent the two countries†. In all his proceedings our monarch exhibited strong features of policy. He had been early taught that when stratagem would supply the place of men and treasure, it was at least wise, if not always just, to adopt it. Hence originated likewise the statute of Rhyddlan, and hence was his infant son proclaimed prince of Wales. This statute, which was passed in a parliament assembled here in the year 1283, contains a set of regulations for the government of Wales; it also recites many curious particulars relative to the Welsh customs previous to Edward's conquest, against which it was in a great measure directed. His imposing upon them his son who had, not long before, been born at Caernarvon, for a prince, is an instance of craft which we are surprised to observe in so great a monarch as Edward. He assembled the Welsh barons and chief men, and informed them that in consequence of their long-

* "Non procul a mari Rudlana in Tegenia, olim magnus urbs, nunc exiguus vicus situatur." Lhuyd Comment. Brit. 56.

† Carte, vol. ii. p. 196.

expressed desire to have a prince, a native of their own country, he had at length determined to indulge them, in nominating one whose whole life had been hitherto irreproachable, and who could not even speak a word of English*. Little did they think, when expressing their acclamations of joy and unbounded promises of obedience, that the prince he was about to invest, who was so immaculate, had scarcely been born twelve months, and was at least able to speak as much English as Welsh. The scheme in a great measure succeeded; and, aided by the strength he at that time had obtained in the country, and the additional forces that he brought into it from England, he totally subdued this warlike people. "I confess, however," says Mr. Vaughan, of Hengwrt near Dolgelle, "we have reason to bless God for his mercy to us, in our happy establishment under one monarch. We may well say we were conquered to our gain, and undone to our advantage."

MORFA RHYDDLAN.

Betwixt the village and the sea is a large marsh, called Morfa Rhyddlan, *the Marsh of Rhyddlan*, where, in the year 795, a dreadful battle was fought betwixt the Welsh people under their leader Caradoc, and the Saxon forces headed by Offa king of Mercia. The Welsh were routed, and their commander was slain. The Saxon prince, in the

* Stowe's Annals, 203.

heat of his revenge, cruelly ordered all the men and children of the enemy that fell into his hands to be massacred, the women alone escaping their fury*. This tragical event is supposed to have been recorded by a poem, written shortly afterwards. copies of which are now extant. The plaintive air called Morfa Rhyddlan, as we are told by some, had its origin about the same period; but, from its construction, infinitely too artificial for those dark ages, it is easy to discern that it must be attributed to a much more recent date †.

RHYDDLAN CASTLE.

The castle is of red stone, nearly square, and has six towers, two at each of two opposite corners, and only one at each of the others. One of these was called the *King's Tower*, Twr y Brenin. It had a double ditch on the north, and a strong wall and fofs all round. In this wall a tower called Twr y Silod is yet standing. The principal entrance appears to have been at the north-west angle, betwixt two round towers: the two opposite to these are much shattered, but the remainder are tolerably entire.

* Powel, 20. Matt. Paris, 976.

† See this air amongst the specimens of Welsh music in the second volume,

HISTORY OF RHYDDLAN CASTLE.

There is some difference of opinion as to the period at which this castle was first erected. Two celebrated historians, Powel and Camden, attribute it, and apparently with justice, to Llewelyn ap Sitfyllt, who reigned in Wales at the commencement of the eleventh century, and who, they inform us, made it the place of his residence*.

In 1063, three years before William the Conqueror came to the throne, Rhyddlan castle was in the possession of Griffith ap Llewelyn, prince of North Wales. It was in that year attacked and burnt by Harold, the son of Godwin earl of Kent (afterwards king of England), in retaliation for some depredations committed by the Welsh on the English borders. The prince was apprized of his danger but the moment before the English troops presented themselves at the gates. He had only one mode of escape, which, however, he immediately adopted: he fled, with a few of his attendants, to one of the vessels at that time in the harbour, and, favoured by a fair wind, fortunately for himself got off in safety†.

The Welsh soon rebuilt this their barrier fortress, which appears to have been of no small importance to them, in the excursions upon their neighbours,

* Ann. Povelii Gir. Cambr. Itin. lib. ii. ch. x. p. 873.
Gough's Camd. v. ii. p. 588.

† Matt. Westm. 429.

affording them a refuge, whenever they were driven back, or had the misfortune to be worsted in combat. But in 1098 it appears to have been wrested from them by Robert, surnamed from the event de Rhyddlan, the nephew and lieutenant to Hugh, earl of Chester. Considerable additions were now made to it, and this hero was stationed in it with sufficient force to overawe the Welsh, and repel any attacks they might make*. While situated here, Griffith ap Cynan, prince of Wales, earnestly intreated for aid against some foes by whom he had been assailed, and Robert afforded him every assistance in his power; but, on some quarrel that afterwards took place, Griffith attacked him in the castle, burnt part of the buildings, and slew a great number of his men †.

It was repaired and fortified by Henry II. who gave it to Hugh Beauchamp; but in 1169, whilst Henry was engaged in foreign affairs, it was attacked by Owen Gwynedd, and his brother Cadwaladr, assisted by Ryse ap Griffith, and, after two months' blockade, was surrendered to them ‡. The English recovered it, and about 1214, in the reign of King John, it was again attacked and taken by the Welsh, under their prince Llewelyn ap Ior-

* Gough's Camd. vol. ii. p. 588.

† Hanes Grufudd ab Cynan, in the Archæology of Wales, vol. ii.

‡ Matt. Paris, 81. Powel, 208. 224. Lyttleton's Henry II. vol. ii. 493.

werth. It is mentioned as being the last fortress which John held in this country, the Welsh having now entirely driven him out*.

Towards the latter end of the reign of Richard I. Ranulph Blundeville earl of Chester, being surprised by the Welsh army whilst in this castle, sent express to his constable of Chester, Roger Lacy, to hasten to his relief with the best forces he could collect. It was on Midsummer's day, and there happened to be a fair at Chester. Roger, therefore, immediately got together a mob of fiddlers, players, and other idle fellows, and marched with them towards Rhyddlan. The Welsh, with Llewelyn at their head, observing at a distance an immense crowd, concluded it to be the English army; they therefore immediately raised the siege, and fled with precipitation. As a recompence for this signal piece of service, the earl granted to Lacy and his heirs the government over all the people of the above motley description in the county of Chester. This was afterwards, in part, assigned by the son of Lacy to Hugh Dutton, his steward, and his heirs, by the following deed:

“ Sciant præsentēs et futuri, quod ego, Johannes constabularius Cestriæ, dedi et concessi, et hac presenti meâ chartâ confirmavi Hugoni de Dutton et hæredibus suis, magistratum *omnium leccatorum** et meretricum totius Cestershiræ, sicut liberius illum magistratum teneo de comite. Salvo jure meo, mihi et hæredibus meis.”

* Powel, 270. Wynne, 237.

This instrument is without a date, but it appears to have been given some time about the year 1220. By virtue of this, the heirs of Hugh Dutton claimed, in the reign of Henry VII. an annual payment of four-pence from every female of *a certain description* who exercised her profession within the precincts of the county of Chester. They also claimed that all the minstrels of the county should appear before them, or their stewards, yearly, at the feast of St. John the Baptist, and present to them four flaggons of wine and a lance; and that every minstrel should also pay four-pence halfpenny as a licence to exercise his calling*. This anniversary and custom was observed so lately as the year 1758, when it appears to have been first discontinued. On this festival the minstrels always went in procession to divine service in St. John's Church in Chester, which many persons now living recollect.

The Welsh, after the surrender to them of Rhyddlan castle, in the reign of king John, appear to have had possession of it many years. The first notice that occurs of it afterwards is in the reign of Edward I., when, on the refusal of Llewelyn ap Griffith to do homage to Edward, our monarch, at the head of a considerable army, marched into

* *Leccator* in the old law Latin signified a riotous and debauched person.

† Dugdale's Baronage, vol. ii. p. 101. Blount's Tenures by Beckwith, 300. Burn's Justice, title *Vagrants*.

Wales, and, amongst others, took this castle, compelling the prince to come to terms. He then fortified it, and placed in it a strong garrison*. Llewelyn, knowing from experience of how much consequence this place was, and how dangerous to his interest while in the hands of an enemy, made, in the year 1281, in conjunction with his brother David, a most vigorous attack upon it, which, however, proved unsuccessful; for, on the approach of the English army, they were under the necessity of retiring to their fastnesses amongst the mountains of Caernarvonshire†.

Not long after this it was taken by Ryse ap Maelgwn, and Griffith ap Meredith ap Owen‡, but it should seem, they were soon compelled to abandon it, for in 1283, Edward held a parliament at Rhyddlan, and appears to have himself resided for a while in the castle.

After the death of Llewelyn, who was slain near Buellt in Radnorshire, David was taken prisoner by the English army, and, with his wife and two sons, confined in this castle, from whence he was conveyed to Shrewsbury, and executed for high treason§.

* Matt. West. 370. Tho. Walsingham, 6. Holinshed, vol. ii. p. 278—279. Powel, 334.

† Walsingham, 9. Holinshed, vol. ii. 280.—Matt. Westm. p. 370, says, that they took, and afterwards demolished it, which could not possibly have been the case.

‡ Grose. § Walsingham, 12. Holinshed, vol. ii. p. 282.

In 1399 it was seized by the earl of Northumberland, previous to the deposition of Richard II., who dined here, in company with the earl, in his way to Flint, where he was treacherously delivered into the power of his rival Bolingbroke*.

In the civil wars Rhyddlan castle was garrisoned for the king, but was surrendered to general Mytton in July 1646, and in the December following was ordered by the parliament to be dismantled†. It is at present the property of the crown.

BLACK FRIARY.

Not far from the castle was a house of Black Friars, founded some time before 1268; for in that year Anian, who is related to have been prior of the house, was created bishop of St. Asaph. It suffered greatly in the wars betwixt Edward and Llewelyn, but recovered, and subsisted till the dissolution. It does not appear in the valuations either of Dugdale or Speed‡. I did not remark when I was here, whether any part of the building was remaining.

From the *port*, (about two miles from the village,) where the river Clwyd discharges itself into the sea, considerable quantities of corn and

* Stowe, 321. † Whitelock, 217—231.

‡ Tanner.—Brown Willis says it was reported that there was an abbey here, the religious of which were of a military order.

timber,

timber, the produce of the vale and neighbourhood, are annually exported.

DISERTH.

The village of Diserth is about two miles and a half east of Rhyddlan. The church stands in a romantic bottom, and is finely overshaded with several large yew trees that grow around it. In the churchyard are many very singular tombstones; two in particular attracted my attention, they were not, as usual, altar-shaped, but had each a semicircular stone on the top. They were of ancient date, and belonged to a family of the name of Hughes. Here was also a curious and much ornamented old pillar, of whose use I could form no conception.

DISERTH CASTLE*.

The castle stands on the summit of a high limestone rock, at the distance of about half a mile from the village. Its present remains are very trifling, consisting of nothing more than a few shattered fragments. From hence there is a fine prospect of part of the vale of Clwyd.

Diserth castle, which was formerly a British post, the last of the chain on the Clwydian hills,

* The word Diserth seems to be derived from the Welsh *dy*, very, and *serth*, steep, from the elevated situation of its castle.

had,

had, amongst others, the name of Castell y Craig, *The Castle of the Rock*. The time of its foundation is not known. It was fortified by Henry III. about the year 1241* ; and appears to have been the property of the earls of Chester. In the thirty-first of Henry III. on the extinction of this family, it became annexed to the crown ; and about twenty years afterwards was destroyed, along with the castle of Diganwy, near Conwy, by Llewelyn ap Griffith †.

On the castle-hill I collected some fine specimens of *Veronica Spicata*, a plant that I had never before met with : its blue spikes appeared very beautiful, mixed with the delicate flowers of *Geranium sanguineum*, or sometimes with the brilliant yellow of the *Cistus helianthemum*, which abounds on this dry calcareous soil. *Cistus Marifolius* was nearly in equal plenty with its relative ; and *Thalictrum minus*, *Conyza squarrosa*, and *Carduus marianus*, with some other plants not so rare, were the principal of my discoveries here.

SIR ROBERT POUNDERLING.

In a field somewhat south of this place, I observed a ruinous building, which, on inquiry,

* Powel, 307.

† Dugdale's Baronage, vol. i. p. 48. Matt. Paris, 851. Matt. Westm. 316. Powel, 326.

I found

I found was called Siamber Wen, *the White Hall*. This was the mansion of Sir Robert Ponderling, a valiant knight, who was many years constable of the castle. This illustrious hero, we are told, was so celebrated for his prowess, that, amongst other challenges, he received one at a tournament in this country from a Welshman, who in the combat struck out one of his eyes. Being afterwards at the English court, he was requested to challenge him in return, but he wisely shewed that he had prudence as well as valour, by declining a second combat, alleging as his excuse, that he had no desire to have the Welshman knock out his other eye*.

From this place I retraced my road through Rhyddlan to St. Asaph, from whence the next morning I made my excursion to Denbigh.— I must remark, for the benefit of those who follow me, that in the latter part of this day's ramble from Rhyddlan to Diferth, I received little amusement, except in my botanical pursuits. Neither the village nor the castle of Diferth afford any thing very deserving of attention.

* Leland's Itin. vol. vi. p. 21.

CHAP. VI.

EXCURSION FROM ST. ASAPH TO DENBIGH.

Road and Views.—Town of Denbigh.—Denbigh Castle.—Mode of forming the Walls.—Fine View.—History of Denbigh Castle.—Churchyard's Description of its ancient State.—Old Town.—Privileges.—White Friary.—Whitchurch.—Memoranda of Humphrey Llwyd.—View of Denbigh from the East.

O DENBIGH now appeare, thy turne is next,
 I need no gloss, nor shade to set thee out:
 For if my pen doe follow playnest text,
 And passe right way, and goe nothing about,
 Thou shalt be knowne, as worthie well thou art,
 The noblest foyle that is in any part:
 And for thy seate, and castle do compare,
 With any one of Wales, what'ere they are.

So says honest Churchyard in a poetical account of "the Worthines of Wales," written about the middle of the sixteenth century, when Denbigh was accounted a place of considerable importance, and when its walls and castle were entire.

I was much disappointed in the walk from St. Asaph to Denbigh. From remarking in the maps that it lay entirely along the vale of Clwyd, I had expected

expected many elegant and varied prospects. The road, however, lies so low, and the vale is so wide, and so much intersected with lofty hedge-rows, that it was only in two or three places that I had any interesting prospect whatever. A woody dell, watered by the river Elwy, and ornamented with a gentleman's seat or two, pleasingly situated amongst the trees on its rising bank, afforded a picturesque scene on the right of the road, about three miles from St. Asaph.

DENBIGH *.

The town of Denbigh was hidden by low intervening mountains, till I had arrived within a mile of it. It is situated on a rock, whose summit is crowned by the fine ruins of its castle, nearly in the middle of the vale of Clwyd. All the streets, except one, are very irregular, and the houses are in general ill built. I wandered alone to the castle, but, from the great number of turnings in the narrow streets, experienced some difficulty in reaching it, although I had it in view nearly the whole time.—A late tourist (Mr. Skrine) has remarked, that Denbigh, from its situation, has been thought to resemble Edinburgh. But though some

* Denbigh was formerly called *Castell Kled wryn yn Rhôs*, or, *the Craggy Hill in Rhôs*: Rhôs being the ancient name of the tract in which it is situated. *Dinbech*, the present Welsh appellation, signifies a small hill, which this is, when compared with the adjacent mountains. Pennant, ii. 37.

slight traces of similarity may be found, he is of opinion that the boldness of the position of Edinburgh, and the grandeur of its surrounding objects, far surpass every thing here.

DENBIGH CASTLE.

The entrance into the castle is through a large Gothic arch, which was formerly flanked by two octagonal towers, both now in ruins. In an ornamental niche over the arch, is a figure of its founder Henry de Lacy; and over another gate, that formerly stood on the left of this, there was also a statue of his wife, Margaret, the daughter of William Longspec, earl of Salisbury. This castle has once been a most extensive building; and from the strength and thickness of its walls, it appears to have been impregnable, except by artillery or famine.—The breaches in the walls (observes Mr. Grose) plainly shew how they were constructed. Two walls, occupying the extremities, of the intended thickness, were first built in the ordinary manner, with a vacuity betwixt them, into which was poured a mixture of hot mortar and rough stones of all sizes, which, on cooling, consolidated into a mass as hard as stone. This kind of building was called *grouting*.

The parish church of Denbigh is Whitchurch, about a mile distant; but there is a chapel of ease within the walls of the castle, a building which was formerly used as the chapel to the garrison. At

a little distance from this there is also part of the body of a church begun by Robert Dudley, earl of Leicester, in 1579. Elizabeth granted to this nobleman the castle and lordship of Denbigh. But having incurred the hatred of the inhabitants by his tyrannical and oppressive conduct, he chose to leave it in its present unfinished state.

From the walls of the castle I had a fine view of all the country for many miles round. From hence the vale, in all its pastoral beauty, is displayed before the eye. The banks of the little river are pleasingly decorated; and the bounding mountains finely contrast their naked barren sides with the delightful scene of fertility between them.

HISTORY OF DENBIGH CASTLE.

After the death of Llewelyn, the last prince of Wales, Edward I. granted the lordship of Denbigh to Henry de Lacy, earl of Lincoln, who began the castle, and fortified the town with a strong wall. But before the castle was completed, his son, by some accident, was thrown into the well, and killed. This misfortune had such an effect on the earl, that he had not resolution to finish what he had begun; and Leland says the interior never was finished*.

Before the lordship was granted to Lacy, it had been the property of David, the brother of Llewelyn.

* Leland's Itiner. v. 56.—58. See also Stowe's Annals, p. 203; and Speed's Maps, ch. xii. fol. 119.

These two princes had quarrelled; and their dispute was of so violent a nature, that David was compelled to seek protection from the English court. Edward, influenced doubtless by political motives, received him with open arms, and, in recompence for property that he had lost in Anglesea, gave him this lordship, with lands to the value of a thousand marks a year. Afterwards, David and Llewelyn became again friends, and united all their power against the English yoke. The latter was killed in one of the battles with the English soldiers, on which David immediately summoned the Welsh to appear in parliament at Denbigh. Not long after this event he was taken prisoner, and executed for high treason *.

Lacy, who had received the lordship of Denbigh, on the death of David, granted to the inhabitants many privileges which they had not before enjoyed. One of these was the liberty of taking and killing all kinds of wild beasts on the lordship, except within certain districts and parks reserved for his own amusement †.

After the death of this earl, the castle and lordship devolved by marriage with his daughter, upon Thomas, earl of Lancaster. On his attainder they were given by Edward II. to Hugh D'Espencer.

* Tho. Walsingham, p. 7. Holinshed, ii. 279. Hen. de Knyghton, p. 2465.

† Pennant, ii. 37. from the authority of Sir John Sebright's MSS.

This person proved a most oppressive superior, and abridged the inhabitants of most of the privileges granted to them by the former owner*. When D'Espencer was executed, they again escheated to the crown, and were given by Edward III. to Roger Mortimer, earl of March, in exchange for lands to the value of a thousand pounds *per annum*. But his attainder and execution enabled the king, not long afterwards, to grant them to Sir William Montacute, whom he created earl of Salisbury. This earl seems to have been the first owner of Denbigh since the founder of its castle, who had not been arraigned for high treason; he was, however, a most zealous and active adherent to the state. He died in 1333; and on the subsequent reversal of the attainder of the earl of March, the lordship and castle of Denbigh were restored to that family. By the marriage of Ann, the sister to the last earl of March, with Richard Plantagenet, earl of Cambridge, they came into the house of York, and thence to the crown†.

King Edward IV., while duke of York, was besieged in Denbigh castle by the army of Henry VI.; and the king declared it his intention, if Edward was taken, to give him his life, but, on condition only that he should forever banish himself from the

* Pennant, ii. 37.

† Dugdale's Baronage, i. 145 147, 148. 151. 645 647.; and Gibson's Camden, p. 680.

realm *. He however escaped.—For their services, in taking this castle from the Yorkists, Henry granted to Jasper, earl of Pembroke, and the duke of Bedford, a thousand marks, to be paid out of the lordships of Denbigh and Radnor †.

In 1563 queen Elizabeth bestowed the castle and lordship on her favourite Robert Dudley, earl of Leicester, who raised the rents from two to nine hundred pounds a year, and arbitrarily inclosed much of the common lands. An insurrection was the consequence, and two of the principal infurgents were hanged at Shrewsbury. The disputes arose to so alarming an height, that it at length became necessary to request the interference of the queen, who, by granting them a charter, confirmed to the tenants the quiet possession of their lands.—A new cause of disturbance arose, in the reign of William III., from the vast grant that had been made to the earl of Portland: the people were, however, hushed by the same means that had been adopted in the former reign.—The castle and lordship belong at present to the crown: they are superintended by a steward appointed by the King ‡.

* Leland's Itin. v. 58. The words are: "King Edward IV. was besieged in Denbigh castelle, and ther it was pactid betwene king Henry's men and hym (self) that he should with life departe the reaulme never to returne. If they had taken king Edward there, debellatum fuisset."

† Dugdale's Baronage, ii. 241. ‡ Pennant, ii. 38.

After the retreat of Charles I. from Chester in September 1645, he came to Denbigh castle, and the tower in which he had apartments still retains the name of the King's Tower. The castle continued till the following year in the hands of the royalists, colonel William Salisbury being the governor; and, in the month of July it was besieged by a party of the parliament's forces under the command of general Mytton. Three months, however, elapsed before the garrison would surrender*. —After the restoration of Charles II., it is said to have been blown up with gunpowder, and thus rendered altogether untenable by the forces of an enemy.

The best description extant of the ancient state of Denbigh and its castle is to be found in the unadorned lines of Churchyard. He visited this place about the middle of the sixteenth century; his account, therefore, with all its quaintness and inelegance, is both valuable and curious.

The castle stands on top of rocke most hye,
A mightie cragge, as hard as flint or steel:
A massie mount, whose stones so deepe doe lye,
That no device may well the bottom feele.

The rocke descends beneath the auncient towne,

About the which a stately wall goes downe,

With buyldings great, and posterns to the same,

That goes through rocke, to give it greater fame.

* Whitelock, 216. 226.

A strength of state, ten tymes as strong as fayre,
Yet fayre and fine, with double walles full thicke,
Like terras trim to take the open ayre,
Made of freestone, and not of burned bricke :
No building there, but such as man might say,
The worke thereof would last till judgement day.

The seate so sure, not subject to a hill,
Nor yet to myne, nor force of cannon blast :
Within that house may people walke at will,
And stand full safe, till daunger all be past.
If cannon roar'd, or barkt against the wall,
Friends may there say, a figge for enemies all.
Five men within may keepe out numbers greate,
(In furious fort) that shall approach that seate.

Who stands on rocke, and looks right down alone,
Shall thinke belowe, a man is but a child :
I fought my selfe from top to sling a stone
With full mayne force, and yet I was beguyld.
If such a height the mightie rocke be then,
Ne force, nor sleight, nor stout attempt of man,
Can win the fort, if house be furnisht throw,
The truth whereof let world be witnesse now.

It is great payne from foote of rocke to climbe
To castle wall, and it is greater toyle
On rock to go, yea any step sometime
Uprightly yet, without a falle or foyle.
And as this seate and castle strongly stands
Past winning sure, with engine sword or hands ;
So lookes it o'er the country farre or neere,
And shines like torch, and lanterne of the sheere.

Wherefore Denbigh thou bear'st away the praise,
Denbigh hath got the garland of our daies ;

Denbigh reapes fame and laud a thousand waies,
Denbigh my pen into the clouds shall raife.
The castle there, could I in order drawe,
It should surmount now, all that ere I sawe.

With respect to the town of Denbigh, Leland informs us that there had been many streets within the walls, but that in his time (before the middle of the sixteenth century) these were nearly all demolished, the number of householders within the walls scarcely then exceeding eighty. This decay is supposed to have arisen from the joint inconveniences of the want of water, and the steep situation of the old town. It became gradually abandoned till at length it was wholly deserted, and a new town, much more convenient, was formed about the bottom of the rock.—The town walls, like those of the castle, appear to have had great strength. There were only two gates, the Exchequer and the Burges's Gate. In the former (which was on the west side) the lord's courts were holden; and in the other (which was on the north) the burgeses held their courts. Besides these the walls had only four towers*.

This place was endowed with the privileges of a free borough by King Richard II. Queen Elizabeth formed here a body corporate, consisting of two aldermen, two bailiffs, two coroners, and twenty-five capital burgeses, a recorder, and inferior officers. It returns one member to parliament†.

* Leland's Itin. v. 56.

† Pennant, ii. 45.

WHITE FRIARY.

At the east end of the town there was formerly a house of Carmelite, or white friars, dedicated to St. Mary. This is said by some historians to have been founded by John Salisbury, who died in 1289; but, according to others, it was the work of John de Sanismore, towards the close of the fourteenth century*.

Whitchurch, the parish church to Denbigh, and about a mile distant, is a white-washed structure of no very elegant appearance. It is chiefly celebrated from containing the remains of Sir Richard Middleton, governor of Denbigh castle, under Edward VI., Mary, and Elizabeth, who in 1576; and of

HUMPHREY LLWYD,

The antiquary, to whose memory there is a mural monument, containing a figure of himself in the attitude of prayer. This person was a native of Denbigh, and a student of Brasen-nose college, Oxford. He adopted the profession of physic, and became family physician in the house of the last Fitzalan, earl of Arundel, the chancellor of the university. He represented his native place in parliament, and died there in the forty-first year

* Tanner.

of his age. He compiled a map of England for his friend Ortelius, to whom he dedicated his "*Commentariolum Britanniae*," and his epistle "*De Monâ Druidum insulâ, antiquitati suæ restitutâ*." He left in manuscript, among various other tracts, a Welsh Chronicle from king Cadwaladr, and a History of Cambria. He collected many curious books for lord Lumley, (whose sister he married), which form at this time a valuable part in the library of the British Museum. His great grandson, the reverend Robert Lloyd, contended, but without effect, for the barony of Lumley. This latter person was rector of St. Paul's Covent Garden *.

The approach to Denbigh from Whitchurch is much more august and grand than from any other side. The castle, from this road, is seen finely situated on the summit of its rock, which being nearly perpendicular, affords one a good idea of the ancient strength of the place. From hence, also, the accompanying scenery appears more open and varied than from any other part of the immediate neighbourhood of the town.

* Yorke's Royal Tribes, p. 117.

C H A P. VII.

ST. ASAPH TO CONWY.

*Abergeley.—Llandulas.—Penmaen Rhôs.—River Conwy.—Ferry.
Impositions practised there.—Pearl Fishery.—Town of Conwy.
—Castle.—History of the Castle.—Church.—Abbey.—Plâs
Mawr.—Ancient Privileges.*

My next stage was Conwy. The road now became somewhat more hilly, but it was hard and good, and the surrounding country, for the most part very pleasant. After passing Abergeley, *the conflux of the concealed water*, a small village about seven miles from St. Asaph, I had the sea on the right, and a range of low rocks on the left of the road. From the bottoms of the rocks, for many miles, meadows and corn-fields extended, sloping nearly to the water's edge.—Beyond Llandulas, *The Dark Village*, the road winds round a huge limestone rock, called Penmaen Rhôs.

It is supposed to have been in some of the deep bottoms of this neighbourhood, that king Richard II. was surprized by a band of armed ruffians, secreted there by the earl of Northumberland, for the purpose of forcing him into the hands of Bolingbroke, who was waiting the event at Flint.

I had

I had wandered for some time leisurely along this road, my eyes fixed upon the ground in search of plants, when suddenly raising my head, I was astonished with the magnificence of the landscape before me. The fine old town of Conwy, with its gloomy walls and towers, and its majestic, turretted castle, appeared with the wide river in front, and backed by rising, wooded, and meadowy grounds, and beyond these by the vast mountains of Caernarvonshire.

RIVER CONWY AND FERRY.

The river Conwy* runs on this, the east side of the town. It is here about half a mile across, and at present passed by means of ferry-boats. Besides the inconveniences naturally attending so wide a stream, in a place subject to all the variations produced by the flowing and ebbing of tides that run sometimes very high, most of the travellers who have crossed here (except the passengers in the mail-coach, who, by order of the post-office, have a boat always waiting for them), know what it is to experience the wilful delays, and the gross and bare-faced impositions of the ferry-men. The charges ought to be *a penny* for every person on foot, except with respect to those who come in the public coaches or in post chaises, who are required, though from what principle I cannot learn, to pay *a shilling* each; *two-pence* for a man and horse, and

* The *Conovius* of Antoninus.

half-a-crown a wheel for gentlemen's carriages. Instead of the latter fare, I have myself known them with the most impudent assurance possible, charge half-a-guinea for ferrying over a gig, and after receiving that, importune in addition for liquor. The ferry is the property of Thomas Williams, Esq. of Llanidan in Anglesea, the member for Great Marlow *, and is regulated by Mr. Hughes of Marl, a place about three quarters of a mile from the ferry-house. The latter person I met with more than once during the time I was in Caernarvonshire: he informed me the fares were as above, *with what the travellers pleased to give the men besides*; and that they were paid seven shillings a week each from him, but *were entitled to what they could get in addition*. Thus definite are the terms on which these ferrymen are supposed to obtain subsistence. But they are not contented with merely risking the generosity of the traveller, they make him an extra charge, and take the risk for what they can get beyond that, for they very seldom fail to beg something, as they term it, "for themselves." These impositions, however, unpleasant as they may be, are trifling inconveniences to those suffered from their wilful and needless delays. In the finest weather, when they have had no excuses to allege from boisterous winds or rough water, persons have frequently waited for them several hours, and indeed instances have occurred of such being under

* Mr. Williams is dead since this work was sent to the press.

the necessity of remaining at the ferry-house a whole night in consequence merely of their neglect. I have more than once experienced both their impositions and delays myself, and am acquainted with several gentlemen who have suffered infinitely more from them than I ever did. It is however in contemplation to erect a bridge across the stream, which, on account of the narrowness of the channel at low water, is supposed to be perfectly practicable, when all these inconveniences will at once be obviated*.

PEARL-FISHERY.

This river was celebrated in former times as a pearl-fishery; and pearls have been found here at different intervals ever since the Roman conquest. It was to obtain these that Suetonius alleges as one of the principal motives for his invasion of our island; but there is reason to suppose that he was in a great measure disappointed in his hopes, both with respect to their size and quantity. The shell in which they are found is called the Pearl Muscle, and is the *Mya margaritifera* of Linnæus†. It is

* From information that I have received since this part of the work was written, it is to be feared that the public will for some years longer be disappointed in this advantage.

† GEN. CHAR. Shell bivalve, gaping at one end. Hinge with a broad thick tooth, not let into the opposite valve.

SPEC. CHAR. Shape oval, bending in on one side. Shell thick, opaque, and heavy. Tooth of the hinge smooth and conical. Length 5 or 6 inches: breadth about 2½.

peculiar

peculiar to stoney and rapid rivers, burying itself with its open end downwards in the sand; but it is not often found here at present. The pearl is a calculus, or morbid concretion, supposed to be produced by some disease, and is at times found even in the common oyster and muscle. It is sometimes within the body of the animal, and sometimes on the inside of the shell; and one muscle frequently contains more than a single pearl. The shells that bear the best pearls are not smooth and equal like the rest, but are crooked and wrinkled; and the larger the pearls are, the greater is their deformity. Linnæus informed Mr. Pennant that he had discovered the art of causing the pearls to form: however refused to communicate it, and it is supposed to have died with him. When there are pearls in the shell, the animals, on being squeezed, will eject them, and they even sometimes spontaneously cast them on the sand of the river. It is reported in the country that sir Richard Wynne of Gwydir presented the queen of Charles II. with a pearl from the river Conwy, which was afterwards placed in the regal crown. About twenty-five years ago the late Sir Robert Vaughan went to court with a button and loop in his hat set with pearls from the Conwy. An Irish pearl is mentioned by sir Robert Redding in the Philosophical Transactions, as weighing thirty-six carrats, and valued at forty pounds. The present lady Newborough has a good collection of the Conwy pearls, and she purchases
all

all the best that are now to be found.—The fish of the pearl muscle is not eaten, being extremely bad and unpalatable.

CONWY *

Is, though somewhat gloomy from the antiquity of many of its buildings, a most beautiful and picturesque town. Its walls, which are founded for the most part on the solid rock, and in many places above twelve feet in thickness, are nearly entire. The houses are irregular, but by no means bad.

THE CASTLE

Stands upon a rock, two sides of which are washed by the river. Its architecture and situation are truly grand. The heap of rubbish at present remaining in the river nearly opposite to the end of the castle, is the relic of a tower, which terminated a curtain coming from that angle of the town-wall; and at the other end there was a similar one, which has been long destroyed. The use of these was to prevent the approach of an enemy from the water so near the castle as to become dangerous. Besides these, the castle was also defended by eight

* It has been conjectured by some writers that the present Conwy was the *Conovium* of the Romans. This, however, seems to be without sufficient foundation, for it appears clearly proved that the present Caer Hun, on the same side of the river, about five miles higher up, was the site of *Conovium*. See an account of this place in the ensuing chapter.

large circular towers, from each of which formerly issued a slender turret of use as a watch-tower: of the latter only four are remaining. The exterior walls are of the same thickness as those round the town. These, as well as the towers, except one on the south side of the castle, are in appearance tolerably entire. The lower part of that, however, from the stones having been taken away from the foundation, has fallen down the rock. The upper part remains still suspended at a vast height above, and exhibits in the breach, observes Mr. Pennant, "such vast strength of walling, as might have given to the architect the most reasonable hope that his work would have endured to the end of time."

The chief entrance into the castle is at the north-west end, formerly over a deep trench and draw-bridge.

The hall is the most remarkable part of the building now left, and has once been a magnificent apartment. It is a hundred and thirty feet long, about thirty broad, and upwards of twenty in height. The ceiling was supported by eight flat gothic arches. It was lighted by six narrow windows towards the river, and three much larger and more ornamented toward the court. It appears to have had cellars under the south side and at the east end, the roof of which has long been destroyed. Only four of the arches above the hall are left, and from these and the walls the ivy hangs in the
greatest

greatest luxuriance. Vegetation seems to be going on in all parts; and the feathered tribe are the only present tenants, whose screams, when disturbed by the abrupt entrance of the traveller, add greatly to the desolation of the scene.

The two towers at the end of the castle opposite to the great gate, are called, one the *King's*, and the other the *Queen's Tower*, from Edward I. and his consort Eleanor, who had apartments in them appropriated to themselves. Those of the former are altogether plain; but in the room on the second story of the latter, there is an elegant gothic niche of considerable size in the wall. This is formed by six arches crossing each other, and in the recesses betwixt the pillars which support these have once been seats. In the three middle recesses, which command a prospect of the river, are the remains of three small gothic windows. This is supposed to have been what was anciently called the *Oriel*, and to have contained the queen's toilet. In the front of the towers is a court, from whence probably the royal pair, when at this castle, used to admire together the numerous beauties of the surrounding country.

Edward I., after his conquest of the Welsh, with his queen and great part of the English nobility, spent a Christmas at Conwy castle in all the joyous festivity that a luxurious court could boast. The hall, crowded with warrior knights and damsels, echoed the rude merriment of feudal days. The
cup

cup passed quickly round, and tales of feats of arms, of slaughtered foes, and strange adventures, served to beguile the time. Here were they protected in the very heart of an enemy's country, fallen indeed, but still powerful. From hence were issued the edicts of the sovereign against this stubborn people.—But how desolate now the scene of shattered walls and grass-grown towers, of the broken arch and tangling ivy!—

What now avails that o'er the vassal plain,
His rights and rich demesnes extended wide,
That honour and her knights compos'd his train,
And chivalry stood marshall'd by his side.

Though to the clouds his castle seem'd to elimb,
And frown'd defiance on the desperate foe;
Though deem'd invincible, the conqueror Time
Levell'd the fabric as the founder low.

Yet the hoar tyrant, though not mov'd to spare,
Relented when he struck its finish'd pride,
And partly the rude ravage to repair,
The tottering towers with twisted ivy tied.

HISTORY OF CONWY CASTLE.

Edward I. erected this castle in the year 1283, and at the same time built the walls of the town, and repaired several of his other castles in Wales. These were principally to guard against the insurrections of the Welsh under Llewelyn, which for some years before had been very frequent. The situation fully evinced the judgment of its founder,

founder, having a complete command of the river, and by its vicinity to the strong pass of Penmaen Mawr, enabling the king's troops to occupy it on the least commotion, and thus cut off all communication from the interior of the mountains*.

I am somewhat at a loss in attempting to discover, whether it was this castle, or that of Diganwy, three miles to the north of it, on the opposite side of the river, which had formerly the name *Snowdon castle*. Leland says†, “*The castel of Snowdon is oftentimes put by a common word for Conwey:*” but several circumstances have occurred which induce me rather to suppose that this was not the case. Notwithstanding this assertion, I am inclined to conjecture that it was Diganwy castle that had this name‡.

In one instance Edward found himself very unpleasantly situated here. He, with a few of his men, had preceded the body of his army, and crossed the river, soon after which the tide flowed in, and prevented his men from following. The Welsh in the mountains receiving intelligence of

* Matt. Westm. 371. Holinshed, vol. ii. p. 282.

† Collect. de Reb. Brit., vol. i. p. 472.

‡ Dolbadarn castle, near Llanberis, being seated in a narrow pass in the very heart of the mountains, might, with greater propriety than either of these, have had the denomination of *Snowdon castle*: but the old English writers, from its obscurity, had probably never heard of it; their descriptions, at least, do not point it out.

this, descended upon the castle in a body, and made a furious attack upon him and his handful of men within. Destitute of every kind of provision, except a little honey and water, they were reduced to great distress: but, by the strength of the walls, and their own activity and bravery, they were enabled to hold out till the water again retired, and the rest of the army came over to their relief*.

In the year 1399, Richard II., on his return from Ireland, having landed in Wales, heard that the duke of Lancaster had prepared against him immense forces: fearing the weakness of his own army, he therefore, in company with a few friends, stole in the night to Conwy castle. Here he hoped to remain secure till something effectual could be resolved upon; but his hope was vain, for the insinuating treachery of Northumberland drew him immediately into the very snare that he had so much dreaded, and which in the end cost him his crown and life†.

During the reign of Richard III. this place appears to have been garrisoned with only twenty-four soldiers‡.

In the civil wars it was repaired and fortified for Charles I. by Dr. John Williams, archbishop of

* Hen. de Knyghton, de Event. Angl. p. 2471.

† Stow, 322.

‡ Cotton. MSS. in the British Museum; *Vitellius*, C. i.

York, at the king's express request. He faithfully promised, that when this was done, it should remain in the immediate possession of the archbishop, or of any one whom he chose to appoint, till the money expended was repaid. When it was finished, the prelate committed it to the care of his nephew William Hookes; and at the request of several gentleman of the country, they received into their custody, writings, plate, and valuables to a great amount: for these, the archbishop gave to each owner a receipt, rendering himself liable to account for their loss. Some time afterwards he joined the king at Oxford, who gave him a fresh charge to take care of all North Wales, but in particular of Conwy castle. In May 1645, about a year afterwards, Sir John Owen, a colonel, in the king's service, obtained of prince Rupert a commission appointing him governor of the castle. By virtue of this he surpris'd and took it, dispossessing the archbishop, notwithstanding the solemn engagement of the king to the contrary; and refused to give any security for the valuables within. The prelate applied to the court, but in vain, for redress; and being persuaded by general Mytton, he quitted that party, and went over to the side of the parliament. He now fortified his own house, which was not far distant, and Mytton supplied him with forces to garrison it. "The governor," says Rushworth, "upon notice of such his revolt, sent out a party from Conway to besiege him in his house; but, he
sending

fending to colonel Mytton for assistance, a party was dispatched thither to interpose for and help him; and the archbishop became active on that side in person, so that he received a wound on the side of his neck before Conway, but not dangerous. Mytton, being drawn before that town, his grace the archbishop assisted at a council of war on the 8th of August, where it was resolved to storm the town, which was accordingly attempted, and with some loss accomplished; and some days after, the castle surrendered; as did also Flint castle, and all other places in Wales*.”—Mytton, with relentless antipathy to the Irish, ordered all who were seized within the walls to be tied back to back, and flung into the river†.—For his late services, the parliament granted to the archbishop a general pardon, and in addition a release from all his sequestrations.

After the restoration, the fortress was granted by the king to Edward earl of Conwy, who, in 1665, ordered all the iron, timber, and lead, to be taken down and transported to Ireland, under the pretence that it was to be used there in his majesty's service. Several principal gentlemen of the country opposed the design, but their remonstrances were over-ruled, and this noble pile was reduced nearly to its present condition.—It is at this time

* Rushworth, part iv. vol. i. p. 297.

† Whitelock, pp. 219. 228.

held from the crown at an annual rent of six shillings and eight pence, and a dish of fish to Lord Hertford as often as he passes through the town*.

THE CHURCH,

Said to have been the conventual church belonging to the monastery, is an inelegant structure, bearing marks of considerable antiquity. There are within it a few modern monuments to the memory of different branches of the Wynne family, formerly of this place. Among other inscriptions, I found one recording an instance of fecundity somewhat uncommon. It was on a plain stone over the body of Nicholas Hookes, of Conwy, gentleman, who was interred here in the year 1637. He is in this asserted to have been the forty-first child of his father, and himself the father of twenty-seven children.—The tithes of this church are at present vested in three trustees for the benefit of the poor of Conwy, Llandudno, Eglwys Rhôs, and Llan Iestyn.

CONWY ABBEY.

The remains of the Cistercian abbey founded here by prince Llewelyn ap Iorwerth in 1185, are at present very few. It was endowed by its founder

* Pennant, vol. ii. p. 319. and Appendix to the same volume, p. 478. Grose, vol. vii. p. 18.

with many privileges:—the monks were exempt from maintaining for the prince any horses, dogs, or hawks; they had the power of electing abbots among themselves, without the controul or interference of any other persons whatever; they had the benefit of all wrecks on the shores of their property (which would not render them extremely anxious to afford assistance, by their influence with their neighbours, to any vessel in distress); and they were also free from tolls of every description.—In this convent, and that of Stratflur in Cardiganshire, were kept the Welsh historical records, from 1126 till the year 1270.—The founder was buried in the church of the abbey; but after the dissolution, his coffin was removed to Llanrwst, a town twelve miles distant. In the same church, A. D. 1220, was also interred Cynan ap Owen Gwynedd: his body was inclosed in the habiliments of a monk, holy garments, which in those superstitious days were deemed proof against every power of Satan; and thus, as Moret said of Albertus, “he turned monk after he was dead.”—Edward I., on building the castle, and fortifying the town, removed the religious of this convent to Maenan, a place about ten miles up the river, near Llanrwst, where he had founded for them another abbey, at the same time reserving to the monks all their former lands and privileges. He also allowed them the presentation to their late conventual church at Conwy, now made parochial, on condition that they nominated

two able and deserving Englishmen as chaplains, and a third a Welshman, for the benefit of his own countrymen who did not understand English. One of the Englishmen was to be perpetual vicar; and on every vacancy, the person to fill this place was to be named by the convent, and presented by the diocesan*.

PLAS MAWR.

In the principal street there is a large uncouth pile of building called Plâs Mawr, *The Great Mansion*. This appears to have been erected somewhat more than two centuries ago by Robert Wynne, Esq. of Gwydir. In the front of the house are the letters J. H. S. X. P. S. probably signifying, *Jesus hominum salvator, Christiani populi salus*; and over the gateway a Greek inscription, ΑΥΕΧΣ, ΑΠΕΧΣ, *bear, forbear*. The apartments, which are very numerous, are ornamented in a rude style with arms and uncouth figures in stucco work.

Edward made Conwy a free borough; and the mayor for the time being was the constable of the castle. Amongst other privileges, it possessed one, in common with all other English garrisons on the

* Dugdale's Monasticon, vol. i. pp. 918. 920, 921. Tanner's Not. Mon. Leland's Coll. de Reb. Brit. vol. i. p. 103. Powel, 206, 225.

west side of the Clwyd, that when any person committed a crime within that district, he could not be convicted but by a jury empannelled within it.

CHAPTER VIII.

Excursion from Conwy round the Gairloch.

The Gairloch is a small lake, situated on the west side of the Clwyd, and is about two miles in length, and is connected to the sea by a narrow channel, which is called the Gairloch Burn. The lake is surrounded by a high and rugged mountain, which is called the Gairloch Mountain. The lake is very deep, and is very fertile. The water is very pure, and is very good for drinking. The lake is very beautiful, and is very well worth a visit.

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After having examined the town of Conwy, I again crossed the river, in company with Mr. and Mrs. ... to make the tour of this ...

CHAP. VIII.

EXCURSION FROM CONWY ROUND THE CREIDDIN.

*Creddin.—Diganwy.—Teganwy — Taliesin, the British Bard.—
Watch Tower.—Great Orme's Head, or Llandudno Rocks —
Adventures there.—Llandudno.—Tradition of Tudno and Cybē.
—Hwylfar Ceirw.—Copper Mine.—Gloddaeth.—Plants.*

CREIDDIN is a commot, or hundred of Caernarvonshire, situated on the side of the river opposite to Conwy, and forming a considerable promontory into the Irish sea. It is terminated by an extensive rock, on many sides very precipitous, of about two miles in length, called the Great Orme's Head. This is connected to the main land, by a neck of fine fertile ground, altogether so flat, that Leland says "the way to it is over a made causey, through a marsh often overflown*." This is never the case at present, it is on the contrary supposed to be amongst the finest corn and meadow land in this part of Wales.

After having examined the town of Conwy, I again crossed the river, in company with an intimate friend, to make the tour of this celebrated

* Leland, Itin. vol. v. p. 49.

cape. We strolled along the shore, botanizing in our progress, for about a mile and a half, till we came to the ruins of the ancient

DIGANWY,

Or Dinas Gonwy, *The Fort on the Conwy*, at present called by the common people, though for what reason I cannot learn, *Y Fardre**. The remains are just enough to lead us to some judgment as to the original extent of this castle. The exterior wall inclosed the summits of two high and almost conical rocks, except on one part, where this defence was rendered unnecessary from the depth of the precipice. On the two summits appear to have been the principal buildings; but although it has been well guarded from its elevated situation, and has been successively the habitation of several of the Welsh princes, it is impossible that this castle should have ever been a place of any magnitude. The ruins are now almost covered with earth and shrubs, and in different parts of them the young botanist may meet with much amusement. These rocks are high, and form conspicuous objects from the walls of Conwy. From the summit of the most elevated, we had a good view of the principal parts of the promontory: we saw Gloddaeth in its woods at the foot of a considerable rocky eminence, and

* It is frequently called *Gannoc* by the old monkish writers.

in a different direction about two miles east of us the woods of Bodscallon, and again, somewhat south of these, the woods round Marl.

Diganwy is supposed by some to have been a Roman station, the *Dictum*, where the Nervii Dienteses, under the late emperors, had their reserve guard. In the sixth century it was occupied as a place of residence by Maelgwn Gwynedd, and for two centuries afterwards formed one of the royal mansions, till the year 808, when it was destroyed by lightning. It was soon rebuilt, and being thought a post of great strength and consequence, suffered much in the struggles of this country. In the year 1246, Henry III. attempted to rebuild this castle, then in a ruinous state; and the English army appears for a considerable length of time to have suffered great distress. A letter, preserved by Matthew Paris, from a soldier of fashion, describes this in very spirited terms. "We lie here," says he, "watching, praying, fasting, and freezing: we watch in defence against the Welsh, who beat up our quarters every night; we pray for a safe passage home; we fast because we have scarcely any food left, the halfpenny loaf being raised to five-pence; and we freeze from the want of warm clothing, and having only linen tents to keep out the cold." The army was at length so harassed, that Henry was compelled to retreat, heartily weary of his fruitless attempt. In 1263, the place was completely destroyed by Llewelyn; and, Conwy castle being erected

erected not long afterwards, it was thought a needless task to commence a new building here.

Near the foot of these rocks, and close upon the shore, is a house belonging to Mrs. Williams, built some years ago, probably in a great measure out of the ruins. To this structure the name of Teganwy, or Deganwy, was given to perpetuate that of the place.

TALIESIN, THE BRITISH BARD.

During part of the sixth century, Maelgwn Gwynedd, prince of North Wales, kept his court at Diganwy; and his brother Gwyddno Garan-hîr, *Gwyddno with the High Crown*, the lord of Cantref Gwaelod, a hundred in Merionethshire, since overflowed by the sea, resided also for some time in the neighbourhood. The latter had, near his residence, a weir called Gored Wyddno, *Gwyddno's Weir*, which is even yet known by the same name, and belongs to sir Thomas Mostyn, as owner of the house of Bodscallon. This weir is often mentioned in the ancient British writings as the most productive of any in the country. Hence originated what some of these writings have denominated one of the thirteen rarities of the island of Britain, Gwyddno's Basket, into which when provisions for only a single person were put, a sufficiency for at least a hundred would soon afterwards be found in it. This, doubtless, alluded to some kind of vessel that each of the men carried to the weir when they went
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to take up the nets ; and in lieu of the provisions that each carried to eat, they returned with their basket or panier loaded with fish.—Elphin, the son of Gwyddno, was an extravagant youth, and at one time he had so greatly exhausted his finances, that he was compelled, as a temporary relief, to ask of his father the benefit of the weir for a single night. The request was complied with, but not a single fish was caught. A leathern basket was however taken up, which, on examination, was found to contain a child. This was an unfortunate circumstance to one so much in want of even a successful tide. Elphin had, however, the humanity to direct that the child should be sent to a nurse, and he even afterwards, (finding the boy to possess splendid talents,) directed that no expence should be spared in his education. The youth, who was called Taliesin, was introduced by Elphin at his father's court ; and his first step towards fame was in reciting there a poem containing the history of his life, called *Hanes Taliesin* ; and a second, addressed to his patron and benefactor, consoling him on his past misfortunes, and congratulating him on the then flourishing state of his finances. This concludes with an exhortation to trust ourselves to the dispensations of Providence, and is on the whole a fine moral piece. Taliesin was introduced to the prince, Maelgwn Gwynedd, who was greatly surprized at his talents, and who himself became afterwards his patron. Elphin was invited by Maelgwn
to

to keep his Christmas at Diganwy, and some dispute unfortunately took place betwixt them, of so serious a nature as to cause Elphin to be thrown into prison. His attentions to Taliesin were now of the utmost importance to him: the bard addressed to the prince a poem on his patron which excited his commiseration, and caused him to issue an immediate order for Elphin's release.—Taliesin throughout the whole of his life continued to receive, from all, the attentions, the admirations, and the applause which his talents justly merited; and after his death he was honoured with the appellation of *The Prince of the British Bards*. From one of his poems it appears that he had an habitation (the ruins of which are said to be yet left) on the bank of Llyn Geirionedd, in the mountains betwixt Llanrwst and Aber: and by the roadside, about four miles from Aberystwyth, travellers are shewn the place where he is generally believed to have been interred. Some years ago there was discovered here a kind of kistvaen, composed of four stones, two on the sides and one at each end, which has been since destroyed, by the proprietor of the ground making the stones into gate-posts. This is however supposed, by able judges, to be much more ancient than the time of Taliesin.—The works of this justly celebrated bard are very numerous, and many spurious pieces have been imposed on the world among his productions, some of them forged by the monks, to answer the purposes of the church of Rome,

Rome, and others by the Welsh bards, in the times of their last princes, to spirit up their countrymen to resist the English yoke. Those that are known to be his own bear marks of the highest excellence. His “*Beddau Milwyr Ynys Prydain*,” *The Tombs of the Warriors of Britain*, is a noble piece of antiquity, and will last while the country and the language exist. All his productions are extremely difficult to be understood, so much so that even the best Welsh scholars of the present day will confess that they cannot entirely comprehend them. If his writings were not so obscure, there are many particulars in them which would throw much light on the history, the opinions, and the manners of the ancient Britons, and particularly on those of the Druids, much of whose learning he had himself imbibed.

On a rock towards the north of Diganwy we observed a circular watch-tower, of some antiquity.

We now crossed the flat, and under the south-west side of Llandudno rock, passed the shell of a large mansion that, some centuries ago, was a palace belonging to the bishops of Bangor.

ORME'S HEAD, OR LLANDUDNO ROCKS.

From thence we were led by steep tracks along the steep and slippery sides of the elevated down of Llandudno, for about two miles, to the end of the promontory. Here the rocks were for the most part

part perfectly perpendicular, of amazing height, and extended to a great depth into the sea. It was awful to hear the roaring of the water among the hollows below us, while at the same time we could not see the breakers till we were upon the edge of the steep. The stench of putrid fish, the remains of those with which the sea-fowl on these rocks supply their young, was almost insupportable. Not contented to go away without seeing every thing curious within the bounds of prudence that the place afforded, we each pulled off our boots, and crept with the utmost caution to the very verge of the precipice. A slight trip of the foot might have sent either of us headlong into a cor-vorant's nest, or amongst the fishermen who were employed with their boats below. The view had enough of sublimity in it ;

The crows and choughs that wing'd the midway air,
Shewed scarce so gross as beetles.

The sea dashing in foam against the breakers, the deep hollows, and rude prominences of the rocks several hundred feet below us, were exceedingly tremendous. Our unexpected appearance near their nesting places disturbed the birds, and the flights of so many hundreds, at different depths, with their various harsh and dissonant notes, produced together a grand effect. This was considerably heightened by the contrast of the white plumage of many of them against the gloomy sides of
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the steep. The fishermen, who were almost immediately under us, appeared in their little skiffs, diminished into children, and it was not without using our glasses that we could well discover their operations. When the sea-fowl had become somewhat familiarized with us, they again quietly settled upon their places on the various ledges below. The corvorants were extremely numerous, and we observed unfledged young in several of the nests. In order to rouse them we pelted the old birds with stones, but as if confident of our inability to injure them with these feeble weapons, they seemed to ridicule our utmost efforts. Though almost close upon them, they always avoided our blows by a short flight, after which they again returned, apparently unconcerned, to their nests. These we could observe to be ranged on most of the ledges at distances of not more than a yard or two from each other. The rock in places was rendered perfectly white with the dung of the birds. The sea reflected a beautiful green colour, and its surface was enlivened by numerous flocks of birds scudding along it in search of prey, and by their whiteness but just visible to us as spots from above.—My companion, I shuddered with horror while he was doing it, descended by means of his hands and knees to a green patch on one of the steep precipices some yards below. To me he seemed scarcely to have footing enough to stand in safety, without clinging to the rock, and to furnish me with a more perfect
idea

idea of his situation, he dropped a stone from his hand immediately into the sea. He fixed himself with his left hand firmly to the rock, and with all the force he dared exert, darted a stone at a corvorant that was near him. The effort was rash, and he might have paid dearly for it. With some persuasion, and not without some difficulty, he returned in safety to the top.—On these rocks, which extend entirely along the end of the cape, the samphire, *Crithmum maritimum*, is found in considerable quantity. It is collected by the inhabitants of the adjacent parishes both for home-use and for sale. The process, where it is out of immediate reach, is too well known to need a description here.

LLANDUDNO.

Having spent upwards of two hours about the rocks, we directed our course towards the little church of Llandudno, which is on the north-east side of the promontory, and about a mile from the end. It stands alone on an elevated and extensive plain, just above the sea, in the very seat of desolation and barrenness; exposed to every wind that blows, destitute even of a single tree to shelter or protect it. I could not distinguish a hut or cottage of any description in its neighbourhood.—It is dedicated to St. Tudno, who, tradition says, was a Romish recluse of extreme purity of manners and sanctity, that lived and died here. On the very spot

where so holy a man had yielded his last breath, it was thought a suitable token of respect to erect a place of worship to his memory. This, therefore, or some former one similar to it, appeared.—Tudno and Cybi the founder of the church at Holyhead, it is said were intimate friends, and that they were accustomed to meet once every week near Priestholme, to join in prayer. The former was called the *White Tudno* from his always going westward, from the sun, and the other the *Tawny Cybi*, because his route led him always to meet it.—Not far from the church are two rows of upright stones called *Hwylfar Ceirw*, *The High Road of the Deer*. Tradition says of these, that it was a path by which the deer, which once abounded in the mountains of Caernarvonshire, used to descend to a meadow below, long since covered by the sea. This explanation is extremely absurd, and, till some better is found, we must rest in ignorance both as to their origin and use.

Near the road betwixt Llandudno and Eglwys Rhôs, *The Chapel in Rhôs*, is a copper mine, which, though formerly not productive, is now worked to some extent. The miners here descend by shafts, and do not, as in most of the Welsh mines, enter through levels.—By some unaccountable neglect I have mislaid all the particulars that I had obtained respecting it.

GLODDAETH,

Not far from the mine is this well-known seat of sir Thomas Mostyn, Bart. built by his ancestor sir Roger Mostyn in the reign of queen Elizabeth. It is situated on an extensive slope, covered with modern plantations, and commanding many delightful prospects. The library, which abounds in valuable manuscripts, principally of Welsh literature, has rendered it very celebrated among the lovers of ancient learning. About the grounds are to be found, in a native state, many plants that are extremely rare in other parts of Great Britain.

My success in the course of this day's short ramble I must give to the botanical reader, in the following extensive list of uncommon plants, and refer him to the catalogue at the end of the work for their particular habitats.

Cotyledon umbilicus.

Thalictrum minus.

Salvia verbenaca.

Anethum fœniculum.

Silene nutans.

Veronica spicata.

Orobanchè minor.

Sedum telephium.

Sedum anglicum.

Spiræa filipendula.

Rosa spinosissima.

Cistus marifolius.

Cistus helianthemum.

Convolvulus foldanella.

Eryngium maritimum.

Silene maritima.

Arenaria peploides.

Glaux maritima.

Chelidonium glaucium.

Erodium maritimum.

Cochlearia officinalis.

Brassica oleracea.

—— monensis.

Crithmum maritimum.

Cratægus aria.

Ligustrum vulgare,

Cicho-

*Cichorium intybus.**Juniperus communis.**Rubus saxatilis.**Elymus arenarius.**Plantago maritima.*——— *coronopus.**Pulmonaria maritima.**Geranium sanguineum.*——— *columbinum.**Borago officinalis.**Potentilla verna* and*Scilla verna,*

both the latter out of flower.

From Gloddaeth, without visiting, on account of the lateness of the evening, either Bodscallon, another house belonging to sir Thomas Mostyn, or Marl, we immediately proceeded to the ferry, where, after waiting a considerable time (sufficiently wearied with our excursion), we at length stepped into the ferry-boat, and in about twenty minutes after were landed under the walls of old Conwy. It is needless to say how heartily we eat, and how much we enjoyed ourselves at the harp under the hospitable roof of our kind host Mr. Rous. The remainder of the evening passed swiftly away, and fatigue, which sweetens repose, soon led us to our respective apartments for the night.

CHAP. IX.

EXCURSION FROM CONWY TO CAER RHUN.

Vale of Conwy.—Caer Rhûn.—The Conovium of the Romans.—An imperfect Account of some modern Discoveries there.—Description of an uncommonly grand Cataract in the Mountains beyond Caer Rhûn.

FROM Conwy I wandered along the road leading to Llanrwst, for about five miles, to see the village of Caer Rhûn, *The fort of Rhûn*, (ap Maelgwn, prince of North Wales,) and the site of the ancient Conovium; and about three miles farther to a remarkably grand cataract in the mountains on the right of the road.

Having passed the village of Kyffin, I looked back upon the town of Conwy, and saw its black walls and towers, with the river flowing beneath them. They closed the vale, and had the appearance of great strength and grandeur.

THE VALE OF CONWY

Affords many very interesting prospects. It is adorned with all the variety that can arise from a well wooded and highly cultivated country, bounded by lofty mountains. It is more elegant, from its

being more varied, and coming more completely under the eye than the vale of Clwyd. The river forms, for a few miles, a broad and expansive water.

CAER RHUN *

Is a charming little village on the western bank of the river, and furrounded with wood.—From various discoveries of antiquities in the place and neighbourhood, and from other circumstances, there is good reason for supposing that this was the site of the *Conovium* of the Romans. During the summer of 1801, considerable pains were taken to investigate this station by the owner of the ground, the Rev. H. D. Griffith, the worthy rector of Llanbeder, who is since dead, and in whom not only his immediate friends, but society and literature, have experienced an irretrievable loss.

In the platform, which was on a low mount, and formed a parallelogram, measuring a hundred and fifty yards in length, and about a hundred in breadth, many apartments were cleared, some of which appeared, as Mr. Griffith informed me, to have been a Roman pottery. He shewed me some of his few discoveries, of which I made no memorandum, as he promised me a full account of the place,

* This place is called by Camden and some other writers Caer hên, *The Old City*. This, however, appears to be done erroneously, for all the ancient MSS. now extant that mention the place, have it *Caer Rhûn*.

at the conclusion of his last summer's research, which, however, he unfortunately did not live to complete. I recollect only that there were two small earthen lamps, one of which was very neatly constructed. Some years previous to this, several broken vases, dishes, and other culinary utensils of earthen ware, though none of them entire, were taken up here; some of them stamped with devices of men in armour, others with dogs in chace of the stag; some of them were of a fine sky blue colour, others red, and one in particular, the most perfect of them all, was a sort of hollow dish, with its surface beautifully glazed, and of a lively red colour, bearing the letters PATRICI very visibly stamped in its centre. Its diameter was about six inches. The most curious piece of antiquity found at this time was a brazen shield of a circular form, curiously embossed circle within circle, with small brass studs, from the circumference nearly to the centre, where a sharp piece of wrought iron, about four inches and a half in length, was fixed. This shield, which was somewhat more than a foot in diameter, had on its under side, when discovered, a covering of leather stuffed with hair. — Mr. Griffith thought there were good grounds to contradict the generally received opinion, of a bath and hypocaust having been discovered here.

CATARACT.

From the road, near the bridge called *Pont Porthlwyd*, not quite eight miles from Conwy, I observed, high up the mountain on my left, a waterfall of very considerable height, called by the country people *Rhaiadr Mawr*, *The Great Waterfall*. I ascended along a winding path, which, after about a quarter of an hour's walk, conducted me to the bed of the river, near the station from whence it was to be seen to the greatest advantage. The water in the river, which runs from a pool among the mountains above, called *Llyn Eigiau* *, from late dry weather, was very inconsiderable. The scene, however, was still highly picturesque. From the upper part two streams, one of them much the broadest, descended, at some distance from each other. The range of rock down which the water was thrown was very wide and extremely rude, being formed, in horizontal ledges, into deep clefts

* Mr. Evans, in his map, has not been correct in the situations of two or three of the mountain-pools on the west side of the road leading from Conwy to Llanrwst. *Llyn Geirioned*, which he has marked as supplying the river that runs under *Pont Porthlwyd*, is somewhat south of the station in the map; and *Llyn Cowlid*, which I have visited, but which, as altogether uninteresting, I shall not describe, is within two miles of *Capel Curig*. *Llyn Ergiau* supplies the water that forms this cataract, and flows to *Pont Porthlwyd*.

and enormous chasms. Around the whole, and on the various lodgments of the rocks, were numerous pendant shrubs. The dark shades of the clefts, and the irregular brilliancy of the prominent features of the scene, from the reflected rays of the sun, contrasted again with the foaming of the water, were truly grand. The colours of the rock, which were every where also very dark, were rich and highly varied. The streams united a little above the middle of the fall: they rushed from thence in foam over the rocks, and from the deep shelvings, in many places the water was entirely hidden from me below. In addition to this, nearly every different stratum of rock threw it into a fresh direction. In the whole scene there was the utmost irregularity. On the right of the cataract the inclosing rocks were nearly perpendicular, very lofty, and crowned with pendant foliage. Those on the left were very high and towering, adorned on the lodgements with grass and ferns.—I should have made a drawing of this cataract, had it been possible to have expressed it, with any justice, on an octavo plate: this, however, was altogether impossible. The above description is expressed in terms infinitely too feeble to give any correct idea of the scene:—this waterfall is by much the most grand and picturesque of any that I have seen in North Wales.

In

In descending to the road I had an extensive view along the whole vale of Conwy. It appeared from this eminence to be much varied, and on the whole very beautiful,

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CHAP. X.

CONWY TO BANGOR.

Sychnant.—Penmaen Mawr.—Various Accidents there.—Ascent to the Summit of Penmaen Mawr.—Pren Lemawn, or Welsh Lemon-Tree.—Ancient Fort.—View.—Aber.—Ferry from thence into Anglesea.—Mountain Hollow.—Beautiful Scene.—Waterfall.—Llandygai.—Memoranda of Archbishop Williams.—Anecdotes of Pierce Griffith.—Llandygai Mills.—Penryhn Castle and Grounds.—Fine Prospect.—Fisbery.—Bangor.—History of the Cathedral.—Curious Removal of the Body of Owen Gwynedd from the Church.—Bangor Ferry.—Welsh Harp.—Battle at Porthaethwy.

IN my route from Conwy to Bangor, I began to find myself in a country that was truly mountainous and romantic: the hills of Flintshire and Denbighshire, which I had just passed, bear no comparison in picturesque beauty with the stupendous scenery of Caernarvonshire. The mountains here, instead of being, as those were, gentle in ascent, and frequently covered with grass and verdure to their summits, began to wear the savage and majestic face of nature,—they were precipitous, rugged, and gloomy.

SYCHNANT,

SYCHNANT,

The dry hollow, which commences about two miles from Conwy, is the first scene of mountain horror that the traveller in this direction is presented with. The road descends along a steep betwixt the rocks. Immediately below it on one side is this deep and narrow vale: from the bottom arises Penmaen bach, *the lesser Penmaen*, whose head is raised several hundred feet above, and whose broad and sombre front constitutes all the boundary on the right. The ledges of many of the rocks were covered with the flowers of the different heaths, which gave a purple tint to the scene. From the steepness of the road I was almost compelled to descend with a velocity which became very unpleasant. The opening of the rocks towards the bottom, and the gradual unfolding of a distant view of the bay of Beaumaris, the island of Anglesea, and the verdure of the intervening country, however, arrested my progress. The contrast heightened the elegance, and added to it a singularity of character that does not often occur even in mountain-scenery.

PENMAEN MAWR.

Near the fifth milestone from Conwy is the celebrated mountain called Penmaen Mawr, *The Great Penmaen*, a huge rock that rises near 1550 feet in perpendicular height above the sea. Along
a shelf

a shelf of this tremendous precipice is formed part of the great Irish road. This is well guarded towards the sea by a strong wall, and supported in many parts by arches turned beneath it, a method, in point of expence, found far preferable to that of hewing it out of the solid rock. Before the wall was built, accidents were continually happening by people falling down the precipices; but, since that time, I believe it has been accounted perfectly safe. Of these accidents the following have been recorded:

An exciseman fell from the highest part, and escaped unhurt.

A clergyman who lived in Anglesea, about forty years ago, fell over with his horse and a midwife behind him. The female and the nag both perished; but the divine, with great philosophy, unsaddled the steed, and marched off with the trappings, exulting in his own preservation.

Somewhat more than a century back, Siôn Humphries of Llanfair vechan, paid his addresses to a female who lived in some part of Creiddin, beyond Conwy. They agreed to meet at a fair at that town. He was thrown down Penmaen Mawr: she was overset in the Conwy ferry-boat, and was the only person that escaped out of more than fourscore. This story seems romantic, but it is well authenticated. They were afterwards united, and lived many years together in the parish of Llanfair. The female died in 1744, at the great age of one hundred

dred and sixteen; and he survived her five years. Their graves are close together in the church-yard, and are yet familiarly shewn by the inhabitants.

At some distance the road appears like a white line along the side of the rock, which towards the sea is in many places so nearly perpendicular, that a stone may be thrown from thence into it without touching below, a height of almost a hundred and forty feet. The pass would, were it not for the wall, be truly terrible; and even yet, to those who can make frights to mock themselves, the amazingly lofty abrupt precipice of rock, towering overhead, with the fragments and ruins that have for ages been falling from it, and seem ready to roll over one, do present a scene of horror. To those unaccustomed to mountain scenes, this steep will not be viewed without considerable tremor. Dryden has a description which may be applied with some propriety to one or two of the most elevated stations:

As from a steep and dreadful precipice,
The frightened traveller casts down his eyes,
And sees the ocean at so great a distance,
It looks as if the skies were sunk beneath him:
If then some neighbouring shrub, how weak soever,
Peeps up, his willing eyes stop gladly there,
And seem to ease themselves and rest upon it.

RIVAL LADIES.

OR

On the evening of the 31st of July 1801, during a tremendous storm of thunder, a mass of stone, supposed to weigh several thousand tons, was loosened from its bed, and precipitated with a dreadful crash to the sea; it swept down that part of the wall, and left about a hundred and fifty tons lodged upon the road. A woman and horse narrowly escaped destruction, having but just passed the place before the accident happened. This body of rock appears to have been unfixed by the torrent of water that was pouring down on all sides. I was not many miles from the place at the time, and was informed of the circumstance very soon after it occurred. All the carriages, among which was the mail, were stopped for several hours, till a body of the country people, who immediately set to work upon it, were able to clear away so much of the rubbish as to allow them a passage.

Before this pass was formed, which is now near thirty years ago, the usual mode of going betwixt Conwy and Bangor was either in boats, or, waiting the departure of the tides, to proceed along the sands, at low water. The latter mode was frequently attended with danger, owing to the soft places made by the fresh water streams, and the hollows formed by the tide, of the depth of which, when filled with water, the guides could not always be certain. Few carriages at that time were taken betwixt the two towns, but nearly all the travellers were conveyed on horseback. There were two
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inns for the convenience of waiting the departure of the tides, the buildings of which are, I believe, both yet standing, but appropriated to other uses. One of these was near the turnpike under Penmaen Mawr, and the other near Penmaen Bach. On the window or sign of each was a distich, said by the people of the neighbourhood to have been the composition of Swift: that of one was,

Before you venture hence to pass,
Take a good refreshing glass.

Of the other,

Now you're over take another,
Your drooping spirits to recover.

There was a horse-road along the side of the mountain, but it is said to have been excessively dangerous and bad; in some parts it ran above, and in others below, the present road. Those who went in carriages, or on horseback, along the sands, set out from Conwy marsh, went entirely round the promontory, and passed on the outside of Penmaen Bach.

ASCENT TO THE SUMMIT OF PENMAEN MAWR.

From the sixth mile-stone I began an ascent to the summit of Penmaen Mawr. I chose this place that I might have a guide not to the summit merely, but to the spot where I could find a shrub of which I had heard many nonsensical accounts, called
by

by the Welsh Pren Lemwn, *Lemon-tree*. This I had been told grew in a situation almost inaccessible, and bore a fruit resembling a small lemon: that many persons had planted cuttings, and even roots of it, in their gardens, but that these had invariably dwindled and died. I questioned my guide, as we proceeded, as to the figure and colour of its leaves and flowers, and I immediately conjectured it to be, what I soon afterwards found it, nothing more than *Cratægus aria* of Linnæus, which does not often occur among the Welsh mountains. It grows on the perpendicular rocks just above the road; and of the three small trees that were pointed out to me, one had been cut on all sides, for the purpose of planting into gardens.

From hence I scrambled up a steep ascent, covered entirely with loose stones, which often gave way the moment I thrust my weight upon them, to the summit; and, as I walked pretty quick, it was not before I had experienced several severe tumbles, and was bruised on all sides, that I reached it. I had frequent occasion, from heat and exertion, to turn round and catch the cool and refreshing breezes that blew from the sea; and in each of these restings, as I gradually rose above the intervening obstacles, I found new objects to admire. From the summit the view was extensive, and, towards the isle of Anglesea, and from thence round to the Cheshire and Lancashire hills, was very beautiful. The whole

of the bay of Beaumaris seemed to lie directly underneath, as well as all the coast from the abrupt termination of Ormes Head to the little island of Priestholme. I could just discern the isle of Man. The prospect over the Conwy into Denbighshire was also extremely pleasing; but the mountains towards the south not being sufficiently varied amongst themselves, were destitute of character, and almost entirely of interest.

On the summit, and extending in an oval form from north to south, are some evident remains of antiquity. Many ruins of ancient masonry walls, formed apparently without cement, are yet visible; and on the east the fragments of several small circular buildings that seem to have been originally formed for soldiers' huts. On the highest part there are the remains of what appeared to me to have been watch-towers; and near one of these I observed a small square well, in which, although then in the midst of a dry season, I found a considerable quantity of water.

This ruin is called Braich y Ddinas, *The Arm of the City*, and is supposed to have been an ancient British fortification. A correspondent of bishop Gibson says of it: "This castle seems to have been impregnable, there being no way to offer any assault to it, from the hill being so high, steep, and rocky, and the walls of such vast strength. The way or entrance into it ascends with many windings, so that a hundred men might here defend themselves against

against a whole legion; and yet it should seem there were lodgings within these walls for twenty thousand men. By the tradition of our ancestors, this was the strongest and safest refuge, or place of defence, that the ancient Britons had in all Snowdon, to secure them from the incursions of their enemies.”—Governor Pownall, contrary to the commonly received opinion, and I think contrary to the fact, conjectures it to have been one of the Druids consecrated high places of worship, and that it was never intended for a place of defence*.

Penmaen Mawr is not so interesting a mountain, except to the antiquary, as I afterwards found Snowdon, Glyder, and many others in the interior of the country; the prospects from the summit being neither so grand nor so varied as from these.

The easiest places to ascend from are either along a pretty high wall that extends from the road far up the side of the mountain on the extremity nearest to Conwy, or at the other extremity a little beyond the sixth mile-stone. If the traveller is a pedestrian he can ascend one way and descend by the other; this will save him at least a mile or two of journey. The loose stones that lie scattered apparently on every part of the mountain render an expedition to its summit somewhat unpleasant; the

* Gibson's Camden, 805. Archæologia of the Antiq. Soc. vol. iii. p. 303.

distance, however, is so short, that a person who walks pretty quick may overcome it in little more than an hour.

ABER.

About nine miles from Conwy stands the pleasing little village of Aber, or, as it is called by way of distinction, Aber gwynnegin, *The Conflux of the White Shells*. Here I found a comfortable little inn. This is a very convenient station for such persons as wish to examine Penmaen Mawr, and the adjacent country, either as naturalists or artists.

On a small artificial mount on the west side of the river, just above the bridge, called the *Mwd*, stood formerly a castle belonging to Llewelyn ap Griffith, prince of Wales; and it was here that he received his summons from our Edward to deliver up the principality to the crown of England. The mount is nearly circular at the top, and not more than twenty yards in diameter*.

From this place, persons frequently cross immediately into Anglesea, in a direction towards Beaumaris. The distance is about four miles, and at low water they are able to walk to the bank of the channel, within a mile of Beaumaris, where the ferry-boat plies. In fogs, the passage over these sands has been found very dangerous, and many

* Powel, 325. Leland's Itin. vol. v. p. 45.

have been lost in attempting to cross them at such times. As some precaution, however, the bell of the church is now generally rung during foggy weather, which prevents persons from wandering very widely from the line they ought to keep.

A deep glen runs from the village amongst the mountains, at whose extremity I had been informed there was a waterfall. I therefore strolled along the bank of the stream, which passes under the bridge, as the most sure mode of reaching it. The distance I found near two miles. The mountains that inclosed the hollow were some of them clad with wood, which, with the prominences of the rocks, and the verdure of the lower grounds, give a pleasing character to many of the scenes. About half-way is a bridge, over which the road leads to *Caer Rhûn* and the vale of *Conwy*. A little beyond this I turned round to take a view down the vale; and when I descended to the bed of the stream, found that I had before me a most charming landscape. The stones of the stream, over which the water broke in a very pleasing manner, with a high bank on the left, formed a rude fore-ground, that in some measure hid from the sight the regular outline of a green mountain on that side. About the middle was the single arch, with a few scattered cottages near it. The road was seen to pass over the mountain-hollow above; and the trees were thinly scattered over one hill, but at the bottom of the

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the rock behind the bridge were collected into a pretty thick and large copse. The background was occupied by this round and lofty, but well varied, rock, in which stony prominences and verdant, but abrupt slopes, were the principal features. This, aided by the purple richness of an evening tint, that I saw in full perfection as I returned, is a scene to which the pencil alone can do justice, description is much too feeble.

RHAIADR MAWR.

Following still the course of the stream, I soon came within sight of the fall, Rhaiadr Mawr, *The Great Cataract*. At a distance this appears to have no one character of picturesque beauty; I fancied it merely a narrow stream falling down the flat and uninteresting face of a lofty rock. It continued in appearance much the same till I had got very nearly to the foot of the cataract. The lower part of the fall is upwards of sixty feet in height: its character is extremely simple, being broken only in places by the seams of the strata. The quantity of water is very considerable, and it is thrown, unless after much rain, in a single sheet from above. At a little distance two or three divisions of the upper rock are seen, but immediately at the foot little more than the lower fall is visible. In the bed of the river, as in those of most mountain torrents, are scattered numerous fragments of rock. On each
side

side of the fall the mountain had the same flat appearance; this, with the nearly regular outline of the whole scene, at the top forming a segment of a large circle, and some other characteristics, gives to it that kind of simple grandeur, though on a much smaller scale, which is conspicuous in Pistyll Rhaiadr, the celebrated waterfall of Montgomeryshire.

Smooth to the shelving brink a copious flood
Rolls fair and placid; where collected,
In one impetuous torrent, down the steep,
It thundering shoots, and shakes the country round.
At first an azure sheet it rushes broad;
Then whitening by degrees as prone it falls,
And from the loud resounding rocks below
Dash'd in a cloud of foam, it sends aloft
A hoary mist, and forms a ceaseless shower.

LLANDYGAI.

At Llandygai, *The Church of Tygai*, a village beautifully situated on the banks of the Ogwen, is a church, one of the neatest in the principality, built in the form of a cross, having the tower in the centre. Its stile is gothic, and it is supposed to have been erected about the reign of Edward III.; but its being washed with ochre to render it in some measure correspondent with the neighbouring mansion of Penryhn castle, gives it unfortunately a modern cast.

I obtained the key in order to examine the tomb of the celebrated archbishop Williams, lord keeper of the great seal in the reign of James I., who was interred here. This is placed in the wall on the south-side of the chancel, and is protected from the dust by a long green curtain which has a singular appearance. The tomb has lately been ornamented afresh at the expence of Lady Penrhyn, a descendant of the archbishop's family. He is represented in his episcopal dress at an altar, and (save in the glare of the gilded ornaments) there is a considerable air of elegance about it. On a table monument in the south-east corner, just beyond this, are two antique figures supposed to represent some of the Penrhyn family that were interred here.

MEMORANDA OF ARCHBISHOP WILLIAMS.

This prelate, who forms so conspicuous a character in the English history in the reigns of James I. and Charles, was a native of Conwy, born on the 25th day of March 1582.

At the age of sixteen he was admitted a student in St. John's college, Cambridge; and he first became publicly known on Candlemas day 1608, a few years after he had taken his master's degree, by a most affecting oration in St. John's chapel on the death of his learned and intimate friend Dr. Playfere. The college pitched upon him to deliver
this

this oration ; but from his extreme intimacy with the deceased, he declined it. The master threatened him with expulsion, and, however distressing it might be to his feelings, he was compelled to obey. His empaffioned and unaffected eloquence drew tears from all eyes, and excited the highest admiration and applaufe from his crowd of hearers. His pauses were interrupted by unrestrained expreffions of applaufe and wonder : and fuch at length was the agony excited, that his friend might have been the friend and intimate companion of every one present.

His fame as a preacher after he left the univerfity, extended to all parts ; and his talents and numerous friends foon procured him valuable preferment.

He obtained the favour of king James, who, unasked, prefented him with the deanery of Salifbury. By him he was created lord keeper of the great feal, and afterwards made bifhop of Lincoln.

As a parifh prieft he had proved himfelf an active and ufeful member of fociety ; and now, having launched into a vaft fea of bufinefs, in which he fcarcely had time either for refreshment or repofe, he exhibited an almoft unexampled instance of induftry and abilities.

In his elevation his high fpirit rendered him obnoxious to thofe who had affifted in raifing him : but in his public character this very fpirit enabled him to fpeak freely, to counfel faithfully, and to decree

decree justly. Those who had raised him only to serve their own purposes, were deceived: he soon saw through their intentions, and neglected them. — Prompt in his decisions, he is said to have ended more causes the first year he was in office, than had been done during the whole seven preceding ones.

In this conspicuous station he soon discovered the innumerable difficulties he had to cope with from the envy and ambition of those around him. “From the forty-third to the sixty-eighth year of his life,” says bishop Hacket, “trouble upon trouble, mischief on mischief, had him in chase.”

The commencement of the reign of Charles I. began his miseries. The king continued him in his offices; but his own open conduct, in which he frequently ventured to contradict the opinions of his sovereign, and the jealousy, excited by the misrepresentations of his enemies, soon prepared a way for his fall.

Under the excuse that the seal was only a triennial trust, and that in numerous instances it had been recalled, the king was at length prevailed upon to deprive him of it. The bishop, however, surrendered the charge with at least the appearance of indifference and satisfaction. When he received the notice from lord Conwy, his answer was, “The seal is his majesty’s; I shall be ready to deliver it on the day appointed to any who shall bear

bear his warrant to receive it. I thank heaven that his majesty has had no other ground, than that which you have alleged, for recalling it."

His conduct on this occasion seems to have been so upright, that he retired to his see of Lincoln still possessing some share of the king's affection. Bishop Laud, and the duke of Buckingham, both of whom he had himself raised, became his decided enemies, and left nothing unemployed by which they could undermine him in the little share of favour that was left.

After many vain attempts, a bill was preferred against him in the court of Star Chamber, containing, amongst various other allegations, a charge of subornation of witness, in some former complaints that had been laid against him. But such contradictions appear to have arisen in the evidence, that in any other than a court altogether prejudiced, he must unavoidably have been acquitted. He was, however, fined in a penalty of 10,000*l.*, and directed to be imprisoned in the Tower, and suspended from all his ecclesiastical functions during pleasure.

His books, plate, furniture, pictures, &c. were seized and sold towards payment of the fine, but in a manner so iniquitous, as to reflect the utmost disgrace on the times. The very man who preferred against him the bill was made the agent on this occasion. He went down to Bugden, and lived in the palace three whole summers, rioting in the

the bishop's wealth. In valuing the property, the juries had full directions to receive no evidence for the late owner; and although the benefices and personalties were offered to be taken at 4500*l.* a-year, yet only five hundred of this could be allowed to the bishop for his sustenance. This villain, Kilvert, farmed all his property at considerably less than half its value, and was himself allowed with impunity to enjoy the overplus.

After continuing in the tower four years, unfilled however both in his reputation and honour, the upper house of parliament sent their usher of the black rod to the lieutenant of the Tower, with orders to deliver him up to them; and he was again received on the bishop's bench. Thus reinstated, he, however, uttered neither complaints nor reproaches; and his conduct had altogether such an effect on the king, that, as some recompence for his sufferings, he bestowed on him the see of York.

This he did not long enjoy in peace. Soon after his creation he went down to Cawood castle, from whence he was driven, by the insurrections in favour of the parliament, to his own property in Caernarvonshire.

At the request of the king, as I have already related, in the account of Conwy castle, he provided at his own expence for the defence of that fortress; but from subsequent ill-usage was compelled to join the other party.

He

He died at Gloddaeth on his birth-day, the 25th of March 1650, at the age of sixty-eight.

Cambria, for him, with moans her regions fills,
She wept his downfall from a thousand hills;
Tender—embrac'd her prelate, though undone,
Stretch'd out her mother rocks to save her son:
Search'd while alive each vale for his repast,
And when he died, receiv'd him in her breast.
Envied ambition! what are all thy schemes
But waking misery, or pleasing dreams.

In speaking of the character of archbishop Williams, I find some difficulty in steering through many accounts, in themselves extremely contradictory. The archbishop had too many enemies, and lived at a period when prejudices ran too high to obtain much favour from writers influenced immediately by his enemies. His general conduct, as a public character, was so uniformly correct, that even his adversaries were compelled to applaud it; and their only mode of qualification was to intimate he possessed those useful requisites of a great statesman devoid of principle, a public and a private conscience. To those, however, who would judge of his principles by his conduct, we must remark, that in his general manners he was uniformly mild and affable. Whilst he continued only a parish priest, from his compassionate and friendly disposition, he was beloved by all. Till by his station he interrupted the ambitious designs of others, he acquired the favour of the great, and

the blessings and good wishes of those below him. The widowed, the sick, and the afflicted, partook alike of his prayers and his bounty; and his doors and table were ever open to the deserving. From a strong prejudice, however, in favour of those on whom his affections had been once firmly fixed, he has at times suffered himself to be led to lengths not altogether justifiable on the grounds of prudence. He was also tinctured with ambition; but he was still a character to be both esteemed and admired. These were his only weaknesses, and few of his enemies had so small a share.

LLANDYGAI.

Near the river Ogwen, and a little above the bridge, are two mills belonging to Messrs. Worthington and Co. of Liverpool. One of these, which has been lately erected, is for the purpose of grinding materials for an earthen-ware manufactory at Liverpool. The other is an oil and paint mill: oil colours are here prepared, from the mineral, entirely to their finished state, and are shipped for Liverpool at Port Penrhyn. The walks that have been formed near these buildings by the company are somewhat pretty; and the planting of the adjacent grounds with trees and shrubs, will, in the course of a few years, render this neighbourhood much more pleasing than it is at present.

PEN-

PENRHYN CASTLE.

On the right of the road, not far from Bangor, is Penrhyn castle, the seat of Lord Penrhyn. The grounds are entered through one of the most elegant gates I ever beheld. The house is a fine but by no means a superb building, faced with the yellow Devonshire bricks, which give it the appearance of being washed with ochre. It has nothing of state magnificence, or parade about it, but it can boast considerable elegance. The architecture is the military gothic of the reign of Henry VI., with embattled turrets, which rise to some height above the roof. The grounds are well wooded.

Penrhyn is supposed to stand on the site of a palace which in the eighth century belonged to Rodri Moelwynog, the son of Edwal Iwrch, son of Cadwaladr the last king of the Britons. It seems to have been granted, along with Cochwillan, in the adjoining parish of Llanllechid, now in ruins, to Yarddwr, lord of Llechwedd uchaf, about the time of Llewelyn ap Iorwerth; and from him it descended by heirs female to the posterity of Ednyfed Fechan:—the last of this family was *Pierce Griffith*, esq. who lived in the reign of queen Elizabeth. When the Spanish armada threatened destruction to his country, this brave character fitted out a vessel at his own expence, to aid the British fleet, and sailed in it from Beaumaris on the 20th of April 1588. He arrived at Plymouth in

about fourteen days, where he was elegantly treated by the admiral, who highly admired his loyalty and public spirit. He remained under sir Henry Cavendish and sir Francis Drake till the defeat of the armada, when he attended the latter in his cruise on the Spanish coast. Griffith accompanied his commander to the gulph of Magellan, where they parted, sir Francis being then employed in his voyage of discovery. A short time after James had obtained the throne, the Spaniards, through their ambassador, complained to the English ministry that Griffith continued to attack their vessels, notwithstanding the proclamation of peace. The prosecutions against him on this account became at length so serious, that he was compelled to sell his estate in order to procure a pardon. This was purchased by archbishop Williams, at that time lord keeper of the great seal; but he dying unmarried, it descended to sir Griffith Williams of Penrhyn, bart. and from him, after several successions, to two sisters of sir Hugh Williams. These were Ann, who married Thomas Warburton, esq. of Winnington in Cheshire, and Gwen, who was married to sir Walter Yonge, bart. of Escott in Devonshire. The present lady Penrhyn was the only daughter of Hugh Warburton, esq. I believe the estate is now, from the purchase of the other moiety, become the entire property of Lord Penrhyn*.

* Account of the descents and issues of the families of Penrhyn and Cochwillan, in the Plâs Gwynn MSS.

The *stables* at Penrhyn are excellent, and supposed to be among the first in the kingdom for accommodation and utility. They are fronted with the purple slate obtained from his lordship's quarries: which indeed seems to be applied to every possible use on the whole of the property here. The grounds are fenced with it: narrow upright slabs, to imitate palisadoes, are fixed each by two small holdfasts to the railing. The effect is exceedingly neat, but as slate is generally liable to snap, sometimes with a slight blow, and the edges are sharp, I should think them dangerous to sheep in their attempts to escape through the spaces that accident may thus create.

The *chapel* is at a little distance from the house, in the front of one part of the plantation. It is a small gothic building apparently of some antiquity. It formerly stood much nearer the house, but was taken down, and rebuilt of the same materials, put together in the same manner, on its present site. The interior is elegant, and at one end it has a most brilliantly painted gothic window, the performance of Mr. Eggington of Birmingham. The modern porch by no means accords with the other parts.

From the chapel I was led through the grounds to the baths, which are upon the beach, about half a mile distant. In the way I passed the cottage of the under-steward Mr. Lloyd, designed, like all the improvements about this place, by Mr. Benjamin Wyatt. This station commands a view, though

too extensive to be accounted picturesque, yet so enchantingly lovely as scarcely to be exceeded. Nature seems to have crowded here every beauty of mountain, water, wood, and meadow. In front is an expanse of sea, terminated on the right by the Llandudno, or Orme's Head rock, to appearance perfectly insulated, the flat that connects it to the main land not being visible at high water. Penmaen Mawr, along whose side, though near six miles distant, I could plainly distinguish the white line of the road, and the neighbouring mountains, appear rising abruptly from the water's edge: from hence a long range is seen to stretch into the interior of the county, in which Carnedd Llewelyn and Carnedd Ddafydd are peculiarly conspicuous. On the other side is the island of Anglesea from Beaumaris northwards to Penmon, and Priestholme, with the woods of Baron-Hill. The baths are seen at a little distance below, forming part of this elegant landscape. The front of the cottage was trellised, and a few plants and shrubs were training along it. The garden was prettily variegated with flowers: an oval bed on each side of the path leading to the door, was, whimsically enough, inclosed in a green trellised edge, with a handle over the middle, to imitate baskets of flowers. Not a single weed was to be seen that could reproach its owner with neglect. It was in short a terrestrial paradise, and though it affords in itself nothing of picturesque effect, even the

the artist must confess that it has neatness and uncommon elegance.

I followed the road leading to the *bath*. On the beach, for a considerable way, this is continued by an elevation, walled on each side: at the end is the building. This is plain but elegant. In the middle is a portico, fronted by four columns, which admits carriages underneath. There are three rooms for dressing, &c. The baths are, a circular one open at the top, of size sufficient to allow a person to swim without inconvenience, being apparently about thirty feet in diameter; and a small one that will allow of the water being heated. The latter is within the building, and is lined with white and cream-coloured earthen-ware, from a manufactory near Liverpool: under the window is a large and beautiful oval of the same, with a wreath of oak-leaves within the rim, and a coronet and Lady Penrhyn's initials in the centre. Much expence has been unavoidably incurred in shutting the tide out of the great bath at the times when it was not wanted, and in retaining a proper quantity of water when that of the sea retired. In this building the design of Mr. Wyatt is very evident.

Not far from the bath, and out upon the sands, is an extensive weir occupying several acres of ground, and forming the segment of a large circle; with its ends bending towards the land. It is made by means of stakes driven deep into the beach, secured by

stones, and interwoven for many feet above with pliant branches of trees. This is a fishery which produces to those who rent it of his lordship, a comfortable subsistence. It is entirely overflowed by the tide, and at low water is left with only so much as is retained in its mud and sand. The fish are taken at the ebb; and during the herring season the fishermen have their principal harvest. Immense numbers of these are sometimes retained. In one instance so many were taken at a single tide, as, when sold at two shillings, and the worst at eighteen-pence a hundred, produced nearly eighty pounds; besides the quantities that were obliged to be left on the return of the tide, from want of hands sufficient to carry them away, and those that were taken by people who flocked from all parts of the neighbourhood to obtain the refuse fish.—The coast is here very unpleasant to walk upon, being either extremely muddy, or composed of the upright and broken edges of a stratum of slate rock that extends a considerable way into the water.

BANGOR.

Passing Port Penrhyn, (a description of which will with more propriety occupy a place in my next than in the present chapter,) I arrived at Bangor, *The chief Choir*. This, although at present only a very small place, had formerly so much importance, as to be denominated from its
size

size Bangor Vawr, *The Great Bangor*, to distinguish it probably from Bangor is-coed in Flintshire. It is seated in a vale, from the back of which arise the vast mountains of Caernarvonshire. The streets are narrow, and the houses bad and irregular: a spirit of improvement would, however, render it one of the most beautiful places in Great Britain. From the entrance either way it is seen to advantage, the square tower of its cathedral, and some of the best houses which are near it, presenting themselves from among the trees. The cathedral is small, but every thing around it is now kept exceedingly neat. From near the churchyard there is a fine prospect of part of Anglesea, and the town and bay of Beaumaris.

History has recorded, though with what truth it is impossible now to say, that Condagius, a king of Britain, who reigned about eight hundred years prior to the coming of Christ, erected here a *temple*, which he dedicated to Minerva*.

On an eminence at a little distance from Bangor was formerly a *castle* built by Hugh, earl of Chester, some time during the reign of William Rufus†. It has been so long demolished, that even the period of its destruction cannot be ascertained.

* Leland's Coll. de Reb. Brit. vol. ii. p. 425.

† Speed, ch. xiv. p. 123.

HISTORY OF THE CATHEDRAL.

Deiniol ap Dunawd or Dinodus, abbot of Bangor is-coed in Flintshire, founded here some time about the year 525, a college for the instruction of youth and support of clergy, intending it probably as a cell or appurtenant to that celebrated monastery. It had scarcely been founded thirty years, when Maelgwn Gwynedd raised it into a bishopric, dedicated the new church to Deiniol, and created him the first bishop. This prince intended at the time to surrender his dominion to other hands, and to adopt the profession of religion himself: but the world had too many charms to suffer him to leave it, the resolution, therefore, was scarcely formed before it was destroyed. He had been hurried on through his whole life by unrestrained passion, and it was found too severe a forfeiture to surrender himself to the tame unvaried life of a monastery. If, however, we may believe the writers of this period, he became a convert in his latter days; but we have little other proof of this, than his founding several places dedicated to offices of religion, and these alone would have secured their good opinions. In his public character he appears notwithstanding to have always shewn himself a brave man, and a noble and magnanimous prince.—Deiniol died about four years after his creation, and was interred in the isle of Bardsey.

In the tenth century Edgar coming into North Wales, confirmed all the former privileges: he also gave to the college a considerable quantity of land, and founded a new chapel on the south side of the cathedral, which he dedicated to the blessed Virgin. This was afterwards converted into a chantry of singing priests, and is at present supposed to form part of the vicar's house.

The cathedral has been several times destroyed during the troubles in which this country has been involved; in the reigns of William the Conqueror, king John, Henry III., and Henry IV. After the latter demolition, which was by the army of Owen Glyndwr, it remained in ruins near ninety years, when the choir was rebuilt by the bishop, Henry Dean or Denys, formerly prior of Lanthony. He recovered many parcels of land belonging to the see, and was also himself a great benefactor. The tower and the nave, as well as the palace, were built in the year 1532 by bishop Sheffington: the bishop, however, died, and the tower was left at little more than half the intended height. He gave three bells to the church, and directed in his will that his executors should provide a fourth, but they refused in every respect to complete what he had begun. On the tower was this inscription, become now illegible:

“ Thomas Sheffington episcopus Bangorensis hoc campanile et hanc ecclesiam fieri fecit, anno partus virginis 1532.”

He died the year following.

It

It appears that bishop Bulkeley alienated many of the lands belonging to the see, and went so far as even to sell the bells of the church. Rowlands, who was created in 1597, purchased either four or five bells, in lieu of those sold by his predecessor, new-roofed the cathedral, and founded in the town an hospital for six poor men.

The revenues at the dissolution were valued at about a hundred and fifty pounds *per annum* in the whole, and about a hundred and thirty clear. The diocese contains a hundred and seven parishes, thirty-six of which are impropriated.

Owen Gwynedd, prince of Wales, who died in 1169, is supposed to have been buried in the south transept, beneath an arch with a flowery cross cut on a flat stone. When Baldwyn, archbishop of Canterbury, visited Wales, to preach the crusades and invite soldiers to the holy wars, he saw his tomb, and directed the bishop to remove the body out of the church as soon as he conveniently could: this was done on account of his having been excommunicated by Becket for marrying a first cousin, and continuing to cohabit with her till his death. The bishop, in obedience to the charge, made, not long afterwards, a passage from the vault through the south wall of the building, through which he caused the
the

the body to be shoved secretly into the church-yard*.

At a little distance from the town there was formerly a *house of friars preachers*. This was founded about the year 1299 by Tudor ap Gronw, lord of Penmynydd and Trecastle. Some time during the reign of Edward VI. this building was converted into a free school.

St. Mary's de Garthlaman, the ancient parish church, which stood about four hundred yards from the cathedral, appears to have been erected prior to the commencement of the fourteenth century.

BANGOR FERRY,

Called by the Welsh *Porthaethwy*, *The Ferry of the confined Waters*, is about a mile beyond the town. Here the passengers from England to Ireland cross the strait of the Menai into Anglesea. The ferry-house is situated on the eastern bank of this elegant river, expansive as some of the American torrents, and is certainly one of the most charmingly retired spots in the kingdom. Here is an inn to which most travellers resort, from the unaccountable want of comfortable accommodation in the town†. The

* Yorke's Royal Tribes, p. 4, 5, who quotes the Hengwrt MSS.

† The charges at this inn are somewhat high, but the accommodations are fully equivalent.

views from the house and garden are principally confined to the opposite shore and the intervening stream; but the numerous trading vessels that pass, about the tide of flood, the rocky banks, and altogether varied scene, are too pleasing to be passed unnoticed even by the most tasteless traveller.

It was at this inn that I was, for the first time since my arrival in Wales, entertained with the music of the harp, the indigenous instrument of this country. The evening was approaching, and the sun in retiring had cast a golden tinge over all the objects around. I had seated myself in a window that commanded a full and most delightful prospect of Anglesea, the isle of the Druids, and I listened, in a pleasing melancholy, to the sweetly-flowing tones. A thousand pleasant ideas of times of old, "of the days of other years," floated on my imagination: the bardic æra now recurred, and the energetic lines of Gray crossed my thoughts with more than usual force.

Ruin seize thee, ruthless king!

Confusion on thy banners wait;

Though fann'd by Conquest's crimson wing,

They mock the air with idle state.

Helm nor hauberk's twisted mail,

Nor e'en thy virtues, tyrant! shall avail,

To save thy soul from nightly fears;

From Cambria's curse, from Cambria's tears!

In

In the warmth of fancy I had entirely overlooked the perhaps necessary, though certainly cruel, policy of Edward I., in destroying, (if he did destroy, for it has by no means been satisfactorily ascertained that he did), a race of men whose songs, deemed almost inspired, could not be heard by the multitude without effects pregnant with the utmost danger to his people.

 Their skill'd fingers knew how best to lead
Through all the maze of sound the wayward step
Of harmony, recalling oft and oft,
Permitting her unbridled course to rush
Through dissonance to concord, sweetest then,
E'en when expected harshest.

In the thirteenth century a *battle* was fought near Bangor Ferry, which none of the historians have mentioned. It is, however, described by a bard who lived about the time, Llywarch Brydydd y Moch, in a poem on the death of Llewelyn ap Iorwerth. His language is animated and expressive, and may be taken as a specimen of the Welsh bardic style of that period. "Dark ran the purple gore over the breasts of the warriors: loud was the shout; havoc and carnage stalked around. The blood-stained waves flowed over the broken spear, and mournful silence hung on the brows of the warriors. The briny wave, rolling into the channel, mingled with waves of blood. Furiously raged the spear, and the tide of blood rushed with force.

force. Our attack was sudden and fierce. Death was displayed in all its horrors. Noble troops, in the fatal hour, trampled on the dead, like prancing steeds. Before Rodri was subdued, the churchyards became like fallow ground."

CHAP. XI.

EXCURSION FROM BANGOR FERRY THROUGH NANT FRANGON.

Port Penrhyn.—Fine Situation.—Writing-Slate Manufactory.—New Iron Rail-Road.—Lord Penrhyn's Slate Quarries.—Cottages of the Workmen.—Ogwen Bank.—Carnedd Llewelyn.—Nant Frangon.—Rude Landscape.—Falling of a Rock.—Beavers.—Waterfalls of Ben Glog.—Y Trivaen.—Anecdotes respecting two upright Stones on the Summit of Trivaen.—Llyn Ogwen.—New Road.

ON the following morning I rose early that I might have sufficient time to examine the romantic vale of Nant Frangon, *The Beaver's Hollow*, and the different commercial undertakings of Lord Penrhyn and others in its neighbourhood. The boundary of my excursion I had fixed at Llyn Ogwen, about twelve miles distant, and the principle objects were to be Port Penrhyn, lord Penrhyn's slate quarries, and the waterfalls of Ben Glog.

I therefore repassed the town of Bangor, and took an early breakfast at the *Penrhyn Arms*, a comfortable and most delightfully situated inn that overlooks

PORT PENRHYN.

This was built by his lordship from a design of B. Wyatt; and had it been large enough for general accommodation, would be a most eligible place for every traveller on pleasure*. One end of the house, that commands a view over Beaumaris bay towards the sea, is occupied by a subscription news-room for the inhabitants of Bangor and its neighbourhood, and few places of this nature possess so much either of internal or external elegance. Mr. Wyatt's taste is here very conspicuous, not only in the neat design of the room, but in the choice of a situation commanding an uncommonly beautiful prospect of land and water. This is the same in general character as that I have described from Mr. Lloyd's cottage in Lord Penrhyn's grounds†: but, in addition to all the elegance of that scene, the towers of Penrhyn castle from hence appear in front, rising above the dark surrounding woods. Immediately below the bowling-green, into which the room opens, the observer has the busy scene of the port. Here the appearance of the numerous vessels with which this is at all times crowded, and the bustle and noise that necessarily attend the shipping of goods, form a singular contrast with the other mild and beautiful features.

* No carriages are kept here.

† See p. 163.

From the inn I descended to the *quay*. On one side of this there is a long yellow building, in which is carried on one of the most extensive manufactures of *writing-slates* in Great Britain. This belongs to Messrs. Worthington and Co. of Liverpool: and Wr. W. (to whose civility and attentions in himself conducting me through all his concerns in this neighbourhood, I acknowledge myself greatly indebted) informed me that as many as between three and four hundred dozen were, on an average, manufactured here every week. A few inkstands, and some other fancy articles, are also made, but these are found not to answer to any extent. The slates used are of the finest quality that the quarries afford. The process of smoothing and framing them is extremely simple, and unnecessary here to be described.

Port Penrhyn is principally used by vessels coming from different parts of the kingdom for the slates obtained from lord Penrhyn's quarries, between five and six miles distant. About six hundred tons are shipped per week. These, for many years, were conveyed to the port at an enormous expence, by means of carts and horses, but his lordship has just completed an iron rail-road that extends all the way from the quarries quite round the quay. Two horses are now able, in fifteen waggons, chained to each other, to draw upwards of twelve ton of slates along the levels. Notwithstanding the general mountainous character of the country, there are no more
N than

than four inclined planes (besides those in the quarry) on the whole of the road; and the longest of these extends two hundred and twenty yards. At the top of each there is a windlass, where, by means of a lever pressed against the cylinder, the velocity of the full waggons going down, and drawing up the empty ones, is regulated. Only three waggons, when I saw them, were suffered to go down at once, and in the longest plane the whole fifteen occupied about twenty minutes in passing. By means of this road, as the waggon wheels are concave, and, running on the top of a narrow circular bar, have consequently but little friction, the flates come down in a much shorter time than they did before. Formerly, betwixt three or four hundred horses were used in the work, which is now performed by no more than six or eight. The saving from this is not only very material to lord Penrhyn, but the difference in expenditure of hay and corn, in a country where so little can be grown, and of various other articles of common utility, is of material importance to the people at large. Besides flates, there are shipped at Port Penrhyn, hones, paint, dry colours, chert, &c. to Liverpool and various other parts.—Vessels of about three hundred tons burthen can come up to load at the quay.

Pursuing the rail-road I arrived, after a walk of about two hours, at

LORD

LORD PENRHYN'S SLATE QUARRIES,

Which are in a place called Braich y Cafn, in the mountains on the south-west side of Nant Frangon. Here I found several immense openings, with sides and bottoms as rude as imagination can paint, that had been formed in the getting of the slate. On first surveying them, a degree of surprize is excited how such yawning chasms could have been formed by any but the immediate operations of nature; and even on more mature reflection our astonishment at the efforts of man does not altogether subside. But it is also within the last twelve years that this has been chiefly effected, for, previous to that period, the quarries scarcely produced to lord Penrhyn above six or eight guineas a year, some of his tenants here having a lease of the estate for twenty-one years, at the small rent of only a guinea a year each. The unexpired part of this lease his lordship purchased when he first determined to get the slates to a greater extent himself. When he first came into possession of his property in Wales, the quarries were in so low a state, that the annual exports did not exceed a thousand tons: on all his estates in Nant Frangon there were but three carts, and the roads were altogether so bad as to be almost impassable.

As a place to engage the attention of the tourist, few will be found more worthy than this quarry, which, even in singularity of appearance, great
N 2 depth,

depth, and the rude forms of the remaining rocks, will scarcely be found inferior to the copper mines in Anglesea. The bustle of the workmen on the various ledges, the breaking up of the strata, and the noises of splitting and shaping, with at intervals the roar of a blast, and the subsequent crash of the pieces thrown in every direction, will be novel to most of the travellers through this country.

Nearly opposite to the quarry is a small *public house*, where the traveller may obtain such poor, yet acceptable refreshment, as the neighbourhood affords, viz. bacon, eggs, and ale: and he will find the inhabitants, at least equally cleanly, with any among the mountains.—In different parts around are scattered the white-washed cottages of the workmen, built from the designs of Mr. Wyatt, and on the exterior, affording at a little distance, an air of considerable neatness and comfort, but from the broken windows, and the ragged and filthy appearance of the children of two or three into which I ventured to put my head, nothing but the extreme of wretchedness and poverty could be supposed to reign within.

By the road-side not far distant, lord Penrhyn has erected a large mill for the purpose of sawing the slate into slabs, for grave stones, cottage hearths, mantle pieces, fences, &c.

Descending from the slate quarry, I crossed the road to visit lady Penrhyn's grounds at

OGWEN

OGWEN BANK,

Of which a Welsh writer has said, though perhaps somewhat affectedly, that “ ’tis an acre of *Tempe* among the rocks of *Norway*!” In these grounds there is a small ornamental building containing a dining-room and such other accommodations as are necessary for the family or their friends in their visits to the quarry. In front of this the stream of the river Ogwen breaks in a small cascade among the rocks. The grounds are laid out in too gay a stile to accord with the bleakness of the surrounding mountain scenery, yet prejudice itself must allow that it is on the whole a most delightful spot.

I do not remember from what exact point it was that the summit of the celebrated mountain

CARNEDD LLEWELYN

Was pointed out to me: it, however, appeared in a direction exactly west, and in a straight line, was scarcely more than three miles distant. Except Snowdon, which exceeds it not more than fifteen or twenty yards, this is the highest of the Welsh mountains. Its rocks are said to afford to the botanist numerous alpine plants, but one in particular, *Ajuga alpina*, that has not hitherto been elsewhere found in Wales.—The neighbouring inhabitants have a tradition, that formerly a giant called Rhitta had his residence on

this mountain, and, as in all other stories of giants, that he was the terror of the whole country. They even assert that he wore a garment woven from the beards of several of the princes and most redoubted warriors whom he had slain in combat. —Taking leave of our giant and his residence at the same time, I shall descend into the rude mountain vale of

NANT FRANGON,

The Beaver's Hollow. This tremendous glen is destitute of wood, and almost even of cultivation, except in a narrow slip of meadow, that lies along its bottom. The sides, however, which are truly,

Huge hills that heap'd in crowded order stand,
sufficiently repay their want of verdure, by the pleasing and fantastic appearance of the rocks that compose them. These rise abruptly from their base, and stretch their barren points into the clouds, unvaried with trees or shrubs, and uncheered even by the cottager's hut.

In the year 1685, part of a rock of one of the impending cliffs at the upper end of this vale, became so undermined by storms and rain, that, loosing its hold, it fell down in several immense masses, and in its passage along one of the steep and shaggy cliffs, dislodged some hundreds of other pieces. Many of these were intercepted in their progress

progress into the vale, but so much forced its way to the bottom as entirely destroyed a small piece of meadow ground, and several of the fragments were thrown at least two hundred yards asunder. In this accident one great stone, the biggest remaining piece of the upper rock, made in its descent, a trench as large as those in which the mountain streams usually run: this is yet pointed out by the inhabitants of the vale. When it came down to the plain, it continued its passage through a small meadow, and across the river Ogwen, and lodged itself on the opposite bank.

There are many places in Wales that have received their appellation from the beaver, but particularly several pools called Llyn yr Avangc, or *Beaver's Pools*. These naturally lead us to suppose that, some centuries ago, the beaver was found wild in the neighbourhood of such places. Indeed Giraldus Cambrensis, in his *Itinerarium Cambriae*, written about the year 1188, has asserted that this was the case; and he mentions that beavers were found in considerable numbers about one of the rivers in Cardiganshire. They were called by the Welsh, with peculiar propriety, Lloft-Lydan, or the *Broad-Tailed Animals*; and in the early centuries the skins constituted one of the chief articles of finery that the Britons possessed, and were valued at a price five or six times greater than that of any other animals.

The mountains at the upper end of this vale form a scene singularly grand: on each side the hollow appears guarded by a huge conical rock, Trivaen on the right, and Braich Dû on the left. These, with Glyder Bach and Glyder Vawr, *The Lesser and Greater Glyder*, and some others, fill up the distance, and so close the vale, that no access could possibly be supposed to be had from beyond them*.

WATERFALLS OF BEN GLOG.

At the end of the vale the road winds up a steep rock, betwixt Trivaen and Braich Dû, called Ben Glog. And from the bottom, at the distance of about half a mile on the left, may be seen the three falls of the Ogwen. These are called Rhaiadr Benglog, *The Cataracts of Benglog*†, and they are so fine that the traveller in search of romantic scenery will be highly gratified by visiting them. I descended from the road into the bottom of the vale, and went along the bank of the river till I arrived at the foot of the lower cataract. Here

* Near this place, by a little gothic cottage, there is a small *hone quarry*. The stones obtained here are said to equal the Turkey hones in quality. These are taken to a mill at Llandygai to be sawn and ground into shape. When I was here, the quarry was worked by only a single man.

† *Benglog* signifies a skull; and the name is here taken from the appearance of the rocks.

the

the stream roared with vast fury, and in one sheet of foam, down an unbroken and almost perpendicular rock. The sun shone directly upon it, and a prismatic bow was beautifully formed by the spray. The tremendous roar of the water, and the broken and uncouth disposition of the immediately surrounding rocks, added greatly to the interest of the scene.—After a while I climbed a rocky steep to the second or middle fall. Here the river is precipitated, in a fine stream, through a chasm between two perpendicular rocks that each rise several yards above. From the station I took, the immense mountain Trivaen was seen to fill up the wide space at the top, and to form a rude and sublime distance, heightened greatly in effect by a dark ærial tint arising from the extreme heat of the day, and the lowering clouds that were floating around it. The masses of black rocks, surrounded by foam, near the top of the fall, I could have fancied were floating along the torrent, and rushing to the bottom. The stream widens as it descends, and below passes over a slanting rock, which gives it a somewhat different direction. In the foreground was the rugged bed of the stream, and the water was seen to dash in various directions among the broken masses of rock.—The third cataract, to which I now clambered, I found very grand and majestic, yet by no means equal to either of the former.—These waterfalls are scarcely known in the adjacent country, and have been unaccountably omitted

omitted even in Mr. Pennant's Tour, although this gentleman accurately describes most of the scenery around them.

Leaving the falls, the trouble of visiting which had been amply repaid by the pleasure I had derived from them, I regained the road.—On crossing the upper end of the vale, I was delighted with a very beautiful and unexpected view for nearly its whole length, where the mountains down each side appeared, to a great distance, falling off in beautiful perspective.

Y TRIVAEN,

The Three Summits, so called from its appearing on one side to have three separate heads, forms, as I have before said, the right boundary of this extremity of the hollow. It is singular from having on its highest point two tall upright stones, which from below have the appearance of two men standing together. These are each about fourteen feet high, and they are not more than a yard and a half asunder. So exact is their resemblance to human figures, (for the eye does not take cognizance of their distance, and consequently their real size is not discovered,) that I am by no means surprized at the circumstance of many travellers having been deceived in fancying them a Welsh tourist and his guide. I was credibly informed that one gentleman who was on horseback, stopped by the edge of
Llyn

Llyn Ogwen, (for this is the place from whence alone they can be seen,) near half an hour to watch their motions; but being somewhat sooner satisfied with gazing at them than he thought they were at the surrounding country, he rode on to Capel Curig, where he related the circumstance, adding an expression of surprize at their remaining so long on one spot. The people at the public house laughed heartily at the joke, and immediately undeceived him. A gentleman of my acquaintance, also, who last summer was in the country, related to me some particulars of his journey, and among other things told me, that having passed through Nant Frangon a little way, he observed on the top of one of the mountains two men that seemed very earnestly engaged in admiring the country. He said, that although he went on very slowly, and was constantly looking back at them, till an intervening rock shut them from his sight, yet they still remained in the same position. This story was told so seriously, that it was not without difficulty I could keep my countenance to hear it to the end; and even when I had, I could scarcely persuade him that his men were nothing but blocks of stone*.

* This mountain will be more particularly described in an ensuing chapter.

LLYN OGWEN,

The source of the little river Ogwen, is a tolerable large pool, for it does not deserve the appellation of lake, well stocked with trout, and some other kinds of fish common to mountain pools.—Near this place the scenery changes its rough aspect, and assumes a more placid, but still rude character, which it retains for some miles.

NEW ROAD.

An act of parliament was last year obtained for forming a road from near Llanrwlst to Bangor Ferry, on which the mail-coach from London to Holyhead now runs. Till within these few years, the road along these vales was a mere horse-path, and that one of the worst in the country. To the liberality and public spirit of lord Penrhyn it is that the public are indebted for the commencement, and for half the execution of this useful undertaking, for the road from Bangor Ferry to Capel Curig was made a few years ago at his lordship's own expence. The principal advantages of this new road consist in having upwards of ten miles saved (in thirty-eight) betwixt Capel Voelas and Bangor Ferry; and in its going almost entirely along vallies in the most mountainous and romantic parts of North Wales, and thus avoiding the immense steeps of Penmaen Mawr and Sychnant.

There

There is only one material declivity, that of Ben Glog, (betwixt Llyn Ogwen and Nant Frangon,) the whole way. The principal objection to the road seems to arise from the circumstance of immense drifts of snow in winter rolling down from the mountains into the vallies, and at times entirely blocking up the passage, against which, unhappily, there can be no remedy.

CHAP. XII.

BANGOR TO CAERNARVON.

Fine Scenery. — Caernarvon. — Extensive Prospect. — Llanbublich Church. — Harbour. — Caernarvon Castle. — Birth of Edward, first Prince of Wales. — History of Caernarvon Castle. — Privileges and Government of the Town. — The fourteen Privileges of the Men of Arvon. — Segontium. — Roman Mode of Building. — British Court. — Jumpers. — Observations on the Causes of Methodism.

LONG before I had conceived the thought of making a tour through Wales, I had been told much in praise of the ride from Bangor to Caernarvon. It had invariably been represented to me as affording more exquisite scenery than almost any other part of the country. — For four miles I fauntered along from the inn, expecting every moment to be delighted with a prospect of these boasted scenes, and was indulging some reflections, not altogether favourable to the taste and judgment of my informers, when, on a sudden turn of the road, the straits of Menai, the well wooded island of Anglesea, and beyond these the far distant Rival mountains on one side, opened into a placid scene, whilst the black precipices and shagged sides of the rocks of Caernarvonshire on the other, formed a most delightful contrast. This transition was so momentary,

momentary, that it seemed almost the effect of enchantment. Proceeding onward, the town and castle of Caernarvon after a while entered the scene, and completed a landscape one of the most charming I ever beheld.

At Caernarvon I went to the hotel, an inn built a few years ago by the earl of Uxbridge on a very extensive scale. It is an elegant stone building standing on the left of the entrance into the town, a little above the Menai, of which it commands an extended prospect. This inn affords the best of accommodations; but in so large a house, where an establishment is to be kept through the whole year for the sake of only three or four of the summer months, the tourist must not be surprized in finding the charges somewhat higher than in the *Welsh* inns.—Any person fond of the water may here be accommodated with a little decked vessel containing two beds, and a cabin capable of holding about ten persons. The charge for it is a guinea a day.

CAERNARVON *

Is, on the whole, by much the most beautiful town in North Wales. It is situated on the eastern bank of the Menai, the strait that divides the isle of Anglesea from the other parts of Wales, and is

* This name is properly *Caer yn Arfon*, which signifies a walled town in the district opposite to Anglesea: *Ar fôn* or *Ar môn* implies opposite to Mona.

a place extremely well adapted to afford during summer a few months retreat for a thinking mind from the busy scenes of the world.—Its situation between the mountains and the island renders it a convenient place of residence for travellers who wish to visit both.

The walls round the town are even yet nearly entire, and, as well as the castle, seem to bear much the same external appearance which they did in the time of their founder Edward I. They have in them a number of round towers, and two principal gates, entrances to the town. Over one of these is a spacious room, which is used as the town-hall, and in which the dancing assemblies are frequently held.—The houses are, for the most part, tolerably regular, but the streets, as in all other ancient towns, are very narrow and confined.—On the outside of the walls there is a broad and very pleasant terrace walk along the side of the Menai, extending from the quay to the north end of the town walls, which is the fashionable promenade, in fine evenings, for all descriptions of people.—The court-house, in which the great sessions for the county are held, and where all the county business is done, stands nearly opposite to the castle gates.—The custom-house, a small and mean building, is on the outside of the walls, not far from the quay.

From the top of Tuthill, the rock beyond the hotel, I had an excellent bird's-eye view of the

town. From hence the castle, and the whole of the town walls, are seen to the greatest advantage; and, on a fine day, the isle of Anglesea, bounded on two sides by the Holyhead, and Paris mountains, appears spread out like a map beneath the eye. Sometimes, even the far distant mountains of Wicklow may be seen towering beyond the channel. On the opposite side to these is the fine and varied range of British Alps, where Snowdon, whose

Hoary head,
Conspicuous many a league, the mariner,
Bound homeward, and in hope already there,
Greet, with three cheers, exulting,

is seen to far overtop the rest.

Caernarvon is in the parish of Llanbublic, and the *church* is situated about half a mile from the town. In this, which contains nothing curious except a marble monument, with two recumbent figures of sir William and lady Griffith, of Penrhyn, who died in the year 1587, the service is always performed in the Welsh language. There is an English service every Sunday morning and afternoon, in the chapel of ease to this church, situated in the north-west corner of the town walls, and formerly built for the use of the garrison. The former of these is generally very well attended.

At Caernarvon there is a small, but tolerably good harbour. This is used principally by the vessels that trade there for slates, of which many thousand tons are exported every year to different

parts of the kingdom. These slates are brought from Cilgwyn, *The White Reefs*, in the parish of Llanllyfni; Cefyn Dû, *The Black Ridge*, in the parish of Llanrûg: and Allt Dû, *The Black Cliff*, in the mountains on the north-east side of the pools of Llanberis.

CAERNARVON CASTLE.

The entrance into this stupendous monument of ancient grandeur is through a lofty gateway, over which is yet left a mutilated figure, supposed by most writers to be that of Edward I. In this gate there are the grooves of no fewer than four portcullises, evidences of the former strength of the fortress. The building is large but irregular, and much more shattered within, than, from viewing it on the outside, one would be led to imagine. The towers are chiefly octagonal, but three or four of them have each ten sides: among the latter is the *Eagle Tower*, the largest and by far the most elegant in the whole building. This tower, which received its name from the figure of an eagle yet left (though somewhat mutilated) at the top of it, stands at one end of the oblong court of the castle, and has three handsome turrets issuing from it.

It was in the Eagle Tower that Edward, the first prince of Wales, afterwards Edward II., was born on St. Mark's day, the 25th of April 1284*.

* Matt. West. 372.

Pennant says, that the prince was brought forth "in a little dark room not twelve feet long, nor eight in breadth." This assertion he alleges to be founded on tradition, but I cannot conceive how that gentleman should retain the opinion after he had once examined the place. This room has indeed had a window and a fire-place in it, but it very evidently was nothing more than a passage-room to some of the other apartments, which, though nearly the most magnificent in the castle, must, during the queen's confinement, have been shut up as useless. There seems to me no doubt, but that, when Edward sent for his queen from England, he provided for her a more magnificent bed-chamber than this, which, besides being extremely inconvenient at such a time, must, from its smallness alone, have been exceedingly unhealthful. If the prince was born in the Eagle Tower, it must have been in one of the rooms, occupying in width the whole inside, in an apartment suitable to the majesty of the heir apparent to the English throne, and not as honest Colefords, who has the care of the castle, and who pointed out to me the place, said, "in such a dog-hole as this."—From the top of the Eagle Tower I was highly gratified by a very extensive view of the isle of Anglesea, the Menai, and the country for many miles round.

At the other end of the court, and opposite to this tower, is a gate called the Queen's Gate. This is said to be that through which the faithful

Eleanor, queen of Edward I., first entered the castle. It appears to have been guarded by two portcullises, and it anciently had a communication with the outside of the castle by means of a draw-bridge over a deep moat. At present it is considerably above the level of the ground, owing probably to the moat having been filled up with earth from this part.

The state apartments are larger, and appear to have been much more commodious, than any of the others. The windows were wide, and not inelegant for the times. On the outside, the building containing these apartments is square, but I was surprized, on going into them, to find all the rooms perfectly polygonal, the sides being formed out of the vast thickness of the walls.—The floors and staircases throughout the castle are, except one or two, beaten in and demolished.

A narrow gallery, or covered way, formerly extended round this fortress, by which, during a siege, a communication could be had with the other parts without danger. On one side this gallery remains yet undemolished. It was next to the outer wall, and was lighted by narrow slits that served as stations, from whence arrows, and other missile weapons, could be discharged with advantage upon the enemy.

The castle occupies the whole west end of the town; and was a place of such strength, as, before the introduction of artillery, to withstand the most furious attacks of an enemy. The exterior walls
are

are in general about nine feet thick. It is bounded on two sides by water: the third side appears to have been defended by a ditch, and the fourth was towards the town, where probably the same ditch might formerly have been continued.

From a heap of rubbish near the end of the court opposite to the Eagle Tower, an echo may be heard which repeats several syllables very distinctly. There is only a single reverberation, and it comes from some part of that tower.

Caernarvon castle, it has very justly been observed, from whatever point, or at whatever distance it is viewed, has a romantic singularity, and an air of dignity that commands an awe, at the same time that it pleases the beholder. Its ivy-clad walls appear in some parts to be going fast to decay, while in others they even yet retain their ancient exterior.

It is more than probable that the town of Caernarvon had its origin in the Roman city of Segontium, about half a mile distant, and that it is not, as many have supposed, indebted for its name to Edward I., for *the fort in Arvon*, or in the hundred opposite to Anglesea, as the name indicates, would apply with equal propriety to the ancient city, as to this more modern fortress. The town, however, there is no doubt, was the creation of Edward, and it was most probably formed principally from the ruins of the old station.

HISTORY OF CAERNARVON CASTLE.

After this politic monarch had subdued the Welsh, he began to think of securing his conquests by erecting several strong holds in different parts of Wales. And as it appeared to him that Caernarvonshire, on account of its mountains and morasses, was a country very likely to encourage insurrections, he determined to guard as much as possible against such, by erecting the castles of Conwy and Caernarvon, two of the strongest in the whole principality*.

We are informed by Mr. Pennant, from the authority of the Sebright manuscripts, that Edward began this castle in the beginning of 1283, and completed it within that year†. A record, however, formerly belonging to the exchequer of Caernarvon, states decisively that it occupied twelve years in building. The revenues of the archbishopric of York, which about that time was vacant, were applied towards defraying the expences‡.

The reason of the queen of Edward I. being brought here to bring forth her child, I have already mentioned in the account of the village of Rhyddlan.

Very few events relative to Caernarvon or its castle have been given to posterity. In an insurrection of the Welsh, during a fair, in the year

* Carte, ii. 196. † Pennant, ii. 215. ‡ Grose, vii. 8.

1294, the town was suddenly attacked: after the surrender it was set on fire, and all the English found within the walls were murdered in cool blood*.—This place, in 1404, was blockaded by Owen Glyndwr's adherents, but was bravely defended for the king by Jevan ap Meredydd and Meredydd ap Hwlkin Llwyd of Glyn Llivon in Evionedd. During the siege Jevan died in the castle, and his body was conveyed out privately by sea to be buried in his parish church of Llanvihangel. Owen's men, at length finding all their efforts to take the castle fruitless, thought proper to raise the siege, and retire to harass the English in some other quarter†.

After the conquest of Wales by Edward I., a court of chancery and exchequer was instituted at Caernarvon for the government of the northern division of the principality. This court was holden in the castle, and the judge was empowered to hear and determine causes of every description. In case of error of judgment, appeal was made either to what was denominated an especial justice of itinerance, or to the parliament of England, but in no case to the English courts of justice at Westminster‡.

* Hen. de Knyghton, 2502. Tho. Walsingham, 26. Holinshed, ii. 273.

† Plas Gwyn MSS.

‡ Cotton MSS. in the British Museum; *Vitellius*, C. i.

The first governor of the castle appointed by Edward, had a salary of two hundred marks, from which he was to support his own family, and to keep eighty men, of whom fifteen were to be skilled in the use of the cross-bow, one was to be the chaplain, one the surgeon, and another the smith. Subsequent to this period, when the constable of the castle was also captain of the town, he had usually sixty pounds *per annum*, but sometimes only forty: even in the 44th of Elizabeth the constable of the castle had no more than sixty pounds a year. The regular garrison allowed was only twenty-four soldiers, but in cases of emergency others no doubt were sent to their aid, as this number must have been much too small to withstand any vigorous attack *.

Caernarvon was seized in the year 1644, for the parliament, by captain Swanly, who took at the same time four hundred prisoners, and a great quantity of arms and ammunition †. It must have been soon afterwards retaken; for, in the following year, I find it amongst the castles that were fortified for the king ‡. Lord Byron was appointed governor, but, on its being attacked in 1646 by general Mytton and general Langhorn, he surrendered it on honourable terms §.

* Cotton MSS. Pennant, ii. 216.

† Whitelock, 87.

‡ Rushworth, part iv. vol. i. p. 21.

§ Whitelock, 208.

General Mytton and colonel Mafon were besieged here in 1648 by sir John Owen with a small force consisting of only a hundred and fifty horse, and a hundred and twenty foot soldiers; and it is by no means improbable that the bravery of this handful of men would have been crowned with success, had not notice been brought to sir John that a considerable detachment from the parliament's army were on their march to join Mytton. He immediately drew off his troops from the castle, and determinately marched to attack them. The two forces met on the sands betwixt Conwy and Bangor, and, after a furious encounter, his party was routed, thirty of his men were killed, and himself, and about a hundred others, were taken prisoners. After this contest, the whole of North Wales became subject to the parliament*.

The property of Caernarvon castle is at present in the crown. It was formerly held by the Wynnes of Glynllivon and Gwydir, the Bulkeleyes of Baron Hill, and the Mostyns of Gloddaeth†.

THE PRIVILEGES AND GOVERNMENT OF THE TOWN.

Edward I. granted to this place many privileges and immunities to seduce, no doubt, if he could, the inhabitants into his interest. The principal of

* Rushworth, part iv. vol. ii. p. 1146. Whitelock, 311.

† Grose, vii. 9.

these were, that Caernarvon should be a free borough; that the constable of the castle should, for the time being, be mayor of the town; and that the burgeses might elect two bailiffs. He allowed the inhabitants to have their own prison for all petty offences, which prison was not to be subject to the sheriff. They had also a merchant's guild, with this privilege, that if the bondsman of any person belonging to it dwelt within this town, having lands, and paying scot and lot for a year and a day, after that time he should not be claimed by his lord, but should remain free in the town. The inhabitants were, besides, exempt throughout the kingdom from toll, lastage, passage, murage, pontage, stallage, danegelt, and from all other customs and impositions whatsoever: and by the charter that gave to them these immunities, it was ordered that no Jews should be permitted to reside within the borough*. The burgeses of Caernarvon had also this very peculiar privilege, that none of them could be convicted of any crime between the rivers Conwy and Dovey, but by a jury of their own townsmen†.

The place is at present governed by a mayor, one alderman, two bailiffs, a town-clerk, and two sergeants at mace.—The representative in parliament is elected by the burgeses, in conjunction with those of Pwllheli, Nefyn, and Criccieth. The

* Grose, vii. 9.

† Pennant, ii. 218.

right of voting is in every one resident or non-resident, who has been admitted to his freedom*.

Whilst I am speaking of the privileges of the town of Caernarvon, it will not be improper to mention also

THE FOURTEEN PRIVILEGES OF THE MEN OF ARVON.

These originated in an expedition undertaken by Rhûn ap Maelgwn prince of North Wales, at the head of his army, to settle some affairs near the borders of Scotland. Being detained there a much longer time than he expected, the men of Arvon's wives concluded that their husbands had all been slain, and united themselves with the servants. On their return the soldiers were soon informed of the unfaithfulness of their wives, for their neighbours being obliged to yield priority to the men of Arvon, and detesting their pride, took the first opportunity to ridicule and expose them. Rhûn, to palliate the disgrace, and recompence their great services, honoured them with fourteen privileges above their fellow soldiers. These are found in a Welsh manuscript (about 1000 years old) intitled the "Triades of the Isle of Britain." Two of the privileges have been obliterated, the remaining twelve are as follow:

1. That the husband should have priority over his wife in the choice of horses, swine, and geese, and in the choice of two oxen of the cattle, and a cart load of household utensils.

* Pennant, ii. 219.

2. That

2. That the men of Arvon should lead the vanguard of the army of North Wales.

3. That their beasts should be free from toll.

4. That they should settle the boundaries of all the hundreds joining upon Arvon.

5. If any variance happened between two of the nine manors of Arvon, that the remaining seven, without the interference of any others, should end the strife.

6. That there should be no beadle or bailiff in their hundred.

7. That the men of Arvon should have the right of fishing in the three principal rivers which are in it.

8. That they should not be tied to the hand-mill *.

9. That in their proceedings at law there should be no delay.

10. That they should not be obliged to pay for the horses of strangers, or of the minstrels on their annual circuits.

11. That when they come to the palace of the prince, they ought not to go out for their lodging.

12. That whoever settled in Arvon, and lived within it for a year and a day, even though he were an alien, should have all the liberties of an inborn or denizen.

About half a mile south of Caernarvon there are yet to be seen a few walls, the small remains of

SEGONTIUM †,

The ancient Roman city, mentioned in the Itinerary of Antoninus. This appears to have been the principal station that the Romans had in North

* The meaning of this is, that they should not be compelled, as slaves, to grind corn at the hand-mills of the princes, or great men.

† This place is called by the Welsh *Caer Cusleint*, the Fort of Constantine, and *Caer Segont*, the Fort of the river Seiont.

Wales,

Wales, all the rest being only subordinate stations. It received its name from the river Seiont, which rises in the lower lake of Llanberis, passes under the walls, and discharges itself into the Menai near Caernarvon castle. Its form was an oblong; and it appears originally to have occupied about six acres of ground. The road which leads from Caernarvon to Beddgelert now divides it into two parts.

Not far from hence was the fort which belonged to it: this was also of an oblong figure, and stood upon about an acre of ground. The walls are at present about eleven feet high, and six in thickness, and at each corner there has formerly been a tower.

The Romans constructed their walls in a manner very different from that at present in use. They first placed the stones in order one upon another, generally in two courses, the one regular, and the other zigzag. They then poured boiling mortar upon them, which, from its fluidity, insinuated itself into all the hollows of the work, and thus bound the irregular pieces of stone, they frequently used, into a solid and most durable wall. The mortar of the walls of Segontium has, at this time, almost the hardness of stone.

Along the walls are three parallel rows of circular holes, each nearly three inches in diameter, which pass through the whole thickness: and at the ends are others of a similar kind. Much learned conjecture has been employed as to the original design of
of

of these holes. Some antiquaries have supposed them to have been used for discharging arrows through at an enemy, but their great length and narrowness render it impossible that this should ever have been the case. Others have fancied they might have been left in the walls to admit air for the purpose of hardening the liquid cement that was poured in; but this cannot have been so, since there are such at Salisbury that appear to have been closed with stone at the ends, and others have been found even below the natural surface of the ground at Manchester. Mr. Whitaker, in his history of that place, which is a work of consummate judgment and science, says, that he by chance met with a hole that was accidentally laid open from end to end: this, he thought, disclosed the design of all the rest, and he supposes, that as the Romans carried their ramparts upwards, they took off from the pressure on the parts below, and gave a greater strength to the whole, by turning little arches in their work, and fixing the rest of the wall upon them. At Segontium, however, this cannot have been the case, for the holes are not only too small, but are at by far too great a distance from each other to have been of any material use in lightening the work. It appears to me (notwithstanding the circumstance of holes of a similar description being said to be found at Manchester below the surface of the ground), that these were formed for no other purpose than merely to bear the horizontal poles
for

for resting the scaffolding upon, necessary in the building of the fabric: they may have been left unfilled up in order to admit air into the interior of the work, or for some other purpose with which we are not now acquainted. I am the more strongly inclined to this conjecture from their being exactly parallel, and the rows at a proper height above each other to admit the masons to work.

It was the opinion of Mr. Camden that this was the *Setantiorum Portus* of Ptolemy, but that place has been referred with greater propriety to the Neb of the Nese, a high promontory in the river Ribble, about eight miles west of Preston in Lancashire*.

We are informed in the *Flores Historiarum*, that the body of Constantius, the father of Constantine the Great, was discovered here in 1283, and afterwards interred in the adjoining church; although in another part of the same work we are told that he died at York†.

A chapel is said to have been founded here by Helena, the daughter of Octavius, duke of Cornwall. This was standing so lately as about a century ago‡.

During part of the fourth century the island of Anglesea was so dreadfully infested with Irish and

* Whitaker's History of Manchester, i. 180. 182.

† Matt. Westm. 130. and 371.

‡ Rowlands, 165.

Pictish rovers that Cadwallo, then prince of Wales, unable to restrain their proceedings, was reduced to the necessity of removing the British court from Aberffraw, where it had been fixed about two hundred years before by Cafwallon law hîr, *Cafwallon the long-handed*, to Segontium. Here it was continued about a century, till affairs became more settled in the island, when it was again fixed at Aberffraw by Roderic the Great, whence it was never afterwards removed till the country became subject to the English crown*.

JUMPERS.

Whilst I was at Caernarvon, I was induced from motives of curiosity, more than once to attend the chapel of a singular branch of calvinistical methodists, who, from certain enthusiastical extravagancies which they exhibit in their religious meetings, are denominated *Jumpers*. Their service here is in the Welsh language, and, as among other methodists, commences and concludes with a prayer. It is not till the last hymn is sung that any uncommon symptoms are exhibited. The tune consists only of a single strain, and the hymn having but one verse, this verse is, in consequence, repeated over and over, sometimes for half an hour, and sometimes, if their spirit of enthusiasm is much excited, for upwards of an hour. With this begin

* Rowlands, 149. 172.

their motions. —It is sung once or twice over without any apparent effect. The first motion to be observed is that of the upper parts of their body from right to left. They then raise their hands, and often strike one hand violently against the other. Such is the effect produced even on strangers, that I confess whenever I have been among them at these times, my intellects became greatly confused: the noise of their groaning and singing, or oftentimes rather bellowing, the clapping of their hands, the beating of their feet against the ground, the excessive heat of the place, and the various motions on all sides of me, almost stupified my senses. The less enthusiastic move off soon after the hymn is begun: among these, every time I attended them, I observed the preacher to make one; he always threw a silk handkerchief over his head, and, descending from the pulpit, left his congregation to jump by themselves. At intervals the word “*gogoniant*” (praise or glory!) is frequently to be heard. The conclusion of this extravagance, which bears much more the appearance of heathen orgies, than of the rational spirit of Christian devotion, has been described by one of their own countrymen with more justice than I am able to give to it. “The phrensy (he says) so far spreads, that to any observation made to them, they seem altogether insensible. Men and women indiscriminately, cry and laugh, jump and sing, with the wildest extravagance imaginable.

That their dress becomes deranged, or the hair dishevelled, is no longer an object of attention. And their raptures continue, till, spent with fatigue of mind and body, the women are frequently carried out in a state of apparent insensibility. In these scenes, indeed, the youthful part of the congregation are principally concerned, the more elderly generally contenting themselves in admiring, with devout gratitude, what they deem the operations of the spirit." Their exertions on these occasions are so violent, that were they often repeated in the week, the health of the people must be materially affected. When they leave the place, they often seem so much exhausted, as scarcely to be able to support the weight of their bodies; and the hardest labour they could be employed in would not so much waste the animal spirits, or weary their limbs, as an hour spent in this religious frenzy.

Besides these common meetings, they have their general assemblies, which are held twice or thrice in the year at Caernarvon, Pwllheli, and Bala, in rotation. At the latter meetings they sometimes assemble so many as five or six thousand people, who come from all parts of the adjacent country to hear the popular preachers. The general meeting at Caernarvon is holden in the open air, upon the green near the castle. Here, not contented with their enthusiastic extravagancies on the spot, many of the country people have been known to
continue

continue them for three or four miles of their road home *.

After so far describing this singular sect of enthusiasts, I may fairly be allowed a few observations on the general increase of methodism, and on what appear to me the modes of conduct to be adopted in order to check the torrent that seems bearing forward to overwhelm us in its vortex, and that appears to strike deeply at the root of government, both in church and state.—In too many instances the established clergy must blame themselves for the influx of methodism into their respective parishes. Buoyed up with the idea that the church is under the immediate protection of the state, they look on as idle spectators, and carelessly watch the trap, into which, some time or other, even they may themselves fall. No one will contend that the clergy have not the power of keeping the great body of the people united to them. Talent is certainly not wanting, as is evident from the success

* The following is an extract from a letter, well deserving of notice, inserted in the Gentleman's Magazine, for September 1799. It is dated from Denbigh, and has the signature W. M. B.—“What renders this sect particularly dangerous is, that the preachers are, in general, instruments of Jacobinism, sent into this country to disseminate their doctrines; and, I assure you, that *Paine's works*, and other books of the like tendency, have been translated into Welsh, and secretly distributed about by the leaders of this sect. These are facts which may be depended on, and which are well known to many in this country as well as to myself.”

obtained by a set of men, many of whom are among the most ignorant and illiterate of the community. It is in too many instances the want of inclination and industry, on which the clergy split. The non-residence of the beneficed clergy, and the paltry stipends of the curates, equally aid the cause of methodism. Where a clergyman, to obtain a livelihood, is under the necessity of serving several churches, the duty, from the indivisibility of the person, is often hurried over with a carelessness that ill becomes the ambassador of God. I could mention an instance of a clergyman in one of the midland counties, serving four cures, and teaching a school; and all this for little more than a hundred pounds a year. This person has to support a wife and children.—Religion, in too many cases, is made, as an old writer has justly observed, “a stalking-horse for interest and ambition;” the shadow only is present, whilst the substance is far removed. Hence the innumerable instances of men who have enlisted under the banner of the shepherd, and yet starve that flock which it is their duty to feed.—Another cause is the neglect of public worship among the higher classes of the community. Examples are of essential consequence in influencing the actions of men; and where the common people observe that their superiors in knowledge and station are inattentive to their duty, at least they have from this circumstance some colour for their own neglect.—It is asserted that the methodists increase their
numbers

numbers by the enthusiastic rant which flows from their pulpits, and that it would ill become the members of the establishment to adopt such a mode of preaching, it is easy to reply, that the clergy are too often contented with *reading* dry and tedious essays on morality. The grand subject of human redemption, and the interesting doctrines of revelation, seem kept entirely in the back ground. Even Cicero would have preached as much to the purpose as many of the Christian pastors of the present day. The irreverent mode in which the prayers are often read is also an evil that should be corrected. The liturgy of our church, allowedly one of the finest compositions that ever flowed from the pen of man, is frequently hurried over in such a manner, that the only merit seems to consist in the expedition. The earnestness of dissenters in their extemporary prayers, often affords a striking contrast to this, which alone might induce some converts.—If the clergy are sensible of the danger to which the church may be exposed by the continued increase of sectaries, they should exert all their abilities and all their influence to bring their stray sheep again to the fold. They should, in the place of moral essays, preach the gospel of peace; and they should prove that they are at least as earnest for the welfare of their flock, as those who endeavour to lead them astray.—It has always appeared to me of essential importance, where the size of the parish would admit of its being done, that the clergyman should make himself personally

acquainted with all his parishioners. This would unite them to him, and prevent any attempts at what is called their conversion. There is no doubt, whatever, but the clergy might have the utmost influence in their respective parishes, if they only adopted the proper methods of obtaining it.—In pointing out these defects in the church, I have done it in the most anxious desire for its safety and protection. To have errors exposed, is assuredly the best mode of teaching how to avoid them; and the benefits arising to society from a religious establishment, are, in the present state of Christianity, of the utmost importance. This was too fully proved during the unhappy contests that took place a century and a half ago. If, therefore, I say, the clergy would only exert their talents and influence, the wild zeal, and furious bigotry that lays such hold on the passions of the illiterate part of the community, (which, it should ever be recollected, forms the great mass of the people,) would soon defeat the purposes for which they are adopted. Piety, and the steady principles of true religion, would flourish in the face of all the efforts of methodism. Let the clergy but be united, and deserve the character which they have pledged themselves to maintain, and every struggle of our adversaries to overturn the established church will but tend to unite its parts, and fix it still more firmly on its foundation.

CHAP. XIII.

EXCURSION FROM CAERNARVON TO LLANBERIS.

Vale of Llanberis.—Picturesque Scene.—Road.—Cwm y Clo.—Fine Prospect.—Description of a Welsh Cottage.—Mode of getting into a House otherwise than through the Door.—Account of Margaret Uch Evan.—Vale of Llanberis.—Llanberis Pools.—Dolbadarn Castle.—St. Padarn.—Slate Quarry.—Cataract called Caunaunt Mawr.—Account of Bishop Goodman.—Anecdotes of Foulke Jones, a singularly strong Man.—Copper Mine.—Description of its Interior.—Village of Llanberis.—Public Houses.—Adventure in one of them.—Singular Elopement.—Church of Llanberis.—The Curate.—Account of a Welsh Funeral.—Well of St. Peris.—Anecdotes of Caddy of Cwm Glâs.—Cwm Glâs.—Grand Scenery.—Immense Stone.—Gorphwysfa.

THE walk from Caernarvon to Llanberis, *The Church of Peris*, a village about ten miles distant, I found, for the most part, rugged and unpleasant. The road, for nearly half way, lies over a flat barren country; and, beyond that, as far as Cwm y Clo, near the first or lower lake, over mountains, which, affording no varied prospects, are still dull and uninteresting. But when I had passed these, and was arrived in

THE VALE OF LLANBERIS*,

A scene presented itself so truly grand, that I do not recollect one equal to it, even in the most romantic parts of Westmoreland or Cumberland. It reminded me most of the scenery about Ulswater; but this view, though much less extensive, is still more picturesque than any thing I saw there. The bold and prominent rocks, which ascend almost immediately from the edges of the lakes, and tower into the sky, cast a pleasing gloom upon the whole landscape. The more distant mountains of the vale, embosoming the moss-grown village, with the meadowy flat around it, are seen retiring in lines crossing behind in the most picturesque manner possible, whilst the intermediate space, betwixt the village and the observer, is filled up with a small lake, whose waters, reflecting the mountains which bound it, contract their sombre hue, and render the scene still more interesting. I could almost have fancied that nature untamed bore here an uninterrupted sway amidst the gloom and grandeur of these dreary rocks, had not the silence been, at intervals, interrupted by the loud blasts from the neighbouring copper mine, which rolled like distant thunder along the atmosphere.

In my walk to this place, I met on the road several women and boys, who were coming from

* This vale is also called Nant Beris, *The Hollow of Peris*.

the mountains with horses, some laden with peat (which is almost the only kind of fuel burnt by the middle and lower classes of people in Caernarvonshire), and others with heath, or, as it is here called, *Grûg*, which the bakers use in heating their ovens. These they carry from a distance of frequently more than six miles, to sell at Caernarvon, where in general they receive about sixpence for each horse-load.—In these journies I have almost always remarked that the women employ themselves in knitting: this makes some small addition to their miserable and hard-earned pittance.

There is no carriage road from Caernarvon nearer to Llanberis than Cwm Clo, which is not quite half way; the road from thence being only a horse-path, and that one of the worst I ever saw. The best mode for those persons who are not able to walk so far, is to go on horseback, or in carriages, as far as the bottom of the lower lake, from whence they may see the waterfall, the old castle of Dolbadarn, or the village.—I have found every part about this romantic spot so extremely interesting, that I cannot too earnestly recommend to all persons who visit Caernarvon to prolong their route by coming here. There are no difficulties to be encountered but what the scenery will amply repay.

In one of my subsequent journies I went up the lakes in a boat.—The vale at the foot of the lower lake is called

CWM

CWM Y CLO,

The Vale of the Eminence, from the insulated rock that forms one side of it, on which the Britons had a strong hold called *Caer Cwm y Clo*. I ascended this rock, and found on its summit the remains of walls, of such a nature as plainly to indicate their pristine use. The fortification seems, however, to have been of no great importance.

From the top of a low rock on the left of this, I had an extensive and a very varied prospect. Towards Llanberis, the vale and the lakes were seen bounded on each side by their lofty and precipitous rocks: on the right was Snowdon, the monarch of the British Alps; he here presented himself the broadest and most tremendous of the group: on the opposite side of the vale were Llider Vawr and Glyder Vawr. Behind all these, in the far distant landscape, I observed the point of Crib Coch, *The Red Ridge*: it was well contrasted by its distance with the sombre mountains that intervened. The narrow isthmus that separates the lakes, and the insulated rock on its right bank, with the remains of Dolbadarn tower, formed distinct features in this interesting scene. The intervening space between the lake and my station was occupied by a dreary extent of moor. On the north-east, over a vast length of wastes, were seen the bay of Beaumaris, the island of Priestholme, and

and the sea: the isle of Anglesea was visible in its whole range from Abermenai to Penmôn.

Descending from this station, I was requested by the gentleman who attended me*, to examine the cottage of a small Welsh farmer in Cwm y Clo, as he said it was a tolerable specimen of this description of buildings in Caernarvonshire. I entered at a small gate, and first observed a wretched hovel for his cattle: the hay-rick was formed by a large slate, placed near one side, with its edge on the ground: the roof was so broken in and damaged, that only one corner afforded shelter to the miserable beasts from the fury of the mountain storms. I remarked, on the outside of this place, in an angle formed by the junction of two walls, a small slated roof, to protect from the rain the turf intended for fuel. A path between two rude stone walls, adorned with holly hedges, led me to the dwelling. The door was so low, that I was obliged to stoop considerably to enter; and coming out of a bright sun-shine, it was not till some time had elapsed that I was able to distinguish any thing in this hut, except the gleam of light that came down the chimney. This was at least equal to what the six small panes of glass in the window afforded. On the open hearth were a few peat-ashes, the remains of a fire with which the old man had a little while

* The Reverend Peter Williams, the rector of Llanrûg and Llanberis, who was my companion in most of my rambles among the mountains.

before cooked his dinner. The frame of the roof was formed by branches of trees fixed to larger timbers by straw or hay-bands. This frame was covered with fods, and the whole with slates, which, in the mountains, are obtained in great plenty. The furniture consisted of an old bed, an oak chest, a range of shelves for such poor eating utensils as were necessary in this lowly habitation, some old earthen vessels, some dingy pewter dishes, and a few other things, which, from the darkness of the place, were rendered indistinguishable to me. The whole character of this dwelling was such as clearly to prove the truth of Goldsmith's observation that

“ Man wants but little here below ;”

“ Cheerful at morn he wakes from short repose
Breathes the keen air, and carols as he goes.
At night returning, every labour sped,
He sits him down the monarch of a shed.”

The day that I visited this cottage I was taken to another about two miles distant, in the same parish of Llanrûg, inhabited by a lame old woman called Mary Morgan. I mention it only for the purpose of relating the singular mode which this old woman *invariably* adopted, till her lameness rendered it too painful, of getting into her house whenever she mislaid the key of her door.— She mounted the peat-stack at the end of the building, clambered up from thence to the slates, and

and descended the chimney.—This is an undoubted fact.

We had just seated ourselves in the boat that was to carry us up the lake, when my intelligent friend pointed out to me the cottage that once was inhabited by

MARGARET UCH EVAN.

This is on the left side of the bottom of the lake, near a stable lately built by Afheton Smith, esq. Few females in this country have attained so great celebrity as Margaret. Being passionately fond of the sports of the chace, she kept a great number of all the various kinds of dogs used in this pursuit. She is said to have destroyed more foxes in one year than all the confederate hunts did in ten. She rowed well; and could play both on the harp and the fiddle. Margaret was also an excellent joiner; and, at the age of seventy, was the best wrestler in the country. She was likewise a good blacksmith, shoe-maker, and boat-builder. She shod her own horses, made her own shoes, and while she was under contract to convey the ore from the Llanberis copper mine, down the lakes, she built her own boats. This wonderful female died a few years ago at a very advanced age. She has lately been celebrated in some pleasant, though not very musical lines, by Mr. Hutton of Birmingham.

'Mongst

'Mongst the rocks of Llanberis, where foot comes not nigh,
 Nor eye sees their summit, except a bird's eye;
 Nor ought in the prospect appears to the sight,
 But water and mountain, yet these give delight,
 Quite silent, for miles, through these regions you go,
 Except when the furly wind chuses to blow.

Robust are the females, hard labour attends them;
 With the fist they could knock down the man who offends them.
 Here lived *Peggy Evans*, who saw ninety-two,
 Could wrestle, row, fiddle, and hunt a fox too;
 Could ring a sweet peal, as the neighbourhood tells,
 That would charm your two ears—had there been any bells;
 Enjoy'd rosy health in a lodging of straw;
 Commanded the saw-pit, and wielded the saw;
 And though she's deposited where you can't find her,
 I know she has left a few sisters behind her.

VALE OF LLANBERIS.

The entrance into the vale of Llanberis from the bottom of the lower lake is exceedingly grand and romantic. Seated as we were in the boat, nearly on a level with the surface of the water, the lake, on looking along its whole extent, had the appearance of being large and expansive. The mountains arrange in the most beautiful manner imaginable. Among some rocks on the right bank of the lake, about half a mile from the bottom, there is a scene remarkably picturesque. Snowdon, with its deep and perpendicular precipice, and two summits, forms an immense mass of mountain, which constitutes the principal feature. The lake, the round tower of Dolbadarn, the distant vale and mountains, and on the

the other side the huge rock of Glyder Vawr, lend each its character to heighten the effect of the whole. The beauty of this scene is greatly increased when the atmosphere is sufficiently dense to soften the harsh edges of the rocks. In the broad glare of a noon-day sun, the grand effect of height and distance in the mountains is nearly lost, for every part becoming exposed to the eye, they are in appearance brought much nearer, and their prominences and hollows are not to be distinguished so well as when seen through a medium more dense. In this case too, all the beauty arising from aerial tints is entirely wanting.

The vale of Llanberis is nearly straight, and of no great width throughout. It contains two small lakes, or rather pools; for their size will scarcely admit of the former appellation. The upper pool is about a mile in length, and somewhat less than half a mile across; and the other, though longer, is so very narrow, as to bear more the appearance of a wide river than a lake. These are separated by a small neck of land, but have a communication by a stream which runs from one into the other.

In both the pools the fish called *Char* used formerly to be caught, but, owing to the copper works carried on here, these have all been long since destroyed.

DOLBADARN CASTLE.

On a rocky eminence between the two pools stands the old tower of Dolbadarn castle. This is about nine yards in its inner diameter, and, with a few shattered remains of walls and offices, occupies the entire summit of the steep. Its name of Castell Dolbadarn, *The Castle of Padarn's Meadow*, is supposed to have originated in its having been erected on the verge of a piece of ground called Padarn's Meadow, to which a holy recluse of that name retired from the world, to enjoy religious meditation and solitude.

Just thus in woods and solitary caves

The ancient hermits liv'd, but they liv'd happy;

And in their quiet contemplations found

More real comforts, than societies

Of men could yield, than cities could afford,

Or all the lustres of a court could give.

There are several churches in Wales dedicated to this British saint, of whom we know nothing more at present than that he was buried in the island of Bardsey, and that he must, if the ancient British Triades are authority, have been descended of a good family; for one of the three curiosities of the island of Britain, is there stated to have been the cloak or upper garment of Padarn, *which would not fit any one but a gentleman!*—This is carrying pride of ancestry to a tolerable length.

Dol-

Dolbadarn castle very evidently appears, from its construction, to have been of British origin. It was built, no doubt, to defend the narrow pass through the vale into the interior of the mountains; and, from its situation, it seems to have been capable of affording perfect security to two or three hundred persons in cases of emergency.—In this castle it was that Owen Goch, *Owen the Red*, was confined by his brother Llewelyn ap Iorwerth, prince of Wales, upwards of twenty years, for having attempted to excite an insurrection among the people, injurious to his rights and dignity.—It has been long in ruins, for Leland mentions it in his time as only a “piece of a tower*.”

It is highly probable that this was anciently called *Bere Castle*†, which some of the historians relate to have been in Caernarvonshire, seated in the midst of a morass, inaccessible but by a single causeway, and not to be approached except through the narrow and rugged defiles of the mountains. About the thirteenth century it was esteemed the strongest castle that the Welsh possessed in this part of the country‡.

* Leland's Itin. v. 44.

† A corruption probably of *Peris* or *Beris castle*.

‡ Carte, ii. 194.

SLATE QUARRY.

In the mountain, on the opposite side of the lake, called Allt Dû, *The Black Cliff*, is a large slate quarry belonging to Afsheton Smith, esq. As this is high among the rocks, the men, in conveying the slates down to the lake, are under the necessity, as well as one horse before the cart, to have one yoked behind. This prevents these awkward vehicles from being dashed to the bottom of some of the dangerous steeps in which the mountains abound; for this must inevitably be the case without some such contrivance. It however appears to me, that sledges similar to those adopted in many parts of Westmorland and Cumberland for the same purpose, would not only be less expensive, but would also be found more safe and commodious.

CATARACT.

About half a mile south of the castle, at the end of a long and deep glen, there is a tremendous cataract called Caunant Mawr, *The Waterfall of the Great Chasm*. It is upwards of sixty feet in height, and is formed by the mountain torrent from Cwm Brwynog. This rushes through a cleft in the rock above, and after coming for a few yards in a direct line, suddenly takes a turn with a broad stratum of the rock, and thus descends assaunt, with a thundering noise, into the deep black pool below.

BISHOP

ANECDOTES OF BISHOP GOODMAN.

Not quite a mile and a half from Dalbadarn castle, close by the horsepeth leading to Caernarvon, is a very old farm-house called Ty Dû, *The Black House*, formerly the property of Dr. Goodman, who was bishop of Gloucester in the reign of Charles I. Although a man of great learning, this prelate was in many respects a very strange character. He wrote a panegyric on Cromwel, who ejected him from his preferments, and died a Roman Catholic, as he himself professes in his very extraordinary will. The words are: "I do acknowledge the church of Rome to be the mother church, and I do verily believe that no other church hath any salvation in it, but only as far as it concurs with the faith of the church of Rome." He disposed of this farm of Ty Dû, and some other tenements in Wales, in a very singular way. The rent, amounting to forty pounds a year, was to be applied by his trustees in the following manner: five pounds were to be spent at their meeting; fifteen pounds to be given with two boys of Ruthin, as an apprentice fee, in a town that they should choose (not in Wales), where some working trade was not in its full perfection. The remaining twenty was to be given to two gentlemen, who, within the space of two years, would undertake to reside two months in Germany, two in Italy, two in France, and two in Spain. The subject of these bequests has been

disputed in Chancery, and the rents of the estates are now, I believe, applied in charities at Ruthin. The bishop died in the year 1655, and was buried, at his own request, near the font in St. Margaret's church, Westminster. The people who reside in the house shew the fragment of a cross, in an adjoining field, before which they say it was his custom to pray.

ANECDOTES OF FOULKE JONES.

Since the time of bishop Goodman this house has been the residence of Foulke Jones, another singular character, but of a very different description. This man was celebrated throughout the principality for his extreme muscular powers.—It was at a very early age that these were first brought into action. When about three years old, as he was sitting before the door at Ty Dû, he was attacked by a gander whose female and brood he had been pursuing, and first seizing the furious bird, in self-defence, by the neck, he afterwards leisurely tore him into a thousand pieces.—His strength increased with his years, till at length it was far superior to that of any man in the principality. Three men were engaged in building a wall near his house, and they found one stone which their utmost united efforts could not remove to its proper place. Jones directed them to leave it for a while, and go into the house to dinner, as by a hearty meal they might acquire additional strength. During
their

their absence Jones lifted it up by himself. On their return they went to the place where the stone had lain, to make, if possible, a more effectual attempt: they found it gone, and were in the utmost astonishment when they saw that one man had been able to effect what their united efforts had been exerted on in vain.—The disposition of Jones inclined him at all times to live on the most amicable and peaceful terms with his neighbours, seldom exerting his uncommon powers but in acts of utility, or for their amusement. Two men were fighting in a public house at Caernarvon, and on his going in he was requested to separate them. He did this effectually by seizing one in each hand, beating their stupid heads together, and then pushing them asunder.—He was one day standing on a bridge near Caernarvon, when an impertinent fellow, half drunk, grossly insulted him, to induce him to fight, and at length went so far as to strike him in the face. This was not to be borne. Jones took the fellow in one hand, and lifting him over the wall of the bridge, held him for some seconds suspended over the water. The man loudly intreated that he would not throw him in, and expressed so much contrition for his conduct, that Jones returned him in safety, but dismissed him with an ignominious kick.—A Welshman, a native of the county of Denbigh, who believed himself superior to every one in the principality in all the feats of activity, walked over to Llanberis for the express purpose

of contending with Jones. Our hero was at work in a field, by the road-side, near his house, when the stranger requested to be informed where he should find the residence of Foulke Jones, for he was come to prove that there was one in the principality more strong and more active than he. "My master (says Jones) lives at that house (pointing towards Ty Dû), but it may be prudent in you first to try the strength of the servant, before you venture to contend with one that is even very greatly his superior." The man looking on him with ineffable contempt, stepped over the wall; and, after some little altercation, and much boasted prowess on his side, they closed, when Jones, almost in a moment, flung him violently back again into the road. The man had met with too serious a rebuff from the servant to inquire any further respecting the master, but, turning on his heel, made the best of his way home again.—Jones died about nine years ago at the advanced age of seventy-five.

LLANBERIS COPPER MINE.

Pursuing the path leading from the castle to the village, I came to a copper mine near the edge of the lake, belonging to a company of gentlemen who reside at Macclesfield. The ore here is in general very rich, being worth on an average from twenty to twenty-five pounds per ton, whilst that of the Paris mine is not often worth more than fifteen.

fifteen. The work was commenced in the year 1791; and the number of hands now employed is about a hundred. The ore when got is brought in small waggons to the mouth of the mine: here it is broken into small pieces with hammers. It is then sorted, and the best and smallest pieces are taken out, and conveyed in boats down the lakes, whence it is carted to the Menai, where a vessel is ready to carry it into Glamorganshire, to be melted and wrought into copper. The larger fragments are conveyed to a stamping-mill on the opposite side of the lake, where they are crushed into powder by six stampers, or, as they are called by the Welsh, *Dawns Chwech*, *Six Dancers*. The more valuable parts are here separated by means of water, and these are afterwards put into small bags, and carried, like the rest of the ore, to be shipped for South Wales.—The proprietors have now a few pits for the corrosion of iron, as in the Paris mines; and they have also lately begun to roast their ore here, which a short time ago were not even thought of.

Whilst I, and three gentlemen, who happened to be with me the day I visited the mine, were watching the women break the ore, a loaded waggon was brought out of the level. This gave us an opportunity of returning in an empty one to examine the interior of the work. We therefore leaped into the waggon that was to convey us, and with one miner before to drag, and two others

behind to push us along, we entered the narrow cavern. This was about two hundred yards in length, and in the whole way it was seldom more than six feet wide, and seven or eight high. In some places the rugged arch of the roof was so low, that we were under the necessity of stooping down in order to pass it. The day was one of those excessively hot ones that we frequently have about the middle of August; and the chilling damp which immediately struck us on entering, added not a little to the terrors of the place. The level lying in a direct line, we took no lights along with us, I sat with my back towards the entrance, and the perfect darkness of the place, the confused noise (from the arched and low roof) of the talking of our guides, and the rumbling of the wheels, re-echoed in deep and imperfect sounds along the cavern, added to the frequent jolting of our vehicle, from the badness of the wooden rail-road, inspired me with some ideas not perhaps altogether agreeable. The length of the journey seemed more than double what it really was. When almost at the end of the riding part of the expedition, one of our infernia left us to bring a light from the interior of the mine. He was absent about five minutes, during which time we remained in perfect darkness. When I first saw him at some distance, his candle appeared reflected in the water which was lodged in the middle of the level, and the confused appearance of two lights, the one above and the other below,

below, added to the man's grotesque and dingy countenance, for the other parts of his body were obscured by the gloom, produced an effect that I can scarcely describe, and which I shall not very soon forget.—When we came to the end of the level we got out of the waggon, and each lighting his candle, followed our guides into a cavern so high, that all our lights did not render the roof visible. The sides were rude as the exterior of the rock, and the black chasms along them, nearly all impenetrable by our lights, rendered it to one of our friends, more timorous than the rest, a scene of horror. A skilful artist might have found us a good subject for his pencil: the glare of light on *our* countenances expressive of inquiry, and not perhaps entirely free from those lines which ideas of terror will create; the blackened visages of our guides; our different dresses; and the rude scenery around, aided by a little picturesque grouping, and that allowable exaggeration which both painters and poets lay claim to in their descriptions, might have produced an admirable picture. In the cavern where we were standing, a shaft about sixty feet deep, was driven to a vein of ore below. On looking down this we could just discover in the darkness of the gloom, the reflection of a light from the workmen there. Soon afterwards a light was seen to cross the bottom; and, on calling aloud for it to stop, the man returned, and stood with it immediately below. It was a mere speck, and
its

its rays were just discernible striking on the thick vapour immediately around it. Near the bottom of this shaft, our guides informed us, there was another about fifty feet in depth. We left the cavern, and after visiting another, nearly similar to it, from which all the ore had been got, we ended our adventure by returning along our former road into the light of day.

LLANBERIS.

The village of Llanberis is romantic in the extreme. It is situated in a narrow grassy dell, surrounded by immense rocks, whose summits cloud-capped, are seldom visible to the inhabitants from below. "Nature has here (says Camden, speaking of these parts of Caernarvonshire) reared huge groups of mountains, as if she meant to bind the island fast to the bowels of the earth, and make a safe retreat for the Britons in time of war. For here are so many crags and rocks, so many wooded vallies rendered impassable by so many lakes, that the lightest troops, much less an army, could never find their way among them. These mountains may be truly called the British Alps; for besides that they are the highest in the whole island, they are like the Alps, bespread with broken crags on every side, all surrounding one, which, towering in the centre, far above the rest, lifts its head so loftily, as if it meant not only to threaten, but to thrust it into the sky."

All

All the parts immediately surrounding the village were formerly covered with wood; but, except some saplings from the old roots, there are at present very few trees left. In the memory of persons now living there were great woods of oak in several different parts about these mountains. In the tenth century the whole country must have been nearly covered with wood, for one of the laws of Howel Dda, *Howel the Good*, directs that "whoever cleared away timber from any land, even without the consent of the owner, he should, for five years, have a right to the land so cleared; and after that time it should again revert to the owner."

Except two tolerable houses in the vale, the one occupied by Mr. Jones the agent to the copper mine, and the other, which is on the side of the lake opposite to Dolbadarn castle, occupied by the agent to the slate quarries, the whole village consists but of a few scattered cottages, and these apparently the most miserable. They are in general constructed of the shaly stone with which the country abounds, and have but just so much cement as to keep out the keenest of the mountain blasts. The windows are invariably small, and many of them that have been broken, are so blocked up with boards, that the light down the chimney is even greater than that from the window.

There are two cottages in this village where the wearied traveller may take such poor refreshments as the place affords. One of these belonged, about

two years ago, to John Clofe, a grey-headed old man, who was born and brought up in the north of Yorkshire. He had occasion to come into Wales with some cattle in his younger days, and preferring this to his Yorkshire home, he resided here the rest of his life. His son now keeps the house.—The other is kept by the parish clerk, who may be employed as a guide over any part of the adjacent country. I found him well acquainted with the mountains, and a much more intelligent man than guides in general are. He does not speak English well, but his civility and attention are a sufficient compensation for this defect.—Neither of these places affords a bed, nor any thing eatable better than bread and butter, or cheese, and, perhaps, eggs and bacon.

The first time that I came to Llanberis, being somewhat fatigued with traversing the adjacent mountains, I went to the former of these houses to rest myself and obtain some refreshment. It was just at the dinner hour, and a scene was exhibited altogether novel to me. At one table were seated the family of the house, consisting of the old host, his wife, and their son and daughter, eating their bread and milk, the common food of the labouring people here: a large overgrown old sow was devouring her dinner, with considerable dissatisfaction on account of the short allowance, from a pail placed for her by the daughter in one corner; whilst I was eating my bread and butter,
with

with an appetite steeled against niceties by the keenness of the mountain air, at a table covered with a dirty napkin, in the other corner. This scene, however, induced me always afterwards to bring with me refreshments from Caernarvon, and enjoy my dinner, in quiet, in the open air.

The widow of old John Close had another suitor within a very few months after his death. Her sons were averse to the connexion, and therefore, though she was more than seventy years old, and her lover upwards of sixty-five, this elegant pair romantically planned a nocturnal elopement. One of the sons, about two o'clock in the morning, was roused by the foot-steps of a horse, and, almost immediately, he heard a man alight, and come to the door. Ignorant of the cause of so strange a circumstance, he sprang out of bed, and on opening the door, found it was the lover, who had brought a horse to convey away his intended bride. The man told his story with great simplicity, but insisted on having his *fair charge* surrendered to him, which with some hesitation was done, and the next morning the clergyman of Llanddiniolen united the happy pair.—It is singular that this man and woman had been lovers in their youthful days, but that prudential motives inducing one of them to marry another person, the other also married not long after. John Close was the woman's second husband, and, after his death, the suitor, being also freed from matrimonial shackles, began his addresses afresh,

fresh, and at length attained the object of his earliest wishes.

The *church* of Llanberis* was, four years ago, without exception, the most ill-looking place of worship I ever beheld. The first time I came to the village, I absolutely mistook it for a large antique cottage, for even the bell-turret was so overgrown with ivy, as to bear much the appearance of a weather-beaten chimney; and the grass in the church-yard was so long as completely to hide the few grave-stones therein from the view. Since this time it has, however, undergone some repairs, but it is still sufficiently rude to accord excellently well with the surrounding mountains.

THE CURATE

I saw, and was introduced to: he resided in a mean-looking cottage not far from the church, which seemed to consist of but few other rooms than a kitchen and bed-room, the latter of which served also for his study. When I entered the room he was engaged over an old folio volume of sermons. His dress was somewhat singular; he had on a blue coat that long had been worn threadbare, and in various places exhibited marks of the industry

* This is dedicated to Peris, a cardinal missioned from Rome as a legate to this island. He is said to have settled and died here.

of his wife, a pair of antique corderoy breeches, and a black waistcoat, and round his head was tied a blue handkerchief. His library might have been the very same that Hurdis has described in the *Village Curate*.

Yon half a dozen shelves support, vast weight,
The curate's library. There marshalled stand,
Sages and heroes, modern and antique :
He, their commander, like the vanquished fiend,
Out-cast of heaven, oft through their armed files,
Darts an experienced eye, and feels his heart
Distend with pride, to be their only chief :
Yet needs he not the tedious muster-roll,
The title-page of each well-known, its name,
And character.

From the exterior of the cottage, it seemed but the habitation of misery ; but the smiles of the good man were such as would render even misery cheerful. His salary was about forty pounds, on which, with his little farm, he contrived to support himself and his family, and with this slender pittance he seemed perfectly contented and comfortable. His wife was absent, but from a wheel which I observed in the room I conjectured, and was afterwards informed, that her time was principally employed in spinning wool. The account I had from the parishioners of the character of this man was, that he was respected and beloved by all, and that his whole time and attention were occupied in doing such good to his fellow creatures as his very slender circumstances would allow.

I vene.

I venerate the man whose heart is warm,
Whose hands are pure, whose doctrine, and whose life
Coincident, exhibit lucid proof
That he is honest in the sacred cause.
To such I render more than mere respect,
Whose actions shew that they respect themselves.

This person, after sustaining a severe illness with the utmost resignation and fortitude, died in the beginning of the year 1801, leaving a widow and one daughter to survive him.

WELSH FUNERAL.

During my residence in Caernarvonshire I one day rode with the worthy rector of Llanberis, to attend the funeral of a girl, a child about seven years old, whose parents resided in the parish of Llanddiniolen, somewhat more than five miles distant. The coffin was tied on the bier, and covered with a sheet, tied also at the corners. It was borne on the shoulders of four men. The number of attendants at the outset was near a hundred, but this increased by the continued addition of men, women, and children, some on foot and some on horseback, till, by the time we arrived at the church, we had more than double that number. At the head of this cavalcade my friend and myself ascended the steep paths of the rocks, passed over mountains, and wound our way along some of the most rugged defiles of this dreary country. To any stranger who could have
observed,

observed, at a little distance, our solemn procession, in this unfrequented tract of mountains, in one place some hundred feet above the lake of Llanberis, to the edge of which we had to descend, it would have borne much the air of romantic times. When we came to the church, we found that place nearly full of people awaiting our arrival. The service was read in Welsh in a most impressive manner; and the coffin was let down into the grave by four of the female mourners. A more solemn office I had never witnessed, and the circumstance of the body being committed to the bosom of the earth by the hands of relatives or friends was altogether new to me. A few rushes were strewed upon the coffin; and I shall never forget the stifled shriek that was uttered, when, in Welsh, the solemn words, "we commit her body to the ground," &c. were read. How enviable were the virtuous feelings of this illiterate peasantry, while thus attending a sister to the verge of peace.—The ceremony being over, the grave was filled up and planted with slips of box and some other evergreens.—The offerings in the church amounted to near two pounds, of which more than thirty shillings were in silver*.

At no great distance from the church there is a *well* dedicated to St. Peris, and inclosed within a

* For an account of the nature of these offerings, see the chapter on the Welsh Customs in the second volume.

square wall. In the holes of this a person of the adjoining cottage generally has a small fish, from the appearance or non-appearance of which, when a bit of bread is thrown into the water, the common Welsh people pretend to foretell good or ill fortune. The general reward of a piece of silver from such strangers as visit the place, affords a temptation for them still to keep on foot at least the appearance of this superstition.

I was one day strolling with my friend Williams along the vale, when he pointed out to me a female well known in this village, and who, from the masculine tone of her voice, her manners, and appearance, might have been a descendant of the celebrated Margaret Uch Evan, called

CADDY OF CWM GLAS.

This athletic female does not often visit the town of Caernarvon; but, whenever she does, the boys run after, and call her, "the woman with a beard." Caddy resides in Cwm Glàs, a romantic vale, about two miles from Llanberis. She is accustomed to masculine employments of every description, and such is her muscular power, that no man of the village would dare to try a fall with her. Mr. Jones of the copper-mine had often rallied her on the subject of her great strength, and told her that he did not believe half the stories that he had heard related: she, one day, in perfect good humour,

mour, came behind him, as he was standing on the bank of the pier, near the stamping mill, and lifting him from the ground, held him in her arm, though by no means a small man, with great apparent ease, over the water. "Now, Sir, (says she) I suppose you will believe that I am tolerably strong: you must confess it, or I shall throw you in." He immediately acknowledged her powers, and was relieved from his predicament.—About eighteen months ago, a huge, raw-boned fellow, entered her cottage, during her absence, and had collected together some eatables and clothes, with which he was escaping, just as she returned. Though this cottage is in a very solitary situation, and she was entirely alone, she resolutely went up and insisted on his returning every thing he had taken. He opened his wallet, and gave up the eatables. Supposing these to be all, she returned with them to the cottage. But soon after discovering that a silk handkerchief, which she had left on the table, was gone, she immediately seized one of the bars of a small gate in her hand, and went in pursuit of the thief. She overtook him in the most solitary part of the vale, and, brandishing her cudgel about his ears, with the utmost courage, demanded restitution of the remainder of her property. An answer she did not wait for, but seizing the bag from the cowardly scoundrel, shook the whole contents, with the most contemptuous air, upon the ground. When she had selected her own property,

she threw the bag in the fellow's face; and, after bestowing a hearty thwack with her cudgel on each of his shoulders, left her opponent to comfort himself with the idea of having escaped a more sound drubbing, which, as she afterwards declared, she would have inflicted, had she thought it necessary.

CWM GLAS.

A bad horse-path led me from the village of Llanberis into Cwm Glâs, *The Blue Vale**. For four miles I was hemmed in on each side by high rocks that almost approach each other. The sun cast a sloping shade on those of the right, which fully marked all their deepened hollows. Various in themselves, and varied in their tints and colourings, I was at every step interested by their terrific grandeur. They had no characters of softened beauty, there were here none of the delicate features of a cultivated vale, not even a single tree, but rocks towered over rocks, till their summits reached the clouds, whose partial gloominess added still greater sublimity to the scene. Sometimes I beheld above me a gentle hollow, then a few steps farther, the deepened precipice and towering basaltic-like columns of an adjoining range of rocks. In some places there appeared three or four ranges, one above another, with the most fantastic outlines

* Whence the epithet of glâs, *blue*, could be attached to this vale, I can form no conception.

imaginable,

imaginable, and receding in distance as in height. The tints on the prominences were of darkened purple, in the hollows sombre, and olive-brown on the nearer ranges. The fore-ground was overspread with masses of rock, and a rapid mountain stream forced its way along the middle of the narrow vale. Such is this tremendous hollow, whose grandeur continues undiminished for almost four miles. The rocks on each side are nearly perpendicular throughout.

About three miles from Llanberis there is an immense stone, that has once been precipitated from above, called

THE CROMLECH.

This stone is of some thousand tons weight, and many times larger than the celebrated mass of rock in Borrowdale, called *Bowdar Stone*. It lies in a place called Ynys Hettws, *Hetty's Island*; and two of its sides meeting at an angle with the ground, it was once used as the habitation of an old woman, who, in summer, resided in the vale to tend and milk her cows. The inclosures are yet nearly entire, and are at present used as a sheep-fold.

Not far from this stone, on the opposite side of the stream, is the cottage of Caddy of Cwm Glâs, the female whom I mentioned a few pages back. There is, at a little distance from the cottage, another very large mass of rock insulated like the former.

GORPHWYSFA,

The resting Place, is an eminence, four miles from Llanberis, that overlooks a considerable part of this vale. It also commands a view into the mountain vale, that joins Nan Hwynan, and the vale of Capel Curig.

From hence I immediately returned to Caernarvon.

The tourist, if he chooses it, may, from this place, proceed onwards nearly in a direct line, through the village of Capel Curig, to Llanrwlst; or, adopting another route, may keep the right-hand path, which will lead him through the vale, called Nan Hwynan, to Beddgelert. From Beddgelert, he may either return to Caernarvon, or continue his journey, in a direction towards Dolgelle, or Bala.

CHAP. XIV.

EXCURSION FROM CAERNARVON TO THE SUMMIT
OF SNOWDON.

Instructions to the Tourist.—Clogwyn du'r Arddu.—Dangerous Adventure.—Height of Snowdon.—Prospect from the Summit.—Name.—Royal Forest.—Clogwyn y Garnedd.—List of Snowdon Plants.—Well near the Summit.—Snowdon Copper Mine.—Uncommon Snow Drift.—Accidents that have happened to the Workmen.—Further Instructions to the Tourist.

THE distance of the summit of Snowdon from Caernarvon is somewhat more than ten miles; and from Dolbadarn castle, in the vale of Llanberis, the ascent is so gradual, that a person, mounted on a little Welsh poney, may ride up very nearly to the top.

From Dolbadarn castle the traveller must go, by the waterfall, Caunant Mawr, to Cwm Brwynog, *The rusby Hollow*. He must proceed up this vale, and then along the ridge immediately over the vale of Llanberis, till he comes within sight of a black, and almost perpendicular rock, with a small lake at its foot, called Clogwyn du'r Arddu, *The Black Precipice*. This he is to leave about a quarter of a mile on his right, and then ascending a steep

called Llechwedd y Rê, *The rapid Descent*, he must direct his course south-west to the well, (a place sufficiently known to the guides,) from whence he will find it about a mile to the highest peak of the mountain*.

In my first journey I went from the castle to Cwm Brwynog, but, instead of following the above route, I wandered to *Clogwyn du'r Arddu*, to search that rock for some plants which Lhwyd and Ray have described as growing there. The Reverend Mr. Williams accompanied me, and he started the wild idea of attempting to climb up the precipice. I was too eager in my pursuit to object to the adventure, and we began our laborious task without once reflecting on the dangers that might attend it. For a little while we got on without much difficulty, but we were soon obliged to have recourse both to our hands and knees, in clambering from one crag to another. Every step now required the utmost caution, and it was necessary to try that every stone was firm in its place before the weight of the body was trusted upon it. I had once lain hold of a piece of the rock, and was in the act of raising myself upon it, when it loosened from its bed, and I should have been precipitated headlong, had I not in a moment snatched hold of a tuft of rushes, and saved myself. When we had ascended somewhat more than half-way, there seemed no chance of our

* This is called Yr Wyddfa, *The Conspicuous*.

being

being able to proceed much farther, on account of the increasing size of the masses of rock above us. We rested a moment from our labour to consider what was to be done. The danger of again descending was much too great, for us to think of attempting it, unless we found it absolutely impossible to proceed. On looking down, the precipice, for at least three hundred feet, seemed almost perpendicular. We were eager in our botanical pursuit, and extremely desirous to be at the top, but I believe it was the prospect downwards that determined us to brave every difficulty. It happened fortunately that the steep immediately above us was the only one that presented any material danger. Mr. Williams having on a pair of strong shoes with nails in them, which would hold their footing better than mine, requested to make the first attempt, and after some difficulty he succeeded. We had along with us a small basket to contain our provisions, and hold the roots of such plants as we wished to transfer to his garden; this he carried behind him by means of a leathern belt fastened round his waist. When, therefore, he had fixed himself securely to a part of the rock, he took off his belt, and holding firmly by one end, gave the other to me: I laid hold, and, with a little aid from the stones, fairly pulled myself up by it. After this we got on pretty well, and in about an hour and a quarter from the commencement of our labour, found ourselves on the brow of this dreadful precipice, and
in

and in possession of all the plants we expected to find.

It would be difficult to describe my sensations, when my companion pointed out to me the summit of Snowdon at the distance of only about a mile and a half from us, and, from its great elevation, appearing scarcely more than half a mile. The sight was so unexpectedly pleasant, that I proceeded from hence to the summit with considerably greater alacrity than I should have done had we encountered no dangers, or experienced no interruptions. Thus situated, the well known story of the Pedlar immediately recurred to me, and if he had found relief from the wearisome burthen of his pack by throwing from it the additional weight of a large stone that he had attached to it for the purpose, so I, after the labour of clambering the steep of Clogwyn du'r Arddu, found ascending to the summit of Snowdon perfectly easy. Had I gone along the regular track, I have not a doubt but I should have *fancied* myself much more wearied than I now really felt.

The perpendicular height of this mountain, according to late admeasurements, is 1190 yards (somewhat less than three quarters of a mile) from the level of the sea. It rises to a mere point, its summit not being more than three or four yards in diameter.

The view from the summit I found beyond my expectation extensive. From this point the eye is
able

able to trace, on a clear day, part of the coast, with the hills of Scotland; the high mountains of Ingleborough and Penygent in Yorkshire; beyond these the mountains of Westmorland and Cumberland; and, on this side, some of the hills of Lancashire. When the atmosphere is very transparent, even part of the county of Wicklow, and the whole of the isle of Man, become visible. The immediately surrounding mountains of Caernarvonshire and Merionethshire all seem directly under the eye, and the highest of the whole appear from this station, much lower than Snowdon. Many of the vales were exposed to the view, which, by their verdure, relieved the eye from the dreary scene of barren rocks. The numerous pools visible from hence, betwixt thirty and forty, lend also a varied character to the prospect.—The mountain itself, from the summit, seems as it were propped by five immense rocks as buttresses. These are *Crib y Ddistil*, and *Crib Coch*, between Llanberis and Capel Curig; *Lliwedd* towards Nan Hwynan; *Clawdd Coch* towards Beddgelert; and *Llechog*, the mountain which forms the south side of the vale of Llanberis, towards Dolbadarn*.

The summit of Snowdon is so frequently enveloped in clouds and mist, that, except when the weather is perfectly fine and settled, the traveller through this country will find it somewhat difficult

* See a further description of Snowdon in the ensuing chapter, and in chap. xix.

to have a day sufficiently clear to permit him to ascend the mountain. When the wind blows from the west it is almost always completely covered; and at other times, even when the state of the weather seems favourable, it will often become suddenly enveloped, and will remain in that state for hours. Most persons, however, agree that the prospects are the more interesting, as they are more varied, when the clouds just cover the summit. The following description of the scenery from Snowdon when the mountain is in this state, is perfectly accurate.

Now high and swift flits the thin rack along
Skirted with rainbow dyes, now deep below
(While the fierce sun strikes the illumin'd top)

Slow falls the gloomy storm, and all beneath
By vaporous exhalation hid, lies lost
In darkness; save at once where drifted mists
Cut by strong gusts of eddying winds, expose
The transitory scenes.

Now swift on either side the gather'd clouds
As by a sudden touch of magic, wide
Recede, and the fair face of heaven and earth
Appears. Amid the vast horizon's stretch,
In restless gaze the eye of wonder darts
O'er the expanse; mountains on mountains piled,
And winding bays, and promontories huge,
Lakes and meandering rivers, from their source
Traced to the distant ocean.

The name of Snowdon was first given to this mountain by the Saxons, its signification is *A Hill covered with Snow*. The Welsh call all this cluster
of

of mountains that lie in the county of Caernarvon, Creigiau yr Eryri, the *Snowy Cliffs*. The highest point of Snowdon is called Yr Wyddfa, *The Conspicuous*.—Most of the old writers who have mentioned this mountain, assert that it is covered with snow through the whole year. This is by no means true, for this, as well as all the other Welsh mountains, has in general no snow whatever upon it betwixt the months of June and November.

Snowdon was formerly a *royal forest* that abounded with deer; but the last of these were destroyed early in the seventeenth century.

The parts of this mountain on which the uncommon alpine plants are chiefly to be found, are the east and north-east sides. These form a range of rocks called *Clogwyn y Garnedd*, which abound in the most dangerous steeps. There is at all times some difficulty in searching them, but when the rocks are rendered slippery from heavy mists or rain, this becomes, from the insecurity of the footing, greatly increased.—A list of the plants that have been found here may not be unacceptable, at least to a young botanist.

Poa alpina.

— *glauca*.

Festuca cambrica.

Rumex digynus.

Chrysosplenium oppositifolium.

Saxifraga stellaris.

— *nivalis*.

Arenaria verna.

— var. 1. *laricifolia*.

— var. 2. *juniperina*.

Cerastium alpinum.

— *latifolium*.

Geum rivale.

Serratula alpina.

Salix herbacea.

Saxifraga

Saxifraga oppositifolia.

——— hypnoides.

Lycopodium alpinum.

——— selaginoides.

Pteris crispa.

Asplenium viride.

Rhodiola rosea.

Lycopodium selago.

Polypodium lonchitis.

——— ilvense.

——— arvonicum.

Cyathea fragile.

It is a singular fact that nearly at the top of Snowdon there is a fine *spring of water*, which, I am informed, is seldom increased or diminished in quantity either in winter or summer. From its very elevated situation, this water is the coldest I ever recollect to have tasted.

SNOWDON COPPER MINE.

A considerable vein of copper ore was discovered a few years ago in Cwn Glâs Llyn, *The Hollow of the Blue Pool*, near the foot of Clogwyn y Garnedd. Some of the gentlemen of the county associated themselves for the purpose of getting this ore, and the work now goes on with considerable spirit. It is, however, by no means so rich or valuable as that from the Llanberis mine, and this circumstance, together with the expence of conveying it nearly over the summit of the mountain to Caernarvon, may possibly prevent its ever being worked to any extent. The proprietors have made a tolerably good sledge-path from the Beddgelert road, near Llyn Cwellyn, to Bwlch Glâs, a hollow just below the highest point of Snowdon, and from thence a winding footpath down to the mine.

mine. To Bwlch Glâs the men carry the ore in bags on their shoulders: here it is loaded on small one-horse sledges, in which it is dragged to the road.—A house has lately been erected near the mine for the accommodation of the workmen during bad weather: some of them live here altogether.

Much difficulty and many hardships are to be overcome by the workmen in the variable climate of these alpine vales. In winter, heavy snows, which frequently drift many yards in thickness; in spring and autumn, the most violent hurricanes; and, in the height of summer, thunder-storms uncommonly tremendous, are to be withstood by the labourers in this copper mine.—In the winter of 1801 the snow drifted so deep before the mouth of the mine, that the men were under the necessity of cutting a level through it, and of thus going to their work under a long arch of snow. Sometimes the mouth of the new level they were forming in the rock was so closed round with snow, that they were not able to tell exactly where it was; and when with difficulty they had found it, it cost some labour to clear an entrance. This snow-drift was in many places near twenty yards deep, and some of it was to be seen in the recesses of the rocks till even the middle of May.

Accidents may also happen in winter from the ice on the rocks: of this an instance has already occurred. A workman was going to the mine from
his

his cottage in Cwm Brwynog early one frosty morning, when, in descending the steep above the mine, he slipped on some frozen snow, and was thrown along the rocks for near a hundred yards. He was there, providentially, stopped by a hovel that had been built to contain the workmen's tools. Almost every part of his body was bruised by the violence of the fall, and one of his eyes was so much injured, that at the time it was doubtful whether he would recover his sight.

I was informed that the wind had often been so furious among the rocks, that the workmen had found the utmost difficulty in preventing themselves from being blown over the edge of the precipices. Sometimes when they heard its approach by the roaring along the vales, they were compelled to fall down on their hands and knees, and, laying fast hold on each other, to wait in this position till the violence of the gust was passed; or, when it was likely to continue, they had to creep along till, under shelter of the side of the mountain, they could proceed in safety. A party of the men were one morning going to the mine, when the wind was heard to roar loudly along one of the hollows. They all, except one man, laid down till the gust had passed by: he ridiculed their cowardice, and holding out his jacket on each side, observed, that "as a fine breeze was springing up, he should spread his sails, and make the best of his way by scudding before the gale, to his work." The wind
in

in a moment bore him from the ground to the distance of ten or twelve yards, where he was thrown down with the utmost violence. He repented his folly, and though he was not much hurt, the accident had a good effect in teaching the men to act with the utmost prudence in similar perilous situations.

Two Denbighshire gentlemen, who are also partners in this concern, have caused a pretty good mountain horse-path to be made from Gorphwysfa, beyond Llanberis, to the copper mine. This will now render the ascent to the summit of Snowdon from Capel Curig and the village of Llanberis perfectly easy.

Welsh tourists have been much in the habit of over-rating the difficulties that are to be encountered in the journey to the summit of this mountain. To provide against these, one of them recommends a strong stick with a spike in the end, as a thing absolutely necessary; another advises that the soles of the shoes be set round with large nails; and a third inveighs against attempting so arduous and so difficult an undertaking in boots. I can only say, that to have nails in the shoes, and to take a stick in one's hand, may both be useful in their way, but if a person is in good health and spirits, he will find that he can do very well without either. I should recommend to the traveller to allow himself sufficient time: to be upon the journey by five or

fix o'clock in the morning, when the sun has not yet attained much power, and when the air is cool and refreshing. The chief thing required is a little labour, and this, by going gently along, will be rendered very easy. There is also another advantage in having plenty of time; by stopping frequently to rest himself, he will be enabled to enjoy the different distant prospects as they rise above the mountains, and to observe how the objects around him gradually change their appearance as he rises higher and higher.—It will always be necessary to take a guide, for otherwise a sudden change in the weather might render the attempt extremely perilous to a stranger. But these changes are of no consequence to the men who are in the habits of ascending the mountain very frequently, for they have marks by which they would know the path in the most cloudy weather.—A sufficient supply of eatables is also absolutely necessary: the traveller will find the utility of these long before he returns.

CHAP. XV.

EXCURSION FROM LLANBERIS TO THE SUMMIT
OF SNOWDON.

Small Pool called Ffynnon Frech. — Llyn Llwydaw. — Llyn y Cwm Glás. — Romantic Scenery. — Descent to the Village of Llanberis.

ASCENT OF SNOWDON FROM LLYN CWELLYN.

Bwlch cwm Brawynog. — Llyn Ffynnon y Gwâs. — Account of a Mountain Storm.

IN the present excursion I proceeded about a mile beyond the village of Llanberis, and, crossing the brook that runs into the pool, commenced my ascent up the steep mountains on the right. — After some fatigue, for the sun shone bright, and the reflection from the rocks was very powerful, I gained the top of the first range of rocks which overlook the vale I had left. — In a hollow among these mountains I found the little pool called Ffynnon Frech, *The Spotted Well*. In its bottom were growing in great abundance those rare plants, almost wholly confined to alpine pools, *Subularia aquatica*, *Isoetes lacustris*, and *Lobelia dortmanna*.

From hence I continued my journey up another steep, and from its top observed two other pools

in a vale at a great depth below me, called Llyn Llwydaw, *The Dusky Pool*, and Llyn y Cwm Glâs, *The Blue Pool in the Hollow*. A small island in the former is, in spring, the haunt of the Black-backed Gulls *, which here lay their eggs, and bring up their young. I did not descend, as I could observe nothing about them likely to repay me for the trouble, but proceeded onward, for about a mile, along the sloping sides of the mountains, till I came to the hollow called Bwlch Glâs. After leaving this place I was not long in attaining the summit of the monarch of the British Alps.

From the top of the first mountains, after I left Llanberis, till I came within sight of Llyn Llwydaw, the scenery was awfully rude. It was one continued series of rocks, infinitely varied in their figure and disposition. The nimble-footed sheep that brouzed on their dark sides, and skipped along their tremendous precipices, looked down upon us with the utmost composure, fearless of any danger from their seemingly precarious situation. In some places the rocks, overhanging the path, seemed ready to start from their bases, threatening destruction to the travellers who had dared their gloomy shade. I was much pleased with this part of my ramble, for I love

These lonely regions, where, retired
From little scenes of art, great Nature dwells
In awful solitude.

* *Larus marinus* of Linnæus.

The

The latter part of the excursion, along the sloping sides of the mountains, was somewhat unpleasant. The stones I had to traverse for above a mile were so small and loose, as at every step to give way: this not only rendered the walk fatiguing, but sometimes, indeed, dangerous. The scenery was wild, but little interesting. The hollow beneath me, hemmed in by the gloomy mountains around, had, from a few points of view, a considerable degree of grandeur, but, in this respect, it was far inferior to what I had passed. Wandering along this dreary scene, I once or twice heard, sweetly mellowed by the distance,

The wildly winding brook
Fall hoarse from steep to steep.

The light clouds swept briskly over the mountains, sometimes entirely obscuring them, and then again shewing their serrated tops visible through the thinness of the mist.

I descended from Snowdon this time along what may with propriety be denominated a mountain stair-case, down the rocks immediately opposite to the village of Llanberis. This road was for the whole way so very steep and unpleasant, that I would at any time rather go three or four miles round than venture down it again.

ASCENT OF SNOWDON FROM LLYN CWELLYN.

ON the following day I once again went up to the summit of Snowdon, and this time I chose, as the place of my outlet, the cottage of the mountain guide who lives near Llyn Cwellyn, a pool about six miles from Caernarvon, on the side of the road leading from thence to Beddgelert.—We first went along some meadows which extend up the sides of the mountains for about half a mile. Leaving these, we, after some time, came to Bwlch Cwm Brwynog, *The Hollow of the Vale of Brwynog*, a kind of gap betwixt the mountains, which overlook that vale. This place is reckoned about half way to the top, and persons who visit the mountain on horseback usually ride thus far, leaving their horses here to the care of their servants till they return.—We passed by Llyn Ffynnon y Gwâs, *The Servant's Pool*, so called, it is said, from the shepherd of a farmer in the neighbourhood having some time ago been drowned there as he was washing his sheep. The road then lies along a steep ridge, one of those denominated the buttresses of Snowdon.

The path I found all the way exceedingly tiresome. A little above the pool I had to pass, for near a quarter of a mile, over immense masses of rocks, lying over each other in almost every different direction, and entirely destitute of vegetation.—The sledge-way to the copper-mine (mentioned in the last chapter)

chapter) will, however, now have done away all these inconveniences.

During the whole former part of this excursion the sky was clear, and the sun shone excessively hot : not a single cloud was to be seen on the whole concave of the heavens. Notwithstanding this very favourable appearance, the guide, while we were on the top of Snowdon, suddenly advised that we should hasten our descent, as a storm would otherwise soon be upon us. I ridiculed the idea without once considering that the knowledge of the mountaineers in the symptoms of the weather, must be much more correct than that of an entire stranger, and I had occasion to repent it. The wind had not long before veered round from east to south-west, and a narrow skirt of cloud seemed rising from the ocean. I had already too often experienced the effects of *this* foreboding not now to second the guide's motion, and I was also well aware that we should undergo a thorough drenching before we could possibly arrive at his cottage. We packed up our napkin and eating-vessels in the basket, and footed our way with all possible expedition, springing over the ledges, and among the broken fragments of the rocks, like mountain goats. The cloud increased rapidly, and every time I could take my attention for a moment from my feet, I discovered that it had become more condensed and black than before. Its misty extremity now eclipsed

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the sun, and from the streaks with which it was marked, it was too plain what we had soon to expect. I advised that we should seek for shelter under two fragments of rock a few hundred yards in front of us, till the fury of the storm passed over. The velocity with which the lower clouds were moved, dashed them among the hollows of the mountains, and whirled them round with great violence. In a few seconds we found ourselves enveloped in a mist so dense that we could scarcely find the stones we had before seen, and under which we intended to seek for shelter. No sooner had we reached them than the torrent descended in mingled hail and rain. The hailstones by rebounding came into my retreat, and the rain so filled the floor, that, in a short time, I found the water flowing over my shoes. I was, however, under the necessity of quietly submitting to this evil to avoid being wet in other parts. Every moment I expected to be assailed by a tremendous flash of lightning, and deafened by its consequent thunder. Fortunately these did not occur. The clouds blocked up the mouth of my retreat, and left me looking apparently into an expanse of air: from the abrupt appearance of the rocks before me, I seemed to be sheltered on the verge of a precipice. In about half an hour the fury of the storm abated, and soon afterwards the heavens again became serene. The brilliancy of the drops of rain on the grass, and the moisture on all sides, rendered the surrounding objects very beau.

beautiful. The channels were now filled, and torrents of water were seen pouring down all the mountains into their pools and hollows. Some of the larger streams overflowed their banks into the meadows. Our walking was rendered very uncomfortable from the grass and rocks being so slippery, as several times to throw us on our backs with considerable violence. At length, however, we arrived in safety at the bottom.—After resting myself here about a quarter of an hour, I again returned to Caernarvon.

CHAP. XVI.

EXCURSION FROM CAERNARVON TO THE SUMMITS
OF THE MOUNTAINS GLYDER AND TRIVAEN.

*View of Llanberis from the Sides of the Mountains.—Llyn y Cwn.
—Mode of conveying Peat down the Steeps.—Llyn Idwel.—
Cwm Idwel.—Tremendous Precipice and Cataract of Tull Dû.
—Cwm Bechlawyd.—Trivaen.—Difficult Ascent.—Description
of the Summit of Trivaen.—Daring Leap—Glyder Bach.—
Strange Masses of Stone.—Glyder Vawr.—Extensive Prospect.
—Evening Scene in Llanberis.—Plants found near Tull Dû.*

MR. JONES of Llanberis having obligingly offered me accommodations at his house for a few days, that I might with greater ease and convenience examine every thing remarkable in the neighbourhood of the village, I rose early one morning to undertake, in company with my friend Williams, by far the most laborious walk that I ever ventured upon in the course of one day. This was no less than to ascend the summits of three mountains, Trivaen, Glyder Bach, and Glyder Vawr, none of them very much inferior to Snowdon.

About seven o'clock we set out from the village, and directed our route up the mountains on the north-east side of the vale of Llanberis. When we
had

had attained the brow of the first eminence, immediately above the village, we agreed to rest about five minutes, in order to observe the appearance of the vale and mountains. The church, with its half a dozen houses, and a few trees and meadows, were seen almost as on a map. Beyond these, and exactly opposite to us, extended a long range of ferrated rocks, marked with innumerable intersecting streaks of red, the effect of the mountain storms. The sun shone with great brilliancy on these rocks, whilst Snowdon, and all the other mountains behind them, were entirely veiled in clouds. The lakes of Llanberis were in part visible.—Having ascended to the eminence next above us, we found that the whole extent of the lakes was now brought into the view. The scene became altogether more extended, for we had now a view over the intervening mountains to the other parts of Caernarvonshire. Part of the island of Anglesea, and the strait of Menai, were to be seen filling up the openings of the mountains. We observed a few light and semi-transparent clouds float down the vale of Llanberis, and over the dark pools, frequently whirled by the wind in eddies. We at length arrived at a very small pool known to all Welsh botanists, called

LLYN Y CWN,

The Pool of the Dogs. This alpine lake was first made generally known from the assertion of Giraldus
Cam-

Cambrensis, that it contained a singular kind of trout, perch, and eels, which all wanted the left eye. Few people seem to have given credit to this account. Mr. Edward Lhwyd, however, says that a Caernarvonshire fisherman informed him that he had several times caught monocular trout in Llyn y Cwn, and that these had all a distortion in the spine. The honorable Daines Barrington also declares, that on accurate inquiry he had heard of monocular trout being taken here within the memory of persons then living. There are no fish of any description in the pool at present*.

In the bogs near this pool we found the son of the Llanberis guide, and two or three other persons, digging peat; and we observed the mode in which they conveyed it down the mountains to the village. Horses are employed to carry it to the edge of the first steep, where it is loaded on sledges, each managed by one man, to be conveyed to the bottom. These, though tolerably large, and sometimes heavily loaded, seem not difficult to manage by those accustomed to the work. The men even venture to run with them down the less steep parts of the mountains, but when they come to a more sudden descent, they make sudden turns from one side to another, all the way down; this effectually checks the velocity which the sledge acquires; but so much

* Phil. Transf. vol. xxvii. p. 464: and the volume for the year 1767.

practice is requisite in this work, that a person unaccustomed to it would soon throw himself down. They descend with great velocity, and without any apprehension of danger.

From Llyn y Cwn we proceeded, about three quarters of a mile, along a flat swampy piece of ground, till we came to an immense precipice above a hundred yards in perpendicular height, which forms one side of the hollow that incloses the black waters of

LLYN IDWEL.

This hollow, surrounded on all sides by dark and prominent rocks, is called *Cwm Idwel*. It is said to have been the place where Idwal, the son of Owen Gwynedd, prince of North Wales, was murdered by a person to whose care and protection his father had entrusted him. The shepherds believe the place to be the haunt of demons, and that, fatal as that of Avernus, no bird dare fly over its water.

We descended along the broken rocks on one side of this precipice to a great depth into the hollow; and turning among the larger masses that lay in rude heaps, somewhat more than half way down, where the descent became more gradual, we soon found ourselves at the foot of a tremendous rent, or chasm in the mountain, called

TULL

TULL DU,

The Black Cleft. A more grand, or more sublime scene, the pencil even of Salvator Rosa could not have traced. The stream that runs from Llyn y Cwn is seen rolling down the deep cleft at a vast height above, and is broken in its descent by a hundred interrupting rocks. There had been much rain the day before we were here, and the accumulated volume of water rushing in a vast cataract, from the astonishing height of *a hundred and fifty yards,*

In one impetuous torrent down the steep,
Now thundering shot, and shook the country round.

Amongst the rocks at the bottom I observed a number of circular holes of different sizes, from a few inches in diameter to two feet and upwards, which had been formed by the eddy of the torrent from above. These hollows are frequently called by the Welsh people *Devil's Pots*, and from this circumstance the place itself is sometimes called the *Devil's Kitchen*.

We descended from Tull Dû, and crossing the foot of the range of rocks on the east side of Cwm Idwel, came at length so close to Nant Frangon, as to have a view nearly of its whole extent. Still proceeding, after a while we attained the highest part of the rocks immediately surrounding Cwm Idwel. Here we found ourselves on the verge of

another mountain hollow, smaller indeed than the last, but equally cheerless and dreary, called *Cwm Bochlwyd*, containing a small black pool, *Llyn Bochlwyd*. From this situation we had the whole conical summit of

TRIVAEN

In view before us. Its sides appeared not greatly inclining from a perpendicular; and the huge masses of rock that covered them seemed destitute of vegetation, except where the clefts gave lodgement to a few mosses, bilberries, and a few species of saxifrage. To ascend its summit appeared, as in truth we found it, a most arduous undertaking: no part of Snowdon, frequented by travellers, can be in any degree compared to it.—We were determined not to be alarmed by appearances, however unfavourable they might be, and though I believe we each felt a secret persuasion that all our attempts would be to no purpose, we crossed *Cwm Bochlwyd*, and approached the foot of this upper part of the mountain. Here we mustered all our resolution, and commenced the laborious task; and, after a continued climbing of about three quarters of an hour, for we could scarcely take half a dozen steps together in any place, without at the same time using our hands, we found ourselves on the summit. Here, from the massy crag, we contemplated all the scene around us, which was rude as mountain horror could render it. We stood on a mere point,

point, and on one side of us was a precipice more deep than any I had before seen. We united our strength, and rolled down it several huge pieces of rock: these continued their thundering noise for several seconds, and by their friction and dashing into hundreds of pieces, emitted a strong sulphureous smell which ascended even to our station. The summit of Trivaen, as I have remarked at the end of my observations on Nant Frangon, in a former chapter*, is crowned by two upright stones, twelve or fourteen feet in height, about a yard and a half asunder, and each somewhat more than a yard across at the top. To stand upright on one of these, and look down the side of the mountain, would inspire even a tolerably stout heart with terror: to fall from hence would be inevitable destruction. But my companion stepped from the top of one to the other. I am not easily alarmed by passing among precipices, and my head is, I believe, as steady as that of most persons, but I must confess I felt my blood chill with horror at an act that seemed to me so rash. The force necessary for the leap, without great management in its counteraction, would have sent him a step farther than he had intended to have gone, would have sent him headlong down the precipice. He informed me that a female of an adjacent parish was celebrated for having often performed this daring leap, and when he was standing on one of

* Chap. xi. p. 186.

the stones, dangerous as it was, he was determined to attempt the same.

We descended from the summit, and, crossing a mountain vale, ascended the side of

GLYDER BACH,

The lesser Glyder. This mountain, though considerably higher than Trivaen, is neither so steep, nor, on its exterior, so rocky. On its summit there are several groups of columnar stones, some standing upright, others laid across, and, in short, in all directions. On measuring them, we found many of them to be from sixteen to twenty feet long, and twelve or fourteen broad. In one place there is a particularly large one, laid over some others, and projecting far beyond them. My companion walked to the end of it, and evidently moved it by jumping on it. "Many of the stones (says Mr. Pennant in his account of this mountain) had shells bedded in them; and in the neighbourhood I found several pieces of lava. I therefore consider this mountain to have been a sort of a wreck of nature, formed and flung up by some mighty internal convulsion, which has given these vast groups of stones fortuitously such a strange disposition, for had they been the settled strata bared of their earth by a long series of rains, they would have retained the same regular appearance that we observe in all other beds of similar matter *."

* Pennant's Tour, ii. 160.

From hence we passed to the summit of

GLYDER VAWR,

The greater Glyder, and observed in our way several of the same kind of insulated masses of rock scattered in different directions around us.—From this situation we had a grand and unbounded prospect. On one side, the immense mountains of Caernarvonshire and Merionethshire appeared with their towering precipices in such rude order, that they seemed “the fragments of a shattered world:” these were intersected by green meadowy vales and deep glens. On the other side, towards the town of Caernarvon, we had the whole of the isle of Anglesea in sight, and at a great distance northwards we saw the Isle of Man, resembling a faintly formed cloud. All the intervening space in that direction betwixt us and the sea was filled up by the varied scenery of mountains and vales, interspersed with their lakes and streams.—Glyder Vawr is the most lofty of all the Caernarvonshire mountains, except Snowdon and Carnedd Llewelyn; and in all the scenery of the vale of Llanberis it forms a prominent feature.

Having admired this delightful prospect for some time, we descended, and shortly afterwards came to the bank of Llyn y Cwn. About eight o’clock, after a fourteen hour’s ramble, among crags and precipices, we found ourselves once again in the vale of Llanberis, and not a little fatigued with our day’s excursion.

As

As it was not probable that I should remain another night here, after resting myself about a quarter of an hour, I determined to make the best of my time, tired as I was, and watch the close of an

EVENING SCENE IN LLANBERIS.

I left my hospitable friends, and strolled to the end of the lake. Scarcely a breath of air was to be felt. A white fog was extended, in long dense streaks, low down in the vale. The evening clouds appeared across the end of the lakes, tinged with various hues of red and orange, from the refracted rays of the departing sun. These were reflected in full splendour along the water. The rocks reflected various shades of purple, as the prominences were presented to the eye, or as the heath or verdure most prevailed. These colours after a while became one mass of dark greenish blue. The clouds lost their splendour; and the pool began to darken from the shades of the mountains. Scattered clouds now settled on various parts of the rocks, their light colours singularly contrasting with the sombre mountain tints. On looking from the pool towards the village, I was just able to distinguish it in the gloom, its place being marked by the smoke of the peat fires, rising a few yards perpendicularly from the chimnies, and then spreading into a cloud, and hovering directly over it. The rocks and precipices softened by degrees into an uniform mass

of shade. The general features now became entirely lost, and only the upper outline was distinguishable in the obscurity. The evening fogs soon after came on, and in a short time so enveloped the whole scene, that not a single former trace was visible.

I shall conclude this chapter with a catalogue of the *plants* that have been found near Tull Du, and about the pool of Llyn y Cwn; and I very much doubt whether any other part of the kingdom, in so small a space of ground, will afford so many uncommon plants as are to be met with here. For the particular habitats, the reader is, of course, as in the two former lists, referred to the catalogue of Welsh plants at the end of the second volume.

Melica cœrulea.

Festuca rubra.

—— *Cambrica.*

Plantago maritima.

Galium boreale.

Lobelia dortmanna.

Parnassia palustris.

Saxifraga stellaris.

—— *nivalis.*

—— *oppositifolia.*

—— *hypnoides.*

—— *palmata.*

—— *ceespitosa.*

Silene acaulis.

Arenaria verna.

—— *var. r. laricifolia.*

Hieracium alpinum.

—— *taraxaci.*

—— *sylvaticum.*

Statice armeria.

Anthericum ferotinum.

Juncus triglumis.

Rumex digynus.

Vaccinium myrtillus.

Chrysosplenium oppositifolium.

Gnaphalium dioicum.

Carex dioica.

—— *flava.*

—— *atrata.*

—— *pilulifera.*

Empetrum nigrum.

Rhodiola rosea.

Arenaria

Arenaria var. 2. juniperina.	Juniperus communis, var.
Sedum rupestre.	Lycopodium selaginoides.
Rubus saxatilis.	————— selago.
————— chamæmorus.	————— alpinum.
Thalictrum alpinum.	Isoetes lacustris.
————— minus.	Pteris crispa.
Subularia aquatica.	Asplenium viride.
Draba incana.	Polypodium phlegopteris.
Cochlearia officinalis.	————— rhæticum.
————— greenlandica.	Cyathea fragile.

CHAP. XVII.

EXCURSION FROM CAERNARVON INTO ANGLESEA.

The Menai.—Ferries.—Loss of Ferry-Boats.—Particulars of the Loss of the Abermenai Boat in 1785.—Tal y Moel Fre.—Anglesea.—Memoranda of Dafydd ap Gwilym.—Llanddwyn Abbey.—Dwynwen, the Welsh Venus.—Beautiful Prospect.—Llanedwen.—Tradition respecting a Woman Sixteen Feet high.—Invasion by the Romans.—Battle at Moel y Don.—Plâs Newydd.—Cromlech.—Ancient Mode of erecting huge Stone Monuments.—List of Cromlechs in Anglesea.—Ancient Place of Interment.—Gwyndy.—Wine Houses.—Holyhead.—Amlwch.—Anglesea Copper Mines.—Vitriol and Alum Work.—Smelting Houses and Port.—Llanelian.—Elian's Closet and Chest.—Wakes and Superstitions.—Memoranda of Goronwy Owen.—Pentraeth.—Plâs Gwynn.—Tradition of an extraordinary Leap.—Beaumaris.—Beaumaris Castle.—History of the Castle.—Ridiculous Defence of the Anglesea Royalists.—Beaumaris Bay.—Baron Hill.—Observations on the general Deformity of what are called ornamental Buildings.—Llanvaes.—Penmon.—Marine Productions of Anglesea.

I CROSSED from Caernarvon into Anglesea by the ferry-boat, which every day, when the weather will admit, takes passengers over the Menai, *The Narrow Water*, to and from the island. This is a distance of somewhat more than a mile. The boat always goes at high water, and, when ready to set out, one of the men blows a horn in the town, to collect together the passengers.

It

It was the conjecture of a writer of the sixteenth century, that Anglesea was once joined to the continent of Wales, but that it had been separated by the continual working of the ocean. He says also that, for some time after the disjunction, the inhabitants of Wales and Anglesea probably had a communication, by means of a bridge, till the breach became too wide for such a passage to be any longer maintained *. If this ever was the case, and it is by no means improbable, the last point of separation seems to have been near Bangor Ferry, for there the channel is at present much more narrow than in any other part, and at this place there is still to be seen a trace of small rocks jutting out in a line across the channel. Besides these, there are also other great splinters of rocks tumbled down, and really appearing as if the sea had consumed the soil in which they had once been bedded.— In the hollows and cavernous interstices of these fallen and broken rocks, during an hour or two at the beginning of the flood, from the tides flowing in at each end of the straits, and meeting here, the sea violently boils and fluctuates, making it for that time a dangerous whirlpool. This part of the channel is called *Pool Ceris*, and is a place very difficult to be navigated by large vessels, which must not only be conducted by a skilful pilot, but must also embrace the critical moment.

* Descriptio Britanniae, a Paulo Jovio, p. 10.

FERRIES.

There are six ferries from Caernarvonshire into Anglesea; *Abermenai*, about three miles south-west of Caernarvon; *Tal y Voel*, from Caernarvon; *Moel y Don*, about half way betwixt Caernarvon and Bangor Ferry; *Porthaethwy*, or *Bangor Ferry*; that from the promontory of *Garth*, near the town of Bangor; and from *Aber*, across the Lavan Sands to Beaumaris.—Several accidents have at different times happened at these ferries.

1664. The Abermenai ferry-boat (which is sometimes brought to take passengers from Caernarvon to the Abermenai house, in Anglesea), had arrived at the Anglesea shore from Caernarvon, the oars were laid aside, and the passengers were about to land, when a misunderstanding occurred concerning a penny more than the people were willing to pay. During the dispute the boat was carried into a deep place, where it upset, and although it was at that time within a few yards of the shore, *seventy-nine* of the passengers perished, one only escaping.—The country people believed that this was a visitation of heaven, because the boat was built of timber that had been stolen from Llanddwyn abbey.

1723. The Tal y Voel boat was upset on the thirteenth of April, and *thirty* persons perished. A man and a boy only escaped, the former by floating on the keel of the boat, and the other by laying hold of the tail of one of the horses, was dragged to the shore.

1726. The Bangor ferry-boat was so overloaded with people in their return from Bangor fair, that it sunk, and all the passengers (the number not known) were drowned, except one man and a woman. The latter floated on her clothes till she was taken up by another boat.—She was alive in the year 1798.

1785. In the month of December, the Abermenai boat in going from Caernarvon was swamped in the opposite sand-bank, and all the passengers perished except one, Mr. Hugh Williams, a respectable farmer now living at Tyn Llwydan near Aberffraw in Anglesea.

LOSS OF THE ABERMENAI FERRY-BOAT.

The unaffected narrative of the latter melancholy event I received from Mr. Williams himself, and his story is too interesting and too simple to be related in any other than nearly his own words:

“ The Abermenai ferry-boat usually leaves Caernarvon on the return of the tide, but the 5th of December being the fair-day, and there being much difficulty, on that account, in collecting the passengers, the boat did not leave Caernarvon that evening till near four o'clock, though it was low water at five, and the wind, which blew strong from south-east, was right upon our larboard bow. It was necessary that the boat should be kept in pretty close to the Caernarvonshire side, not only that we might have the benefit of the channel, which runs near the shore, but also that we might be sheltered from this wind, which blew directly towards two sand-banks, at that time divided by a channel, called Traethau Gwylltion, *The shifting Sands*. These lay somewhat more than half-way betwixt the Caernarvonshire and the Anglesea coasts.—It was not long before I perceived that the boat was not kept sufficiently in the channel, and I immediately communicated

municated to a friend * my apprehensions that we were approaching too near the bank. He agreed in my opinion, and we accordingly requested the ferry-men to use their best efforts to keep her off. Every possible exertion was made to this purpose, with the oars, for we had no sail, but without effect, for we soon after grounded upon the bank; and the wind blew at this time so fresh as at intervals to throw the spray entirely over us.

“ Alarmed at our situation, as it was nearly low water, and as there was every prospect, without the utmost exertion, of being left on the bank, some of the tallest and strongest of the passengers immediately leapt into the water, and, with their joint force, endeavoured to thrust the boat off. This, however, was to no purpose, for every time they moved her from the spot, she was with violence driven back.—In this distressing situation the boat half filled with water, and a heavy sea breaking over us, we thought it best to quit her, and remain on the bank in hopes, before the rising again of the tide, that we should receive some assistance from Caernarvon. We accordingly did so, and almost the moment after we had quitted her, she filled with water, and swamped.—Before I left her I had however the precaution to secure the mast, on which, in case of necessity, I was resolved to attempt my

* Thomas Coledock, gardener to O. P. Meyrick, Esq. of Bodorgan.

escape :

escape: this I carried to a part of the bank nearest to the Anglesea shore, where I observed my friend with one of the oars, which he had also secured for a similar purpose.

“ We were at this time, including men, women, and children, *fifty-five* in number, in a situation that can much better be conceived than described. Exposed, on a quick-sand, in a dark cold night, to all the horrors of a premature death, which, without assistance from Caernarvon, we knew must be certain on the return of the tide, our only remaining hope was that we could make our distress known there. We accordingly united our voices in repeated cries for assistance, and we were heard. The alarm bell was rung, and, tempestuous as the night was, several boats, amongst which was that belonging to the custom-house, put off to our assistance. We now entertained hopes that we should shortly be rescued from the impending danger;—but how were we sunk in despair when we found that not one of them, on discovering our situation, dared to approach us, lest a similar fate should also involve them. A sloop from Barmouth, lying at Porth Leidiog, had likewise slipped her cable to drop down to our assistance, the only effectual relief we could have received;—but before she floated the scene was closed.

“ Finding that our danger was now every moment increasing, and no hopes of help whatever could be entertained, I determined to continue no longer

longer on the bank, but to trust myself to the mercy of the sea. Being a tolerably good swimmer, I had full confidence that, with the mast, I should be able to gain the Anglesea shore. I accordingly went to the spot where I had deposited it, and found my friend there, with the oar in his hand. I proposed to him that we should tie the mast and oar together with two straw ropes, which he also had along with him, and endeavoured to persuade him to trust ourselves upon them. I fastened them together as securely as possible, and finding, after repeated endeavours to prevail on him to accompany me, that he had not fortitude enough to do it, I was determined to make the effort alone. I pulled off my boots and great coat, as likely to impede me in swimming: he committed his watch to my care, and we took a last farewell. I pushed the raft a little off the bank, and placed myself upon it, but at that moment it turned round, and threw me underneath.—In this position, with one of my arms slung through the rope, and exerting all my endeavours to keep my head above water, overwhelmed at intervals with the spray which was blown over me with great violence, I was carried entirely off the bank. When I had been in the water, as near as I could recollect, about an hour, I perceived, at a considerable distance, a light. This I believed to be (as it afterwards proved), in Tal y Voel ferry-house: my drooping spirits were revived, and I made every exertion to gain the shore, by
pushing

pushing the raft towards it, at the same time calling out loudly for help. But judge of my disappointment when, in spite of every effort, I was carried past the light, and found myself driving on rapidly before the wind and tide, deprived now of every hope of relief. Dreadful as my situation was, I had, however, still strength enough to persevere in my endeavours to gain the shore. These, after being for some time beaten about by the surge, which several times carried me back into the water, were at length effectual. After having been upwards of two hours tossed about by the sea, in a cold and tempestuous night, supported only by clinging hold of the mast and oar of a small boat, I was thus providentially retrieved from otherwise inevitable death. —I now felt the dreadful effect of the cold I had endured, for, on endeavouring to rise, that I might seek further assistance, my limbs refused their office. Exerting myself to the utmost, I endeavoured to crawl towards the place where I had seen the light, distant at least a mile from me, but at last was obliged to desist, and lie down under a hedge, till my strength was somewhat recovered. The wind and rain soon roused me, and after repeated struggles, and the most painful efforts, I at length reached the Tal y Voel ferry-house. I was first seen by a female of the family, who immediately ran screaming away, under the idea that she had encountered a ghost. The family, however, by this means were roused, and I was taken into the house. They put me
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into a warm bed, gave me some brandy, and applied heated bricks to my extremities: this treatment had so good an effect, that on the following morning no other unpleasant sensation was left than that of extreme debility.—Having been married but a very short time, I determined to be the welcome messenger to my wife of my own deliverance. I therefore hastened home as early as possible, and had the good fortune to find that the news of the melancholy event had not before reached my dwelling.

“This morning presented a spectacle along the shore which I cannot attempt to describe. Several of the bodies had been cast up during the night. The friends of the sufferers crowded the banks, and the agitated inquiries of the relatives after those whose fate was doubtful or unknown, and the affliction of the friends of those already discovered, to this day fill me with horror in the recollection:—I, alas, was the only surviving witness of the melancholy event.—Besides those bodies thrown upon the shore by the tide, so many were found in various positions, sunk in the sand-bank, that it was not till after several tides that they could all be dug out.—My boots and great coat were found under the sand, nearly in the place where I had left them. The boat was never seen afterwards, and it is supposed to be even yet lodged in the bank.”

TAL Y MOEL FRE,

Or, Tal y Voel Fre, *The End of the Hill*, where I landed in Anglesea, is so called, from the coast being somewhat more steep there than any where else in its immediate neighbourhood. The river Menai, somewhere off this place, was the scene of a sea-fight about the middle of the twelfth century, that has been celebrated in Welsh verse by a bard of the name of Gwalchmai. His poem was that which Gray has given us in an English dress in,

Owen's praise demands my song, &c.

A combined fleet of Irish, Danes, and Normans, lay at anchor near this place; and at the ebb of tide Owen Gwynedd came suddenly upon them with his forces, and defeated them before they had time even to arrange themselves in order of battle. Besides this poem of Gwalchmai, there is another Welsh poem describing the event, written by prince Howel, the son of Owen Gwynedd, who was both a bard and a warrior. He seems to have at least had one of the indispensable requisites of a good poet, the inclination to enlarge the magnitude of an event; otherwise I presume he must have viewed the enemy's forces through a multiplying glass, for he describes the defeat of *three hundred ships of war!*

ANGLESEA,

Prior to the invasion of the Romans, had the name of *Môn*, which signified merely an insulation from the continent of Wales; this name they latinized into *Mona*. It received its first appellation of *Anglesea* on its reduction to the Saxon yoke.

It is denominated “The Mother of Wales” by Giraldus Cambrensis, for, he says, when all the other parts of the principality failed in their crops of corn, this alone, from its fertile soil and high state of cultivation, was able to supply them. This may have been the case in the twelfth century, when Giraldus visited the country, and when the state of population throughout the whole kingdom was very different from what it is at present. The interior of the island appeared to me to be very ill attended to in this respect: and in addition, much of the land lies in peat-bogs, or is full of low rocks, which cannot be cleared but by blasting, and that at an enormous expence. There are, indeed, some farms in the interior, but it is about the coast that the island is seen in the richest state, and particularly about that part which is opposite to Caernarvonshire.—The general face of the country is low, flat, and unpleasant; and although it has been represented as nearly covered with wood in the time of the Druids, there is now scarcely any other than what is found in the plantations on the south-east coast.

The

The princes of North Wales had their entire residence in this island, except when driven out for two centuries by the Irish and Picts, till the close of the reign of their last prince. The palace was at Aberffraw; and I have been informed that some few fragments of the walls are yet standing, forming now part of the walls of a barn.

MEMORANDA OF DAFYDD AP GWILYM.

While I am speaking in general terms of the island of Anglesea, it may not be improper to introduce to the English reader a few biographical anecdotes of this celebrated Welsh bard.

Dafydd ap Gwilym began and ended his life in the fourteenth century. He died about the year 1398, and there is great reason to suppose that at this time he was upwards of sixty years of age. The isle of Anglesea, and the county of Cardigan, alike claim the honour of his birth, and there are no documents sufficiently authentic to decide the contention.

His father, Gwilym Gam, was a lineal descendant from the Welsh princes. The traditionary and written accounts extant concerning our bard, seem to prove, that on his mother's friends discovering her to be pregnant, she was turned out of doors: in this dilemma she put herself under the protection of her lover, who immediately married her.—On a subsequent reconciliation with her parents, the

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boy was taken into the family of one of his uncles, who had him instructed in every kind of learning conducive to a knowledge of poetry.

At the age of fifteen, Dafydd returned to his parents, but being an untractable youth, of wild and ungovernable spirits, he so often lampooned them in his poetical compositions, that he was at length compelled to quit his home, and seek for refuge under the roof of Ifor Hael, a relation of his father, in Cardiganshire.

Ifor employed Dafydd as his steward, and assigned his daughter to his tuition. He had not occupied this situation long before it was discovered that a mutual attachment had taken place between the youthful tutor and his pupil. The consequence to her was an immediate consignment to a nunnery in Anglesea. Her bard followed her to the island, and, disguised as a servant, hired himself to the abbot of a neighbouring monastery, in the hopes of once more obtaining a sight of the object of his wishes, and probably of persuading her to elope with him. Finding, however, that all his endeavours were fruitless, his ardour at length gave way to reflection. He soon after returned to South Wales, and was again received by his generous patron, whose house he found an agreeable asylum for many years.—During his residence here he was elected to the chair of the Eisteddfod, the highest bardic honour that he could attain.

Dafydd

Dafydd possessed an elegant person, and this, with his numerous accomplishments, rendered him a great favourite with the fair sex. He is described to have been tall and slender; and to have had yellow hair, which flowed in beautiful ringlets over his shoulders. His dress, according to the manners of the age in which he lived, consisted of a pair of long trowsers; a close jacket, tied round his waist with a sash, that suspended a sword of no inconsiderable length; and a loose gown, trimmed with fur, which he wore over the whole. On his head he had a round cap, or bonnet. He was one of the greatest beaux of his age; and his conduct towards the women brought him into many unlucky scrapes, which he has occasionally mentioned in different parts of his works.

He is said to have had no fewer than twenty-four mistresses, and he one day made an assignation with each of them under a neighbouring oak tree. The merry bard took care to be on the spot before the time appointed, and, climbing the tree, sat there perfectly concealed from view. Every one was punctual to the time, and a singular scene occurred. They gazed in astonishment at one another, each secretly provoked at so strange and so unlucky an accident. Explanations, however, soon took place, and in the first bursts of their passion the universal cry was, "We will be the death of the villain."—"Indeed!" says the bard, peeping from among the branches, "it is necessary then that I should

should explain;" and he addressed them with so much ingenuity, that each began to question the other's purity, and a fight commenced, in the heat of which he descended, and quietly decamped, leaving them to terminate the dispute among themselves.

Notwithstanding the libertine principles of Dafydd ap Gwilym, he is believed to have entertained a firm and constant attachment to Morfydd, the daughter of Madoc Lawgam, whom he first saw at Rhosyr, in Anglesea. Their hands were joined by one of the bards, and they resided together for some time. The relations of Morfydd not concurring in her choice, stole her from her lover, and united her, according to the ceremonies of the church, to a wealthy, but decrepid old man, whom Dafydd ridicules in his poems under the name of Bwa Bach, *The little Hunchback*. The remainder of the old man's life seems to have been spent in watchings and jealousy, for Dafydd omitted no opportunity to persuade her to elope from him, and he at length accomplished his wishes. After strict search the fugitives were discovered: the bard was prosecuted by the husband, and fined in a heavy penalty. Not being able to satisfy this, he was taken to prison, whence, however, he was soon released by some of his countrymen, who raised the money among themselves, and discharged the fine. He made a second attempt, which failed, but his attachment was so lively and unremitted, that he

wrote

wrote in her praise *a hundred and forty-seven* poems, some of which are by no means short compositions.

Between Dafydd ap Gwilym and Gryffydd Grûg, an Anglesea bard, a man of considerable genius and learning, there was a rivalry for fame, which produced many masterly compositions on each side. This contention had been carried on for a long time, and, with great animosity, when a Welshman of the name of Bola Bauol offered a wager, which was immediately accepted, that he would effect their reconciliation. He shortly afterwards went into North Wales, and industriously circulated a report of the death of Dafydd ap Gwilym. This so much affected his rival, that, laying aside every other feeling, in the poignancy of his grief, he wrote an elegy bewailing the loss of his *friend*, in the most affectionate terms. Bola, having in the mean time contrived to circulate a story of the same nature in South Wales, of the death of Gryffydd Grûg, was much pleased, on his return, to find that Dafydd had also written a pathetic elegy on his opponent. He thus succeeded according to his expectations, for, on discovering to each the real sentiments of the other, they forgave the frolic, and ever afterwards remained firm friends.

Dafydd ap Gwilym seems to have little further concerned himself with religion, or in religious opinions, than in abusing the monks, and the priesthood in general; and he never omitted any opportunity of holding them up to ridicule. In his old

age, however, he confessed his conduct towards the ministers of religion to have been reprehensible; and on his death-bed he composed some verses beautifully expressive of his resignation, and of the hope with which he awaited his approaching dissolution.—He survived his relations, his patrons, and his fair Morfydd, many years. He was buried in the monastery of Y Strad Flur in Cardiganshire.

From his writings it evidently appears that the conduct of Dafydd ap Gwilym bordered altogether on an extreme of licentiousness; he despised all rules that contracted his pleasures, and broke through every barrier that tended to restrain his inclinations. He has been represented as eminent for sobriety, for uniform good conduct, gentle manners, and great reservedness in conversation; and in the sketch of his life prefixed to his poems, it is said that, “in his works we discover the flights of imagination, and the playfulness of his muse, and not the disposition of the man.” But to this I can by no means assent: no man would be inclined to represent himself in an unfavourable light; and as Dafydd has recounted many of his adventures, and brought forward there many opinions altogether inimical to uniformity of right conduct, we are necessarily induced to suppose, that in stating them he not only was altogether careless of his own manners, in the anxiety to gratify his inclinations, but that he despised every opinion that might be formed by the world respecting them.

His

His works possess harmony, invention, elegance, and perspicuity. The powers of his mind rose greatly superior to all the disadvantages of the period in which he lived. In harmony of versification, his works even now stand as a model of perfection, although at the time when he wrote, most of the laws of composition were in a state of fluctuation, and others were altogether unknown. It seems, indeed, very probable that some of his verses might form the idea for many rules which were afterwards settled. He had both feeling and judgment; in his love poems there is a peculiar softness and melody in all their variations; and this, in a greater or less degree, may be traced through all his works, from the slightest efforts of his muse, to the most grand and sublime parts of his imagery.

LLANDDWYN ABBEY.

In describing the places which I have visited in the island of Anglesea, I shall begin with the Llanddwyn rocks and abbey, at the extreme south point, distant from Caernarvon in a direct line about six miles. It was some days after my excursion through the island that I came here, in the cutter belonging to the hotel, but as it lies out of every other direction, its description will fill this place more appropriately than any other.

The ruins of Llanddwyn abbey are situated about the middle of a sandy flat surrounded by rocks, and

also, except on one side, by the sea. Some of the walls are yet standing, but they possess nothing of gothic elegance. If I could judge from the present traces of its site, the erection altogether has never been of any considerable magnitude.

This church was dedicated to the Welsh Venus, *Dwynwen*, the daughter of Brychan Urth. As the tutelary saint of lovers, her shrine was much resorted to in the ages of superstition and ignorance. She was well supplied with offerings, by lovers, to induce her good offices in softening the otherwise impenetrable hearts of the objects of their affection. Dafydd ap Gwilym, in one of his poems, addresses her: “Dwynwen, fair as the hoary tears of morning, thy golden image in its choir, illumined with waxen torches, well knows how to heal the pains of yonder cross-grained mortals.—A wight that watches within thy choir, blest is his happy labour, thou splendid beauty! With afflictions, or with tortured mind, shall none return from Llanddwyn!”

This place, I have been informed, is a noted resort of smugglers, and their traces are indeed sufficiently evident in several large and deep holes dug in the sand for concealing the cargoes. I have seen few places more inviting to this species of illicit commerce. Several narrow entrances between the rocks, with a fine sandy bottom, seem particularly calculated to hide their little vessels from the careless eye of the revenue officers of this district. Here they can run in, and (being four or five miles
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from any inhabited place, and furrounded by eminences,) unload and deliver their cargoes to their emissaries without apprehension.

From the Anglesea coast, near the Tal y Voel ferry-house, the town of Caernarvon, with the straits of Menai in front, and the high grand mountains in the back ground, were strikingly beautiful. Snowdon was, the day I was here, perfectly unclouded, and his red fides, brightened by the sun, were seen gradually sloping till they ended in a point far above the tops of all the adjoining mountains; each of which had its beauty in the disposition of its lights and shades, and of its prominences and hollows.

It was my original intention to have proceeded entirely round the island, by Newborough, Aberffraw, and Holyhead. But on inquiry into the practicability of this scheme, I found that I should meet with considerable difficulty, from the circumstance of a bank having been burst by the sea, near Aberffraw, and several hundred acres of land being constantly flooded at high water. My route was therefore necessarily changed, and instead of making the circuit I had intended, I botanized along the Anglesea coast as far as Moel y Don ferry, from whence I took the direct road to Holyhead.

About three miles from the place where I landed, I passed *Llanedwen*, a village now celebrated principally

cipally from its being the place of interment of Henry Rowlands, the learned author of "*Mona Antiqua Restaurata*." He was instituted to this vicarage in October 1696, and he died in the year 1723. A black slab, near the south end of the church, contains a Latin inscription to his memory: this was his own composition, but it is now nearly obliterated.—The Welsh people have a strange tradition, that the body of a woman *sixteen feet* long, lies buried across the path leading to the south door of the church. The present gardener at Plâs Newydd, to satisfy some inquirers, was induced to dig up the place a few years ago, but no bones, or any other evidence occurred that could support so ridiculous a story.

The place where the Roman general Suetonius Paulinus first landed, when he invaded this island, is not far from Llanedwen. About two hundred yards from the Menai there is a field yet called Maes Mawr Gâd, *The Field of the Great Army*, and at a little distance eastward, just on the shore, a place still retains the name of Rhiedd, or *The Chief Men's Post*. The foot soldiers are recorded to have passed the straits in flat-bottomed boats; and the horsemen by fording, where the depth of the water would allow it, and by swimming over the middle of the channel. This seems to have been perfectly practicable, for the stream at low water is here very narrow, and so shallow, as in few places to be more than a fathom, or a fathom and a half, in depth.

MOEL

MOEL Y DON,

The Hill of the Wave, is celebrated as being the place where, in the year 1282, part of the English army experienced from the Welsh a severe defeat, attended with great slaughter. Edward I. had led out his men to contend with the Welsh soldiers in the open plains, but, on their retiring to the mountains, he did not dare an attack in their fastnesses. He therefore sent over a party of men into Anglesea, and ordered them to encamp on the bank of the Menai, near Moel y Don; at the same time giving directions for a bridge of boats, of width sufficient for sixty men to march abreast, to be built across the straits. He retired to Conwy castle with the remainder of his army; and the workmen proceeded in their operations. The bridge was so far finished, that part of it only wanted boarding over, when, at the ebb of the tide, several of the English nobility, and about three hundred soldiers, rashly crossed it, and remained on the opposite side till the tide had cut off their access to the bridge. The Welsh soon received information of this circumstance, and, descending in a body from the mountains, rushed with such fury upon the affrighted Englishmen, that every one of them, except sir William Latimer, who, from the excellence of his horse, got back in safety, was either put to the sword, or perished in the water. The historians inform us that, besides the common soldiers, the Welsh slew, in this encounter,

counter, thirteen knights, and seventeen young gentlemen, probably officers commanding in the English army*.

PLAS NEWYDD.

I deviated from the Holyhead road about a mile at Moel y Don, to examine the house and grounds of lord Uxbridge at Plâs Newydd, *The New Mansion*. The house is a very elegant building. It stands upon the bank of the Menai, is almost surrounded by woods, and commands from the front windows a beautifully picturesque and extensive prospect of those British Alps, the mountains of Caernarvonshire.

At a little distance are some druidical remains, a large and a small *cromlech*, which stand close together. The former of these is about thirteen feet long, and twelve broad. The upper stone, which, in some parts, is about four feet in thickness, till very lately rested on five upright supporters of stone; but, about two years ago, after some heavy rain, the one at the back suddenly split, since which time it has been necessary to prop it with supporters of wood.

The original design of the cromlech, notwithstanding the contrary opinion of various antiquaries, seems only to have been as a sepulchral monument;

* Powel, 372. Holinshed, ii. 281.

for, under several cromlechs in Cornwall and other parts of England, bones have been found deposited. It appears to have been the original of our present altar tombs, which are but a more diminutive and elegantly formed cromlech*.

That these erections should have been intended as altars for the druidical sacrifices, seems altogether impossible. The upper stones are, in general, too small, and much too high for a fire to be kindled on them, sufficient to consume the victim, without burning the officiating priest. In addition to this, the horrid rites with which the Druid sacrifice was attended, could not possibly have been performed on so small and so perilous a station. The upper stones of several of them were also so thin, that the intenseness of the sacrificial fire would have cracked and broken them.—Some antiquarians have asserted that they were designed as places of worship; but there seems as little reason for this supposition as the former. In many of them, the space beneath is so small, as scarcely to admit a man even to creep into them; and, besides this, great numbers of them were erected on barrows, or heaps

* The word *cromlech* is British, and signifies a stone that is of a flat or concave form, or that inclines or bends downwards. Rowlands, without any other apparent reason, than to support his hypothesis of the cromlech being constructed and used for the druidical sacrifices, derives it from the Hebrew *Carem Luach*, a devoted stone or altar. *Mona Antiqua*, 207.

of loose stones;—a very uneasy, and therefore very unlikely, situation for devotional offices*.

An attempt has been made to prove that by means of only a lever and an inclined plane, it would be possible to erect some of the largest stone monuments that we have in this island. To do this, we are to imagine that the founders of these erections first formed small mounts of firm and solid earth for inclined planes, which they flatted and levelled at the top. Up the sloping sides of these they might, by means of strong levers, upon fixed fulcra, with heavy weights at the ends, and hands sufficient to guide and manage them, by little and little heave up to the top the stones they intended to erect. These, we are to suppose, they laid down there; then, digging a hole at the end of every stone intended for a column or supporter, as deep as the columns were long, they again applied their levers, raised the stones on end, and let them slip into the holes. These stones being now well closed about with earth, and their tops made exactly level with the top of the mount, the flat cross-stones might then be rolled up to them in the same manner as the columnar ones had been done before. As soon as these were all securely placed across their supporters, the earth was cut away nearly to the bottom, and there would then appear what are called Stonehenge, Rollrick, and

* See Borlase's *Antiquities of Cornwall*, p. 210.

the British cromlech; or, where no incumbent stone was wanted, the upright columns, or pillars, which we now find in many different parts of the kingdom.—This seems the most simple and natural mode that can be conjectured for the erection of those stupendous monuments of antiquity; and it is more than probable that it actually was the mode adopted by the British mechanics, who obtained their knowledge of science from the Egyptians and Phœnicians, with whom they had very early communication*.

The following is a list of twenty-eight cromlechs, which, I believe, are yet to be found in the island of Anglesea:

Two at Plâs Newydd, in the parish of Llan Edwen.	
One at Bodowyr,	Llanidan.
One at Trevor,	Llanfadrwn.
Two at Rhôs Fawr,	Llanfair yn Mathafarn.
One at Marian Pant y Saer,	Ibid.
One at Llugwy,	Penrhôs Llugwy.
One at Parkiau,	Ibid.
Three on Bodafon mountain,	Llanvihangel Tre'r-beirdd.
Three at Boddeiniol,	Llanbaleo.
One at Cromlech,	Llanfechell.
One at Henblas,	Llan Gristiolis.
One at Tynewyddland,	Llanfaelog.
One, partly demolished, on My- nydd y Cnwe,	Ibid.
Three small ones near Cryghyll river,	Ibid.
One near Towyn Trewen,	Llanfihangel Yneibwl.
One near Llanallgo,	Llanallgo.
One at Cremlyn,	Llandone.

* Rowlands, 95, 96.

One at Myfyrian, in the parish of Llanidan.

One at Bodlew, and

One at Rhôs y Ceryg.

In returning from the house at Plâs Newydd, to the Holyhead road, I observed, at a little distance from the path, a large *tumulus*, which, on subsequent inquiry, I was informed, is generally believed by the country people to have been a druidical place of interment, and to have originally had some connexion with the cromlech. A large upper stone is now exposed, and beneath this, I found a low entrance into a subterraneous recess, apparently ten or twelve feet long, and four wide and high. The sides are formed by flat upright stones, one of which, opposite to the entrance, is said to close the passage into a vault considerably larger than this. This place was first exposed in the time of sir Nicholas Bailey, about seventy years ago; and, when the workmen had opened the entrance into the larger recess, he ordered them to discontinue their operations, as it seemed to contain nothing but bones. A servant of the present earl of Uxbridge, at the request of some gentleman who visited the place about eighteen years ago, dug to the depth of about twelve feet in the bottom of the smaller vault, and discovered a few human bones, and a very old clasp knife, which might probably have been lost by the men who before dug in the same place, for the man could give me no satisfactory description of it.

Having

Having finished my examination of this ancient place of interment, I pursued my journey towards Holyhead; and, evening coming on, I took up my abode for the night at

GWYNDY,

The Wine House, an inn standing nearly equi-distant from Bangor and Holyhead.—About the reign of Edward IV., and for some years subsequent to that period, the gentlemen of Wales frequently invited their friends in large parties to exercise in wrestling, tournaments, and other feats of activity: but, as these meetings, in consequence of the numbers invited, were usually attended with great expence, they were always held in the house of some neighbouring tenant, who was supplied with wine from his lord's cellar, and this was sold to the visitors, and his master received the profits. These houses were denominated *Gwyndu*, or wine houses; and from this circumstance the present place had its name.

HOLYHEAD.

In the morning I proceeded towards this place, distant about thirteen miles. Holyhead is situated on an island, at the extreme west point of Anglesea, but, except at high water, the dividing channel is passable without boats. The island is seven or eight miles long, and, in most parts towards the sea, so rocky, as to be inhabited only by the various species
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of sea-fowl, which breed among the cliffs.—From being the nearest point of this kingdom that lies towards Dublin, it has always been much resorted to by company passing to and from Ireland. In itself, however, it possesses but few attractions for the tourist on pleasure.—The distance from Holyhead to Dublin is about twenty leagues, which the packets generally make in about twelve hours. They have been known to sail over in six, and in stormy weather, on the contrary, they have been kept at sea for two or three days. The passage, both from Parkgate and Liverpool to Dublin, has been found extremely dangerous, on account of the Welsh coast, along which the packets have to run for more than half way. On this coast, in heavy gales of wind from north-east, they have often been wrecked. The great advantage in sailing from the Head arises from the vessels being able in a short time entirely to clear the land; and also in the length of the passage by water being very considerably lessened.

The name that the Welsh have given to this place is *Caer Cybi*, *The Fort of Cybi*. They say that it was the residence of Cybi, the son of Solomon, duke of Cornwall, who, being consecrated a bishop for his distinguished zeal against the Arians, settled here about the end of the fourth century, and founded a small monastery. Its name of Holyhead is supposed to have been acquired from its having been, at different times,

the

the place of interment of a great number of holy men*.

The church-yard is on a rock directly above the sea: it forms a quadrangle of about ninety yards, by forty. Three sides are inclosed by strong walls, and the fourth is nearly open to the sea, having only a parapet defended by steep rocks.—It is asserted by some writers, that the site of this church-yard was fortified in the sixth century by Caswallon Law Hir, *Caswallon the Long Handed*, at that time prince of Wales. He had been sent by his father, the king of Cumberland, into Anglesea, to contend with an army of Irish Picts under their chieftain Sirigi, who had, not long before, landed in the island, and put the inhabitants to flight. Sirigi had his fleet at anchor near Holyhead, and not far from hence the two parties met. A severe conflict ensued, which ended in the death of the Irish leader by the prince's own hand, and the entire destruction of his forces†.

The church is a handsome embattled edifice, built in the form of a cross. It is supposed to have been once a college of prebendaries, founded by Hwfa ap Cyndelw, lord of Llys Lliven in Anglesea, and one of the fifteen tribes of North Wales, who lived in the twelfth century. The exact number of the prebendaries is not now known; there is evidence,

* Holinshed. Tanner.

† Rowlands, 147. Carte, i. 187.

however, that they were at least twelve. The president of this church was one of the three spiritual lords of Anglesea. In the reign of Edward III., the whole of the church, except the chancel, was rebuilt; and this was repaired in the beginning of the last century. This church became the property of Rice Gwynne, esq., who, in 1648, gave the great tythes to Jesus college, Oxford, for the maintenance of two fellows and two scholars. Since that time it has been served by a curate nominated by the college*.

A number of cross-roads, sufficiently disagreeable, led me, over a most uninteresting country, to

AMLWCH,

Near the Lake†, a small market town about a mile from the *Paris mountain*, that inexhaustible mine of copper, a mine of wealth to all its proprietors. Amlwch seems entirely dependent, for its prosperity, on the copper mines, for most of its inhabitants have some concern in them, either as miners or agents.—The church, dedicated to St. Elaeth, a saint of the British calendar, is a neat modern structure. Of the town itself, I observed nothing re-

* Tanner. Grose.

† This loch, or lake, from which the town has its name, was situated betwixt the church and the port. It has been long drained, and is now in a state of cultivation.

markable except that it was in general a most black, and dismal place, from the scoria of the metal, of which all the roads are formed. On the exterior of the town there seems the utmost desolation. The sulphureous fumes from the mine have entirely destroyed the vegetation for a considerable space around, and little else than earth and rock are to be seen even within a short distance of Amlwch. On the Paris mountain, there is not even a single moss or lichen to be found.—When the wind has blown over the mountain, in the direction where I have been walking, I have more than once found the fumes exceedingly oppressive at the distance of at least a mile from the works.

ANGLESEA COPPER MINES.

The town of Amlwch is, as I have said, about a mile from the summit of the Paris mountain; and on the morning after my arrival, I walked up to this celebrated place. Having ascended to the top, I found myself standing on the verge of a vast and tremendous chasm. I stepped on one of the stages suspended over the edge of the steep, and the prospect was dreadful. The number of caverns at different heights along the sides; the broken and irregular masses of rock which every where presented themselves; the multitudes of men at work in different parts, and apparently in the most perilous situations; the motions of the whimsies, and the rais-

ing and lowering of the buckets, to draw out the ore and the rubbish ; the noise of picking the ore from the rock, and of hammering the wadding, when it was about to be blasted ; with at intervals, the roar of the blasts in distant parts of the mine, altogether excited the most sublime ideas, intermixed, however, with sensations of terror. I left this situation, and followed the road that leads into the mine ; and the moment I entered, my astonishment was again excited. The shagged arches, and overhanging rocks, which seemed to threaten annihilation to any one daring enough to approach them, fixed me almost motionless to the spot. The roofs of the work, having in many places fallen in, have left some of the rudest scenes that imagination can paint : these, with the sulphureous fumes, from the kilns in which the ore is roasted, rendered it to me a perfect counterpart to Virgil's entrance into Tartarus*.

*Hac iter Elysium nobis ; at læva malorum
Exercet pœnas, et ad impia Tartarus mittit.*

'Tis here in different paths the way divides,
The right to Pluto's golden palace guides ;
The left to that unhappy region tends,
Which to the depth of Tartarus descends ;
The seat of night profound, and punish'd fiends.

* I am informed that the appearance of this part of the mine has lately been much changed, from some of the insulated rocks, &c. having been cleared away.

To

To look up from hence, and observe the people on the stages, a hundred and fifty feet above one's head ; to see the immense number of ropes and buckets, most of them in motion ; and to reflect, that a single stone casually thrown from above, or falling from a bucket, might in a moment destroy a fellow creature, a man must have a strong mind, not to feel impressed with many unpleasant sensations. A few days before I was last here, a bucket caught against the point of a rock, emptied its contents on the head of a poor fellow, and killed him on the spot. The sides of this dreadful hollow are mostly perpendicular. Along the edges, and in general flung by ropes over the precipices, are the stages with windlasses, or *whimsies*, as they are here termed, from which the buckets are lowered ; and from which those men descend, who work upon the sides. Here, suspended in mid air, the fellows pick, with their iron instrument, a small place for a footing, cut out the ore in vast masses, and tumble it with a thundering crash to the bottom. In these seemingly precarious situations they make caverns, in which they work for a certain time, till the rope is again lowered to take them up.

Much of the ore is blasted by gunpowder, eight tons of which, we are told, was some time ago annually used for this purpose *. The manner of preparing for the blasting was entirely new to me, and

* Pennant.

may be so to some of my readers. A hole is bored in the rock of about the diameter of a very wide gun barrel, and of depth in proportion to the quantity of matter to be thrown up. At the bottom is lodged the gun-powder, and the man then taking a thin iron rod, tapering to a point, and about two feet in length, he places it perpendicularly in the middle of the hole, and fills it up on all sides with stones, clay, &c. ramming these hard down by means of an iron projecting at the bottom, with a nick in it, that it may pass freely round the rod. When this is prepared the rod is taken out, and a straw filled with gunpowder is substituted. A match is then put to it, that will burn so long, before it communicates the fire to the powder, as to allow all the workmen within reach, to escape into different retreats from the danger attendant on the explosion. Several blasts are generally ready at the same time, and notice is given to the workmen to run into shelter, by a cry in Welsh of *fire*. Whilst I was in the mine, the cry was several times given, and I, with the rest, crept into shelter. In one instance six or seven blasts went off in different parts successively, one of which was within thirty yards of my station, and the splinters of the rock dashed furiously past me. I am scarcely a judge of the noise they made, for I took the liberty of stopping my ears, which the men seemed to think a pleasant *joke*, for they laughed very heartily at what they conjectured a mark of my timidity. When the whole

whole is exploded, information is given to the workmen, and they return to their work. The process of blasting is frequently attended with danger, from the carelessness with which the men retire to their hiding-places: And it sometimes happens that, in ramming down the wadding, the iron strikes against the stone, and fires the gunpowder, which is often fatal to the man employed. During the short time I remained here, I observed upwards of forty men in different places, occupied in preparing for blasting; and I felt somewhat uncomfortable under the idea that in such a number, some one might be careless enough to have his gunpowder take fire before he was aware of it,

There are in the Paris mountain two mines: of these, the one on the east side is the *Mona mine*, the entire property of the earl of Uxbridge. The *Paris mine* is the joint property of the earl of Uxbridge and the rev. Edward Hughes of Kinmael, near St. Asaph. Thomas Williams, esq. of Llanidan, the member for Marlow, has a lease of half the earl's share in these mines; and they work conjointly*. Mr. Hughes works his share of the Paris mine alone.

It is generally believed that the Romans got copper ore from this mountain; for vestiges are yet left of what have been taken for their operations;

* Since this tour was ready for the press, I have received information of the death of Mr. Williams.

and some very ancient stone utensils have, at different times, been found here.—From the time of the Romans, till the year 1764, these mines seem to have been entirely neglected. Copper had, about two years before this period, been found here, and Messrs. Roe and Co. of Macclesfield, had, with a mine in Caernarvonshire, a lease of part of the Paris mountain from sir Nicholas Bailey, the father of the earl of Uxbridge, which expired about nine years ago. They spent considerable sums of money in making levels to drain off the water, without any great success, and were about to give up any further attempts, when their agent requested that a final experiment might be tried in another part of the mountain. This succeeded, for in less than two days, ore of almost pure copper was discovered not two yards from the surface, which proved to be that vast bed which has since been worked to such advantage. The day of this discovery was the second of March, 1768, and it has ever since been observed as a festival by the miners.—The rev. Edward Hughes, who was the owner of the remainder of the mountain, was roused by this success to attempt a similar adventure, which has also succeeded beyond the most sanguine expectations of the time.

The bed of ore is in some places more than sixty feet in thickness; and the proprietors are said to ship annually about 20,000 tons. The number of hands employed is upwards of a thousand. The ore has lately been supposed to be fast decreasing, but the discovery

covery of a new vein in the Mona mine, will keep that property still in a flourishing state for many years.

The ore, as I have already remarked, is got from the mine partly by picking and partly by blasting. It is then broken with hammers into small pieces by women and children, armed with iron gloves. After this operation it is piled in kilns of great length, and about six feet high, where it is set on fire in different places to undergo the process of roasting: for as the ore in its natural state contains a great quantity of sulphur, it is necessary that this should be separated (which can only be done by means of fire,) before it is fluxed into copper. The sulphur goes off in the form of vapour, and is conveyed by means of a flue, connected with the kiln, to the sulphur chamber, a place built to receive it, where it sublimes, and becomes the flower of sulphur of the shops. It is afterwards taken from hence, melted in large copper pans, and cast in moulds for sale.

After the ore has been thus roasted, which is rather a tedious operation, occupying from three to ten months, according to the quantity in the furnaces, (which is generally from three hundred to a thousand tons) it is taken to the flacking pits, places constructed of stone, about six yards long, five wide, and two deep, to be washed, and made merchantable. The poorest of this, that is, such as contains from $1\frac{1}{2}$ to 2 *per cent.* of metal, is then conveyed to the smelting houses at Amlwch port: the rest is sent to the company's furnaces at Swansea

sea and Ravenhead. By the processes of roasting and washing, though the ore is much reduced in quantity, it is considerably improved in quality: And the water is so richly impregnated with copper, which is dissolved by the acid quality of the sulphur, that, by means of old iron immersed in it, according to the German method, it produces such quantities of fine copper, that the proprietors have obtained in one year, upwards of a hundred tons of the copper precipitated from the water. Their average export of precipitate is sixty tons *per annum*.

The proprietors also turn the water drawn from the beds of copper, which is highly impregnated, through rectangular pits similar to those used in the above process. These are each about thirty feet long, twelve broad, and two deep. Any kind of iron, either old or new, is used, but in general, for the sake of convenience, they procure small plates of cast iron. The iron becomes dissolved by the acid, and is suspended in the water, whilst the copper is precipitated. Care is taken to turn the iron every day, in order to shake off the incrustation of copper formed upon it, and this is continued till the iron is perfectly dissolved. The workmen then drain off the water, and rake together the ore in the form of mud, which, when it is become, by drying, of the consistency of a softish paste, they bake in ovens constructed for the purpose. After this process it is exported with the other ore, to Ravenhead or Swansea. One ton of iron thus immersed

mersed, produces near two tons of copper mud, each of which when melted will yield sixteen hundred weight of copper; and this sells at a considerably higher price than the copper which is fluxed from the ore. An attempt was made not long ago by Mons. Valley, of Holywell, to precipitate the copper by means of lime; and another by some gentlemen from London, to do the same by tin, but both the experiments were unsuccessful.

This method of obtaining copper by means of iron, has long been adopted in Germany, but has only been known in this country a few years; and its first discovery was owing entirely to accident. From the copper mines at Arklow, in the county of Wicklow in Ireland, a great quantity of water constantly issues, which is strongly saturated with the vitriol of copper. One of the workmen by chance left his iron shovel in this water, and when he found it, which was not till some weeks afterwards, it was so encrusted, that he fancied it had been changed into copper. The proprietors of the mines took the hint. They immediately had proper pits and receptacles formed for containing the copper water, and have obtained, by means of bars of iron immersed in them, such quantities of copper mud, that these streams are now become of as much importance as the mines themselves.

Several of the shafts which have been formed for taking off the water, are driven very deep. One that I saw was upwards of a hundred and sixty feet
in

in depth, below the open bottom of the mine. One of the miners, whilst I was looking at it, brought a lighted candle, and fixed it on the rim of one of the buckets in which they draw up the water. It was curious enough to watch it in its dark and confined descent, till it became a mere speck of light, when, suddenly immersing in the water, it was lost.

The men employed about these mines seemed much more healthful than, from being constantly in the midst of the noxious exhalations from the kilns, it would be natural to expect.—Their complexions are in general somewhat fallow, but much less so than I expected to have found them. Their average wages are about eighteen-pence a day. Some of them get the ore for a certain sum per ton. These are called *bargain-takers*, and if the work is easily wrought, and the ore of good quality, they will frequently earn four or five shillings, whilst the rest earn only their eighteen-pence. The mine companies seem to take great care in providing for all the persons that have any concern whatever in the works. Besides supporting the poor by their own voluntary donations, which now amount to betwixt seven and eight hundred pounds a year, they prevent a great number of the infants, of the aged and infirm from applying for relief, by giving them light and easy employment. This alone is an average expence of more than three hundred pounds a year; and their surgeons and apothecaries bills are generally more than double this sum.

The

The mines have increased the value of lands in the parish of Amlwch from about fourteen hundred to five thousand pounds *per annum*, and upwards; the number of houses from two hundred to upwards of a thousand; and the population from nine hundred to about five thousand.

VITRIOL AND ALUM WORK.

At a little distance from the mine is a building appropriated to the making of vitriol and alum. The proprietor is Dr. Joshua Parr, who resides in Carmarthenshire. The argillaceous earth from which the alum is extracted, is found on the spot, in a stratum about six feet beneath the surface of the ground. About one ton a week was the average quantity manufactured here, and this sold for somewhat more than twenty pounds. A small quantity of white vitriol continues to be made; but the attempts to prepare green and blue vitriol have been attended with no success. Indeed the whole concern has answered so exceedingly ill, that, when I was here, I was informed, it would probably be altogether given up in the course of a very short time.

SMELTING HOUSES AND PORT.

These are about a mile from Amlwch. The former contain thirty furnaces: each capable of holding ten hundred weight of roasted ore, which produce

duce not quite one hundred weight of metal. As it is the refuse ore only that is smelted here, it is necessary when it arrives at Swansea, to have it smelted again four or five times before the metal is sufficiently pure.

The port is very small, but excellently adapted to the business of exportation. It is a chasm between two rocks, running far into the land, and has in a great measure been formed by art: Its width is not more than to allow two vessels to ride abreast; it is however sufficiently long and deep to receive thirty vessels of two hundred tons burthen each. This port was first made at the expence of the copper companies, for the convenience of their shipping, and is not therefore frequented by any others than vessels concerned with them.

About two miles east of Amlwch, and not at a great distance from the coast, is the village of

LLANELIAN.

The church is by no means an inelegant structure; and adjoining to it is a small chapel of very ancient foundation, that measures in its interior, twelve feet by fifteen, called *Myfyr, the confessional* *. —A curious closet of wood, of an hexagonal form,

* The founder of this chapel was Elian Canaidd, usually called the British Hilary, to whom the church is dedicated. He resided here about the year 540; and Caswallon Law Hir granted to him many lands and franchises about this place, which are even yet held by the freeholders in his name. Rowlands, 156.

called *St. Elian's closet*, is yet left in the east wall, and is supposed to have served both the office of a communion table, and as a chest to contain the vestments and other utensils belonging to the chapel. There is a hole in the wall of the chapel, through which the priests are supposed to have received confessions: the people believe this hole to have been used in returning oracular answers, to persons who made inquiries of the saint respecting future events.—Near the door is placed *Cyff Elian*, *Elian's chest*, or poor box. People out of health, even to this day, send their offering to the saint, which they put, through a hole, into the box. A silver groat, though not a very common coin, is said to be a present peculiarly acceptable, and has been known to procure his intercession, when all other kinds of coin have failed! The sum, thus deposited, which in the course of a year frequently amounts to several pounds, the churchwardens annually divide among the poor of the parish.

The wakes of Llanelian were formerly held on the three first Friday evenings in August; but they are now confined to only one of those days. Young persons from all parts of the adjacent country, and even from distant counties, assemble here, most of whom have along with them some offering for the saint, to ensure their future prosperity, palliate their offences, and secure blessings on their families, their cattle and corn.

The misguided devotees assemble about the chapel, and having deposited their offerings, many of them proceed to search into their future destiny, in a very singular manner, by means of the wooden closet. Persons of both sexes, of all ages, and sizes, enter the small door-way, and if they can succeed in turning themselves round within the narrow limits of the place, (which measures only betwixt three and four feet in height, about four feet across the back, and eighteen inches wide,) they believe that they shall be fortunate till at least the ensuing wake. But if they do not succeed, in this difficult undertaking, they esteem it an omen of ill fortune, or of their death within the year.—I have been told, that it is curious enough to see a stout lusty fellow, weighing sixteen or eighteen stone, striving to creep into these narrow confines, with as much confidence as a stripling a yard high; and when he fails in the attempt, to see him, contrary to all reason, fuming and fretting because his body, which contains in solid bulk more than the place could hold, were it crammed into all corners, cannot be got in. But when we consider, that superstition and enthusiasm have generally little to do with reason, we must not wonder at this addition to the heap of incongruities that all ages have afforded us.

Llanelian was formerly a sanctuary, or place of refuge for criminals. This was confirmed by a charter from Caswallon Law Hîr, of which there are copies yet extant.—In digging a grave in the church

church yard, about six years ago, a deep trench was discovered, which extended about twenty yards in a transverse direction across. It was found to contain a great quantity of human bones; and is supposed to have been the place of interment of a number of sailors who perished in a storm that drove them upon this coast.

The distance betwixt Amlwch and Beaumaris, by Dulas and Red-wharf bays, is about sixteen miles, and the country, the whole way, was sufficiently pleasant to render the walk very agreeable; but it so greatly resembles the country in many parts of England, that the traveller will not observe its character to be either new or particularly interesting.—I passed, at the distance of about a mile on the right, the village of Llanfair, celebrated as the birth-place of

GORONWY OWEN,

A man inferior in talent and genius to none which Wales has produced. He was born in the year 1722; and his father having only a small farm to support his family upon, the principal of Goronwy's schooling was acquired in the neighbouring village of Llanallgo. During his early years, he exhibited such marks of application and abilities, that at the age of fifteen he was taken as an assistant in the grammar school at Pwllheli.

Here he found employment for some time. In 1741 he went to Oxford; but, from the poverty of his parents, he was supported in that university by the munificence of Mr. Lewis Morris. Four years afterwards he received holy orders at Bangor, and became curate to the bishop, at Llanfair. The bishop soon removing him, to make way for one of his own friends, he accepted the curacy of Oswestry, and in the same year received priest's orders at St. Asaph. In the year following he married, and in 1748 he removed to Donnington, near Shrewsbury, where he served a church, and taught a school, for about twenty-six pounds a year. He changed his residence in 1753, (with his wife and two children,) to serve the curacy of Walton, near Liverpool, for which, and the care of a school, he was allowed forty pounds and a house. Here he found all the articles of life so expensive, that, in a letter to his intimate friend, Mr. Richard Morris, of the navy office, the brother to Lewis Morris, he expresses a wish that he could obtain in Wales, in exchange for it, a curacy of only thirty pounds.—On this slender, and hard earned pittance, his family was almost starving, when, two years afterwards, he was induced to remove to London, in search of something more valuable. His friend, Lewis Morris, applied for preferment to Lord Powys, but his application was unsuccessful, and poor Goronwy was compelled to accept, for a short time, the curacy of North-holt in Middlesex.

Here

Here he was once more on the point of starving, when the rectory of St. Andrews, in the county of Brunswic, in Virginia, worth about 200 pounds *per annum*, was obtained for him ; and, in the month of November 1757, he sailed from this country to take possession of it. Here his situation seems to have been still distressing. He had to live among men whose whole conduct he detested, and whose interest he found, was pursued at the expence of every thing worthy and honourable. In only two letters that have been received by his friends in this country, of the great number that he wrote, he complains, that all his letters from hence were opened before they came to his hands. With one of these letters he himself travelled seventy miles, and with the other nearly as far, to secure them a passage, by delivering them himself to captains of vessels. In one of them, dated July 1767, he states the loss of all his family, except one boy.

Thus had this poor fellow, though a man of the highest talents, to struggle with misfortune through every part of his life ; and the close attention that, in England, he had paid to the duties of his station as a schoolmaster, and his application to the study of languages and general literature; during what ought to have been hours dedicated to rest, with the necessary anxieties for his family, tended greatly to undermine his health. His character throughout appears to have been free from stain. He was not ambitious ; a comfortable sub-

sistence seems to have been the utmost limits of his wishes, yet his country did not give it; and with every qualification that could render him of use to society, he was banished from his native home, to seek an asylum, for a mere existence, in a voluntary transportation from every thing he held dear and valuable.

The acquirements of Goronwy Owen were very extensive. To a perfect acquaintance with the Latin and Greek languages, he added a knowledge of Hebrew, Chaldee, Arabic, and Syriac. His Latin odes have been universally admired for the purity of their language, and for the elegance of their expression.—As a Welsh poet he ranks superior to all since the days of Dafydd ap Gwilym. Those parts of his works that have been printed, are considered as perfect models of Welsh poetry. He translated some of the Odes of Anacreon into Welsh verse; of this attempt he modestly says, in a letter to Mr. R. Morris, in his peculiarly playful manner, “I have lately taken a fancy to my old acquaintance Anacreon; and as he had some hand in teaching me Greek, I have endeavoured to make him talk in Welsh, and that in metre too.”—His poetry consists chiefly of odes, moral, serious, and religious: but his most celebrated performance is a poem on the Day of Judgment, “Cywydd y Farn fawr.” The ideas in this are so grand, and it is throughout so crowded with poetic images, as deservedly to raise it superior to the works of any but a few of the most

most eminent bards.—He had also a general knowledge of antiquities, which, from his various letters that are extant, he seems to have pursued with considerable ardour.

A full character of the talents and poetry of Goronwy Owen, was written by Mr. Lewis Morris to Mr. Vaughan of Nannau, in the hopes of obtaining for him some preferment in the church. “I wrote to you some time ago in behalf of poor Goronwy Owen, the greatest genius either of this age, or that ever appeared in our country; and perhaps few other countries can boast his equal for universal knowledge.”—“I have two or three of his poems, the best that ever were written in our language (the Welsh), and such as will endure so long as there is good sense, good nature, and good learning in the world. It is a pity, and the greatest of pities, that such a man as this, who is not only the greatest of poets, but a great master of language, should labour under the hardship of keeping a school, and serving a curacy, in the middle of *Carn Saeson* (*Saxon heap*, the English people,) and all for the paltry income of twenty-six pounds a-year.”—“I should like of all things to have him in Merionethshire; but he wishes to be in Anglesea, his native country. I am told you have some interest with the Bishop of Bangor: if you can get this man a living, you will not only make him immortal, but you will make me immortal too; and if you are hard hearted enough to refuse me immortality,

mortality, when to be had on such easy terms, I shall think you very cruel.—My next letter shall bring you “*Cywdd y Gem*,” which is the last poem he has written: the subject is a search for happiness. Dedwyddyd (happiness) is the gem he has searched for in all corners of the world, and after a great many fine descriptions, and researches with the help of learning and philosophy, after consulting the writings of Solomon and some others, he finds that the gem is not among those on crowns, mitres, and caps, nor, in short, does he discover it any where in the world. He then finds a book written by another son of David, which directs him where it is to be found, and he gives a lively description of the country (heaven). This is the subject, but nothing can equal the beautiful turns and expressions throughout the whole poem, which renders the writer worthy not only of a paltry rectory, but of the favour of all the men of sense in our country; and the performance itself is not only an honour to the ancient Britons, but to human nature in general.”—After giving some specimens of his poetry, Mr. Morris goes on: “These lines will last for ever, in spite of enemies—Neither fire nor water can destroy them, nor will they perish till the world falls to pieces, and man is no more.”—After another specimen from one of his poems, of the song sung by the morning stars on the creation of the world, he concludes; “When I see in Milton, in Dryden, or in Pope, such nervous lines as these, and such

such grand expressions as this poem contains, I shall admire them as much as I do Goronwy Owen, and not till then *."

It is to be remarked that in one of Goronwy's letters to his friends, previous to his departure from this country, he laments that his friend Lewis Morris had taken some offence at his conduct, and had not only withdrawn his attentions, but had even spoken of him in very disrespectful terms. He was himself, however, superior to pique, and continued to express his gratitude and friendship to the last: on the death of his friend he composed an elegy, beautifully expressive of his sense of the loss of so good and useful a man.—Goronwy Owen died in Virginia, but the time of his death I have not been able to ascertain.

About a mile from Red-Wharf bay, I passed the village of Pentraeth, *The End of the Sands*. It is pleasantly situated, and its little church is so picturesque, that from this circumstance only, Mr. Grose was induced to insert a print of it in his *Antiquities*. The ash and sycamore trees around seem to shelter it from the observation of the world.—It is the place of interment of the Panton family, whose seat, Plâs Gwynn, *The White Mansion*, is about half a mile distant.

* Letter dated 7th October 1752. It is deposited among the Plâs Gwynn MSS.

In a field near the porter's lodge of Plâs Gwynn there are two stones, at a considerable distance from each other, which were pointed out to me, with what truth I know not, as the place where tradition says Einion ap Gwalchmai, some centuries ago, obtained his wife by an uncommon exhibition of activity, in leaping *fifty feet*! There were two competitors, and the female decided their claims by taking the man who could leap farthest. Einion, it is said, some time afterwards, went to a distant part of the country, where he had occasion to reside several years, and he found, on his return, that his wife had, on that very morning, been married to another person. He took his harp, and, sitting down at the door, explained in Welsh metre who he was, and where he had been resident. His wife narrowly scrutinized his person, unwilling to give up her new spouse, when he exclaimed :

Look not, Angharad, on my silver hair,
Which once shone bright of golden lively hue :
Man doth not last like gold,—he that was fair
Will soon decay, though gold continue new.

If I have lost Angharad, lovely fair!
The gift of brave Ednyfed, and my spouse,
All I've not lost, (all must from hence repair,)
Nor bed, nor harp, nor yet my ancient house.

I once have leap'd to shew my active power,
A leap which none could equal or exceed,
The leap in Aber Nowydd, which thou, fair flower!
Did once so much admire, thyself the meed.

Full fifty feet, as still the truth is known,
 And many witnesses can still attest,
 How there the prize I won, thyself must own,
 This action stamp'd my worth within thy breast.

BEAUMARIS.

From Plâs Gwynn I had a walk of about five miles to Beaumaris. The entrance into the town was pretty: the bay and castle, with Penmaen Mawr, and the Ormes Head at a distance, are seen in a direct line in front; and the road, which lies down a steep hill, is shaded on each side with trees. The town itself is finely situated on the western bank of the Menai, just where it opens into an extensive bay. The houses are in general neat, and well built, and one of the streets is very good. — On examining the church and church-yard, I found nothing worth notice, except a whimsical inscription on Meredith Davies,

Who has been our parish clerk
 Full one and thirty years, I say;
 But here, alas! lies in the dark,
 Bemoan'd for ever and aye.

BEAUMARIS CASTLE

Is situated close to the town, within the grounds of Baron Hill, the seat of lord Bulkeley. It covers a considerable space of ground, but its walls are at present so low, that it does not excite much attention. When it was in a perfect state, it consisted of
 an

an outer ballium, or envelope, furrounded by a broad ditch flanked by several round towers; and it had on the east side an advanced work, called the gunner's walk. Within these was the body of the castle, which was nearly square, having a round tower at each angle, and another in the centre of each face. The area is a square, with the corners cut off, and measures about sixty yards on each side. In the middle of the north side is the hall, which is twenty yards long, and twelve broad, and has had five elegant windows in front*.—There has been a communication round the buildings of the inner court by means of a gallery somewhat more than a yard wide, which is yet in a great measure entire. In recesses in the sides of this gallery are several square openings, which seem to have been furnished with trap doors, entrances to dungeons beneath. The use of these I have not been able to learn: they must have been descended by ladders, for there are no remains of steps to be discovered in any of them. The two eastern towers of this building served the purpose of dungeons for the confinement of prisoners.—On the east side of the area are the remains of a very small chapel, arched and ribbed with pointed and intersecting arches. Between each of the gothic pilasters is a narrow window, and, behind some of them, there have been small closets, gained out of the thickness of the wall.

* Grsc.

HISTORY OF THE CASTLE.

After Edward I. had secured his conquests in Caernarvonshire by the erection of the castles of Caernarvon and Conwy, he found it was also necessary to have a fortress of some strength in the island of Anglesea, to prevent the Welsh from taking refuge there, and becoming sufficiently collected and powerful to harass his forces in other parts. Beaumaris castle was therefore founded for this purpose about the year 1295: it was built on private property, but Edward made full satisfaction to the proprietors of the ground, by bestowing on them other lands free from rent and service. The name of the town, which before had been Bonover, was now changed to Beaumaris, indicative, says Holinshed, of its pleasant situation in a low ground: it may, however, have been derived from *Bimaris*, the place of the meeting of two tides, or seas. From the lowness of its situation, and from its being near the bay, an opportunity was afforded of forming a foss round it, and having this filled with water from the sea. A canal also was cut in order to permit vessels to approach and discharge their lading beneath the walls; and it is not many years since the iron rings remained that had been used for mooring the vessels.

From the time of the foundation of the castle, to the reign of Charles I., I have been able to find

no incident recorded of any material importance. It is said to have been extremely burthensome to the country, on account of the frequent quarrels that took place betwixt the garrison and the people of the neighbourhood. The garrison usually consisted of only twenty-four soldiers, who were paid four-pence a day each: the constable of the castle had sometimes forty pounds *per annum*, and sometimes only forty marks*.

In the civil wars of the reign of Charles I., Beaumaris castle was garrisoned for the king by Thomas lord Bulkeley; and, in the year 1648, the people of the whole island rose, in imitation of those in several counties of England, to set the king at liberty, and restore monarchy to the oppressed kingdom. Multitudes of royalists, from different parts of North Wales, resorted here, and a general muster was made, under the direction of lord Bulkeley, in the middle of the island. The parliament, determined to bring them to submission, sent against them a division of their army, under the command of general Mytton. Some of the loyalist officers conducted themselves with bravery and spirit, but the islanders in general proved cowards. An Anglesea captain was directed to keep the church of Beaumaris: he posted his men in it, locked them safely up, and then ran away, with the key in his pocket. In consequence of this he was ever after-

* Cotton MSS. in the British Museum; *Vitellius*, C. i.

wards stigmatized with the title of captain Church. —When the enemy were seen marching over the heights of Penmaen Mawr, at least four miles distant, the Anglesea people began to bustle about, drums were beat, trumpets sounded, and volleys of both small and great shot were discharged. The parliament's army, somewhat more accustomed to fighting than to be alarmed at an enemy who could fire small shot at them when four miles off, approached the place, and with little difficulty put the whole to flight. The garrison surrendered on honourable terms, and Mytton was immediately made governor.—The castle is now the property of the crown.

When Edward I. built the castle, he surrounded the town with walls. He also incorporated it, and endowed it with great privileges, and lands to a considerable value.—It sends one member to parliament.

THE BAY OF BEAUMARIS

Forms a fine opening before the town; and it is so sheltered, that vessels of considerable burthen can lie secure in it, even in stormy weather. The depth of the water near the town is six or seven fathoms, even when the tide is out; but this deep channel scarcely extends more than a quarter of a mile in width. All the rest of the bay, for several
14 miles,

miles, is left dry at low water, and has the name of the *Lavan Sands*. These are supposed by the Welsh people to have once formed a habitable hundred of Caernarvonshire, that was first overflowed during the sixth century. It seems by no means improbable that this was the case, for there is decided proof of the sea having incroached very greatly on some parts of this coast. In the churchyard of Abergeley, a village on the coast of Caernarvonshire, about eighteen miles distant, there is the following inscription:

Yma mae'n gorwedd
Ym monwent Mihangel;
Gwr oedd a'i annedd,
Dair milltir yn y gogledd.

Under this stone lieth,
In this church-yard of St. Michael,
A man whose dwelling was
Three miles to the northward.

Another evidence arises from the bodies of oak trees, tolerably entire, having been discovered, at low water, in a long tract of hard loam, far from the present banks of the sea.

BARON HILL.

On an eminence behind the town of Beaumaris stands this charming residence of lord Bulkeley, commanding a most delightful prospect of all the northern mountains of Caernarvonshire, of the bay
of

of Beaumaris, and a long expanse of sea. The house stands in front of the woods, and is esteemed by many tourists an ornament to this corner of Anglesea. It was built originally in the reign of James I., for the reception of Henry, the eldest son of that monarch, when on his way to Ireland. But his untimely death so much affected sir Richard Bulkeley, the owner, that he gave up his original and magnificent plan, and used the part only that was then completed, for his family seat. The house has been enlarged, and greatly improved, by its present worthy possessor*. I was sorry to observe the effect of the elegant view of the Welsh mountains from the house totally destroyed, by the small square building in front, called a *fort*. I cannot conceive how gentlemen should suffer themselves to be so much misled, as to have their agents, without an atom of taste, construct these, singularly called, *ornamental buildings*. The present is a white, church-like castle, an apparent excrescence evidently useless, and glaringly unnatural. Lord Uxbridge has one of these white *ornamental* structures on the side of the Menai, opposite to Plâs Newydd: but superior to all that I have ever seen of this description, is that of Mr. Thomas of Coed Halen, which provokingly obtrudes itself into almost every good view of the fine old walls and castle of Caernarvon. If any of these buildings are to be defended, as

* Beaumaris Bay, p. 11.

I know some of them are, on the score of their being land-marks to the mariner, my objection must cease; utility must ever be considered to supersede elegance. But this is not often the case; lord Uxbridge's building is far distant from the sea, and other eminences near Caernarvon might have been adopted besides the present, standing, as it does, almost close to the castle. A friend of mine remarked, to some observations that I had made on this subject, that, in a tour through South Wales, he had almost invariably observed that the only rage for spoiling the scenes by these strange monstrosities, was where the surrounding country was more than usually beautiful. Near old castles, or monastic remains, he had generally been provoked with a deformed castellated pleasure-house, or a lately erected ruin, and invariably in the very place from whence of all others it should have been kept away. The ideas of these gentlemen must be nearly on a par with those of Mr. Pocklington, which stimulated him to improve one of his views by whitewashing an oak-tree. *De gustibus, non est disputandum.* A late tourist to the lakes has whimsically replied, "As the man said when he kissed his cow."

About a mile from Beaumaris, near the seat of sir Robert Williams, bart. and not far from the shore, are yet to be seen, in the walls of a barn, the

the poor remains of the house of Franciscan friars, founded in the thirteenth century, by Llewelyn ap Iorwerth, prince of Wales, called

LLANVAES,

Or The Friars. It is at present principally known as having been the place of interment of Joan, the wife of Llewelyn, and natural daughter of king John. The stone coffin of this princess, though now removed, served, not long ago, as a watering trough for horses. In this church there were also interred, at different times, a son of one of the kings of Denmark, lord Clifford, and many barons and knights who were slain in the Welsh wars*.

The church, and some other parts of the buildings, were destroyed soon after the death of Llewelyn, in an insurrection of the Welsh against the English forces; and Henry IV. again nearly destroyed it, on account of the friars having espoused the cause of Owen Glyndwr. His son, Henry V., re-established it, and added a provision for eight friars, of which, however, only two were to be Welshmen†. At the dissolution the convent and its possessions were sold: they are at present the property of lord Bulkeley.

* Powel, 293. Stow's Annals, 167.

† Tanner.

PENMON.

Two miles north of Friars is the priory of Penmon, at present consisting of little more than the ruinous refectory, and part of the church. This was a priory of Benedictine monks, dedicated to St. Mary, and endowed, if not founded, by Llewelyn ap Iorwerth, before the year 1221. In the twenty-sixth of Henry VIII., the revenues were valued at about forty-eight pounds *per annum* *.

The island of Anglesea is celebrated for some of its rare marine productions, and particularly for the variety of its shells and crabs. The places from whence the latter are principally to be obtained are the rocky coasts about Llanddwyn, Roscolin, Holyhead, and Penmon; and the best times for discovering them are at low water, during the spring tides, which sometimes rise and fall near twenty feet. The mode is to turn up the stones, near low-water mark, under which they will be found to lurk, hidden among the sea-weed. The shells are principally taken in the dredges of the oyster-catchers betwixt Beaumaris and the island of Priestholme, and in Red Wharf bay.—The following is a list of the principal of these productions:

Cancer pisum,	Pea crab.
—— longicornis,	Long-horned crab.
—— velutinus,	Velvet crab.

* Tanner.

Cancer

Cancer platycheles,	Great-clawed crab.
—— phalangium,	Slender-legged crab.
—— pagurus,	Black-clawed crab.
—— mænas,	Common blue crab.
—— gammarus,	Lobster.
—— strigosus,	Plated lobster.
Aplysia depilans,	Depilatory aplysia.
Doris electrina,	Amber doris.
Aphrodita minuta,	Little aphrodita.
Actinia fulcata,	Sulcated actinia.
Asterias oculata,	Dotted star-fish.
—— hispida,	Hispid star-fish.
—— lacertosa,	Lizard star-fish.
—— sphaerulata,	Bearded star-fish.
Echinus esculentus,	Sea hedge-hog.
Solen vagina,	Scymeter razor-shell.
—— pellucidus,	Pellucid razor-shell.
—— legumen,	Sub-oval razor-shell.
Cardium echinatum,	Echinated cockle.
—— lævigatum,	Smooth cockle.
—— edule,	Common cockle.
Pecten lævis,	Smooth scallop.
—— glaber,	Furrowed scallop.
Mytilus incurvatus,	Crooked muscle.
—— pellucidus,	Pellucid muscle.
—— umbilicatus,	Umbilicated muscle.
Voluta tornatilis,	Oval volute.
Murex costatus,	Ribbed whelk.
Trochus cinerius,	Cinereous top.
—— majus,	Tuberculated top.
Turbo lævis,	Smooth wreath.
—— terebra,	Augur wreath.
—— fasciatus,	Fasciated wreath.
Patella intorta,	Inclining limpet.
Sabella alveolata,	Honey-comb sabella.

CHAP. XVIII.

VOYAGE FROM CAERNARVON TO PRIESTHOLME.

The Straits of Menai.—Charming Sail.—Swelly Rocks.—Fortunate Escape from being cast upon these Rocks.—Ilandisilio Cburch, on a small Island in the Menai.—Fine View.—Sea Nettle.—Priestholme.—Tradition respecting this Island.—Extraordinary Flight of Sea-Fowl.—Puffins.—Account of the Manners and Economy of these Birds.

ONE day, during my residence at Caernarvon, I took the cutter belonging to the hotel, a beautiful little decked vessel, with accommodations for ten or twelve persons, and her pilot, and sailed to the island of Priestholme, off the Anglesea coast, about five miles beyond Beaumaris.

THE MENAI,

As a river, is a remarkably fine piece of water, seldom less than half a mile, and in several places near two miles in width; and, to those persons who are fond of excursions on the water, the sail from Caernarvon to Beaumaris on a fine day, with a brisk wind, will be found extremely pleasant. At different times of the day the scenery will be found very different; and a cloudy and dense, or a trans-

transparent and rare atmosphere, render a material change to the appearance of the various scenes that occur in going along this charming water; so that how often soever excursions are made, some new appearance will always occur. The shores, in a few places, are bold and steep; in others, the ascent is gentle and unvaried: sometimes they are barren and rocky, and sometimes adorned with woods and cultivated grounds. The dark wooded banks of the island of Anglesea, sloping gently to the water's edge, afford, in many points of view, an elegant contrast (with the translucent waves between), to the more rude shores of Caernarvonshire. In a brisk side gale, tacking across the stream affords many beautiful views which are lost when sailing before the wind; and when many vessels are on the water at the same time, it is a pleasing sight to observe them going in different directions, and crossing each other in the different tacks.

We had proceeded about five miles, when we passed the front of Plâs Newydd, the seat of the earl of Uxbridge; soon after which the channel straightened very considerably, and the distance was terminated on one side by an almost perpendicular coast, and on the other by a sloping and wooded ascent. Not far from hence are the well known rocks, called, from the numerous currents that set in different directions around them,

THE SWELLY ROCKS.

At low water many of these are to be seen, which, at other times, are hidden by the flood; and the channel betwixt those that are always exposed is very narrow and dangerous. When the lower rocks are covered with water, from the tide running with great rapidity among them, many circling eddies are formed, the vortexes of which the mariners sometimes find it difficult to avoid. When the wind blows directly across the channel, it is often found necessary to row the smaller, and tow the larger vessels through, lest, in tacking, before they are able to get round, they are caught by an eddy, and thrown upon the rock. When this is the case, however, from a strong current setting in a different direction immediately round those rocks that are above water, they are frequently saved; for this, acting like a cushion, breaks the force which would otherwise inevitably destroy them, and gives some little time to the men to get right again. We had a wind directly across, and in one of our tacks, though I had but just been talking with the pilot on the subject, and every possible precaution was used, the bow of our vessel caught one of the eddies, and, in spite of every effort, bore us directly on the rocks. I seized the helm, and my companion, who was stronger than myself, sprang with a boat-hook to the bow of the vessel, and, before she could touch the rock, so
strong

strong was the furrounding current, he pushed her off. A different current bore us furiously against the tide, which now caught our bow, and bringing us again round, with considerable violence, near the deep of the channel, the vessel righted, and we had the good fortune, the second time, entirely to clear these, the Scylla and Charybdis of the Welsh mariners. The circumstances altogether threw us into some little tremor: for the swelling and violent bubbling of the water in some places; the rapid and furious tide-way through the deeps; the roaring of the water in consequence of the submarine rocks, and the dashing of the foam and spray in the various whirlpools, and against the rocks that are exposed, with the noise and turbulence around, are, at some particular times of the tide, of such a nature as scarcely to be described.

LLANDYSILIO CHURCH.

At a little distance beyond the Swellies we passed two low rocks, with a flat between them, forming at high water an island called *Bén Glas*. This island, though it affords only a few acres of ground for the grazing of sheep, has on it the small church of Llandysilio. On the Anglesea side there is a causeway to the island, but passable only at low water. What should induce the foundation of a church in so singular and precarious a situation, where the service can only be performed when the tide

tide serves, I am not able even to guess. I fear, when a smart wind blowing in the course of the tide during the service, sets it in sooner than had been expected, as must sometimes happen, the sensations of the congregation are not of the most pleasant nature imaginable. The struggle to escape before they were hemmed in by the tide, would be too ridiculous to be compatible with the sacred duties of public worship; and it is much to be lamented that there should be any necessity for it.

A little beyond Bangor Ferry a fine expansive view opened upon us. Penmaen Mawr here forms, in the distance, a bold end to the wavy ridge of mountains extending into the interior of Caernarvonshire. Beyond this are seen Penmaen Bach, the little Ormes Head, and the great Ormes Head, all presenting their steep sides towards the sea. The town of Beaumaris, appearing just above the level of the sea, on a promontory that forms from hence an extreme point of Anglesea, is observed on the other side of the water. Under the mountains of Caernarvonshire, and sheltered by them nearly on all sides, we observed the town of Bangor; and, a little beyond it, Port Penrhyn, and its numerous vessels. A gale of wind soon drove us past the town of Beaumaris, whose castle appeared, from the water, a large and strong building: these received additional beauty from the high woods of Baron Hill rising behind them.

I hap-

I happened here to be carelessly leaning over the side of the vessel, when I observed vast quantities of a species of medusæ, *sea-blubber*, float past. By means of a small net, I got out two or three specimens, and found them to be *medusa aurita* of Linnæus, the *sea nettle*. The whole tribe of these animals, in their manners and properties, are extremely singular. They are generally round, smooth, semi-transparent, and gelatinous; appearing, indeed, at first sight, like a lump of jelly. Their mouth is on the under side of the body, and is surrounded by several arms, which serve them as ballast, and by means of which they seize their prey. Their progressive motion, when not aided by any current, is obtained by displacing the water with alternate motions, which render the body at one time flat, and at another convex. This motion is extremely slow, and were not the majority of them preserved by their caustic quality, they would become an easy prey to most species of fish. When handled, they are found to blister and inflame the skin in a most unpleasant manner. The fishermen, when they find them in their nets, are very careful not to touch them with any exposed part of their body, but generally kick them out with their shoe. I saw one man's hand much inflamed in consequence of laying hold of one of them unawares, and he said it was very painful. An acquaintance of mine irritated his dog to seize one of them in his mouth: the animal soon left his hold, and from the circumstance of
his

his thrusting his nose into the dust, and making a whining noise, it was evident that he suffered much pain. When his mouth was examined, it was found to be considerably inflamed. I recollect Pontoppidan says, that when some of the species lie on the shore, in a state of putrefaction, if a person comes within their influence, they cause a violent sneezing; and that a boy was nearly blinded by his father's throwing one of them, in a rage, into his face. The Norwegian peasantry prepare from them a poison, by which they kill vermin: some mix them up with clay or mortar, and stop crevices in places where there are bugs, which this composition is said effectually to destroy. A few of the species have no caustic properties.

A tolerably fair wind soon brought us under the rocks of the south side of

PRIESTHOLME.

This island is near three quarters of a mile distant from the Anglesea shore; and is about a mile in length, and half a mile across. On all sides, except that towards Anglesea, it presents steep and inaccessible rocks, inhabited only by various species of sea-fowl. Its interior affords feed for a few sheep. Near the middle of the island there is an old square tower, supposed to have once been an appurtenant to the monastery of Penmôn. There is a considerable quantity of rubbish and stones around it,

it, the remains of other buildings. The island is at present uninhabited by man. I was much surprised, in wandering about it, to find an upright stone, with the following inscription, rudely cut upon it :

Bar^e. Stout
 belonging to the
 Salley died in
 the small pox
 Novr. y^e 3d. 1767.

N. B. The ship was cast
 away here.

It is called by the Welsh Ynys Seiriol, *Seiriol's island* *. This people have a tradition respecting Priestholme, that when what are now the Lavan sands formed a habitable part of Caernarvonshire, their ancestors had a communication from hence across the channel, by means of a bridge; and they yet pretend to shew the remains of an ancient causeway, which they say was made from this place to the foot of Penman bach near Conwy, for the convenience of the devotees who made pilgrimages to the island †.—It is at present the property of lord Bulke-

* Seiriol was the son of Owen Danwyn, the son of Eineon Urdd, who chose this as a place of retreat from the world. He is believed to have built a chapel here, about the year 630, and some have supposed the present tower to be the remains of that foundation: This, however, cannot have been the case, as it is comparatively a modern erection.

† Gough's Camden, iii. 697.

ley,

ley, and is rented of him as a rabbit and puffin warren.

When we had arrived under the rock, and had cast anchor, we fired a swivel gun, to try the effect of the report round the island, when such a scream of puffins, gulls, and other sea birds, was heard, as beyond all conception astonished me. The immense multitudes that in a moment rose into the air, were unparalleled by any thing I had before seen. Here they flew in a thousand different directions, uttering as many harsh and discordant screams: some darted into the water, some scudded about on its surface, others were seen dipping into the deep, others rising out, and others again came flapping almost close to our heads: in short, the air, the sea, and the rocks seemed alive with their numbers.— We landed, and I clambered up the rocks, and walked alone to the other side of the island, when I had a sight that even surpassed the former. Upwards of fifty acres of land were literally covered with *Puffins* *. I speak much within compass, when I declare that the number here must have been upwards of 50,000. I walked gently towards them, and found them either so tame or so stupid, as to suffer me to approach near enough to have knocked one or two of them down with a stick. In their habits and manners, these birds remind one very much of the Penguins of the tropical climates. Their

* *Alca arctica* of Linnæus.

legs are placed so far back, that they stand with their heads nearly upright. They are about a foot in length. Their bill forms a triangle, about an inch and quarter long, and somewhat more than that in depth at the base: It ends in a somewhat curved point, is of an orange-red colour, but near the base it is lead-coloured, and the base itself is formed by a yellowish ridge. When the birds are three years old, or full grown, the bill has four oblique transverse furrows. The upper parts of the plumage, and a collar round the neck, are blackish. The cheeks and chin are of a greyish white, and the belly is perfectly white. The tail is short; the legs are orange. The wings are somewhat short, and so narrow, as to require a very brisk and rapid motion to keep the birds suspended. They have some difficulty in rising from the ground, in consequence of which they generally alight in such places where they can either run down the slope of a hill, or throw themselves from the rocks. In one or two instances, I laughed to see them tumble over, when running to take flight, by their bills catching on little eminences that they were not aware of.—Puffins are birds of passage, and resort to this island and to some other parts of the Welsh coast to breed. They arrive in the beginning of April, and remain till about the eleventh of August. On their arrival they immediately take possession of the burrows in the crevices of the rocks, or on the sloping ground of the island; and those that
come

come last, if they find all the holes occupied, form for themselves new ones. It is said that the males take this employment, and that during the time, they are so intent on the work as easily to be seized with the hand. They have nearly expelled the rabbits, by seizing on their burrows, for few rabbits are able to resist the strength of their beaks. They put together usually a few sticks and grass, and on this the female lays a single white egg, which is generally hatched in the beginning of July. The males and females are said to sit alternately, relieving each other at intervals for the purpose of procuring food. Both during incubation and while attending on their young, they may without much difficulty be seized in their holes; but it is necessary to be somewhat careful in trusting the naked hand near their beaks, for they have the power of inflicting a most severe bite. With a glove on I amused myself by taking out several of them, in order to observe the truth of Mr. Pennant's assertion, that from their extreme affection for their young, when "laid hold of by the wings, they will give themselves the most cruel bites on any part of their body that they can reach, as if actuated by despair; and when released, instead of flying away, they will often hurry again into their burrows." They bit *me* with great violence, but none of them seized any parts of their own body: a few of them, on being released, ran into the burrows, but not always into those

those from whence I had taken them, if it was more easy for them to escape into a hole, than to raise themselves into the air, they did so; but if not, they ran down the slope and flew away. The noise they make, when along with their young, is a singular kind of humming, much resembling that produced by the large wheels used for spinning worsted. When I first went amongst their burrows, I heard this noise on every side of me, and could not conceive from whence it proceeded, till the sound of my footsteps frightened many of the birds out of their holes, and it was immediately explained. On being seized, they emitted the noise with greater violence, and from its being interrupted, by their struggling to escape, it sounded not much unlike the efforts of a dumb man to speak. In getting the birds out of their holes, I found it necessary to lay down on the ground, and extend my arm into them; and it was only in a few holes that I found the birds within reach. During incubation, they are not easily driven from their nests; but when the young are hatched, they do not seem to exhibit towards them, as has been said, any extreme attachment, for, whenever they are disturbed, they will either run into a deeper hole, or attempt to fly away. When caught, they will seize on any thing that is near them. The man who was along with me, shot a few of them: One of these had only its wing broken, and when he had set it down in the small boat belonging to the cutter, it hurried

to the other end, and bit with great violence several of the dead ones that were laid there.—The young are entirely covered with a long blackish down, and in shape are altogether so different from the parent birds, that no one could, at first sight, suppose them the same species. The bill in these is long, pointed, and black, with scarcely the marks of furrows. Puffins do not breed, till they are three years old; and they are said to change their bills annually.—Their usual food is sprats and sea-weeds, which render the flesh of the old birds excessively rank. The young, however, are pickled for sale by the renters of the island, and form an article of traffic peculiar to this neighbourhood. The oil is extracted from them by a peculiar process, and the bones are taken out, after which the skin is closed round the flesh, and they are immersed in vinegar impregnated with spices.—Dr. Caius informs us, that in his days, the puffins were allowed by the church to be eaten in Lent, instead of fish; and says that they were usually caught by means of Ferrets, as we now sometimes take rabbits. At present, they are either dug out of the burrows, seized by the hand, or drawn out by a hooked stick.

CHAP. XIX.

EXCURSION FROM CAERNARVON TO BEDDGE-
LERT; AND THENCE TO PONT ABERGLAS-
LLYN, INTO NANT HWYNAN, AND TO THE
SUMMIT OF SNOWDON.

*Glangwna.—Beautiful View.—Ascent to the Summit of Moel Aelir,
and View from thence.—Bettws.—Nant Mill.—Llyn Cwellyn.—
Red Char.—Castell Cidwm.—Tradition respecting the Giant
Cidwm.—Llyn y Dywarchen, and its floating Island.—Llyn Ca-
dair.—Beddgelert.—Moel Hebog.—Beddgelert Church.—Tradi-
tion of Llewelyn and his Dog.—Poem founded on this Story.—
Priory.—The old and new Inns at Beddgelert.—Pont Aber-
glasllyn.—Tradition respecting this Bridge.—Salmon Leap, and
Fisbery.—Scene beyond the Bridge.—Traeth Mawr.—Embank-
ment of Land from the Sea.—Moonlight Scene at Pont Aberglasllyn.*

EXCURSION INTO NANT HYWNAN.

*Dinas Emrys.—Account of Merlin and his Prophecies.—Llyn y
Dinas.—Cwm Llan.—Fine View.—Llyn Gwynant.—Immense
Stone.—Waterfall.—Character of Nant Hwynan.*

EXCURSION TO THE SUMMIT OF SNOWDON.

*Tremendous Ridge of Rock called Clawdd Coch.—Prospect from
Snowdon.—Cwm Llan.—Liquor prepared from the Mountain-
Ash Berries.*

THE distance from Caernarvon to Beddgelert, *the
grave of Gélert*, is about twelve miles, and the road

is in general very excellent; being the great road from Caernarvonshire into South Wales.

GLANGWNA.

About two miles from Caernarvon, I passed, on the left, Glangwna, one of the most charming retreats in the principality. The house is small, but surrounded with wood, and so completely sequestered, as scarcely to be seen from the road. The grounds are not extensive, but they have an elegant wildness; and the walks through the woods and along the banks of the river Seiont, whose stream dashes in foam among the rocks of its bed, are scarcely exceeded by any on a small scale, that I have yet seen. This beautiful place is the property of Thomas Lloyd, Esq. of Shrewsbury.

From an eminence in the road, about four miles from Caernarvon, I was presented in front with a view extremely fine, along Nant Gwyrfa, *the Vale of Freshwater*. A range of sloping rocks formed the middle distance. The dark and towering rock of Mynydd Mawr, was seen to rise from behind, on the right of the vale; and, on the opposite side, this was well contrasted in the smooth and verdant mountain Moel Aelir. The vale appeared closed at some distance, by part of the side of the lofty Arran. Just at this station, there are several rude, but extremely picturesque cottages,
some

some of which were half obscured by trees. The road is at first hidden, but it is seen at a little distance in front, sloping down into the vale: the latter was intersected by moss-grown walls, and rude hedge-rows.

I left the road for the purpose of ascending the summit of the hemispherical mountain, called

MOEL AELIR,

The frosty hill. This I did without much difficulty, and found the prospect from the top to far surpass my expectations. The Rival mountains appeared quite near, and beyond them the whole remaining extent of the promontory of Llŷn, as far as Aberdaron, was visible. Part of Cwellyn Pool (by the road leading to Beddgelert) was seen just below, from the edge of which the immense Mynydd Mawr reared his black and rugged sides. Beyond this was one of the Nantlle Pools, and near the latter, the small pool of Llyn Cwm Ffynnon. Extending from hence southwards, was a long range of mountain summits, and hollows, some verdant, and others totally destitute of vegetation, but the shades and colours of the whole strikingly grand and beautiful. At some distance was seen part of the yellow sands of Traeth Mawr, peeping in amongst the rocks. The distant mountains of Merionethshire, closed the scene in this direction. On the south-east side of my station, I observed a dreary vale, with nearly per-

pendicular boundaries, called Cwm Dwythwch, *the hollow of the rapid burrowing river*, containing a small pool, in which the finest and best flavoured of all the Caernarvonshire trout are said to be caught. Beyond this, Snowdon is easily distinguished from his fellow-mountains, by his size and appearance. Part of the vale and lakes of Llanberis, with the castle of Dolbadarn, were visible, in a somewhat different direction. When I was here, Snowdon was covered with a dense black cloud, that seemed to rest on its sides and summit, and gave to it the terrible aspect of a volcano. Dusky intervening clouds passed on with considerable velocity, which rendered the scene as wild as imagination could paint. Heavy showers were pouring into some of the adjacent vales; and light vapours scudded with the wind along the hollows on all sides. Snowdon, and the immediately adjacent mountains, alone remained black and terrific. The intervening rocks received a yellow tinge from the refraction of the light of the sun through the mist; and various other tints and shades were thrown on the vallies and mountains' sides, by different refractions of the light through the more or less dense mediums.

I descended from this mountain, to the road not far from the romantic little village of *Bettws*, or, as it is sometimes called, for the sake of distinction, Bettws Garmon. Its church is dedicated to St. Germanus, who led on the Britons to the famous
“*Alleluia*”

“*Alleluia*” victory obtained over the Saxons, at Maes Garmon, near Mold.

NANT MILL.

About half a mile beyond Bettws, are a beautiful little cascade and bridge, at a place called Nant Mill. This waterfall would appear to much greater advantage, in almost any other situation than the present; for here the black and majestic mountain of Mynydd Mawr, on the right, and the more smooth and regular, though still lofty Moel Aelir, on the left of the vale, attract to themselves so much of the traveller's attention, that the little waterfall appears diminutive, amidst such surrounding grandeur.

Beyond the mill, Snowdon is seen on the left, rearing his pointed summit into the sky. His red and precipitous cliffs, and huge bulk, compared with the adjoining mountains, render him easily known from all the rest.

LLYN CWELLYN.

On the right of the road, this pool extends itself for about a mile and a half. During the winter season, the *Red char**, a species of fish, which is confined principally to Winander Mere, and Coniston water, two lakes in the north of England, were formerly caught here in considerable quanti-

* *Salmo alpinus* of Linnæus.

ties. These fish are called by the Welsh *Torgoch*, or *Red belly*, from the under parts near the tail being of this colour. They only appear about the time of the winter solstice; and continue to be caught but a very little while, not often more than a fortnight. They seldom wander out of the pool, but traverse it from shore to shore; and they were formerly in such shoals, that sometimes so many as twenty or thirty dozen have been caught during one night, by a single net. The catching of them was, however, so precarious, that perhaps not above ten or a dozen, in the whole, would be taken during the rest of the season. In the frosts and rigours of December, they sport and play near the margin of the pools where they are taken, but in the heats of summer, they confine themselves entirely to the deep and central parts of the water, that abound with large stones and mud. In the Llanberis pools, before the copper mine was established, these fish were so numerous, that the average number annually caught, was a hundred dozen.

On the farther edge of the lake, just under, and forming part of the mountain of Mynydd Mawr, is

CASTELL CIDWM.

Cidwm's fort. This is a high and steep rock, on the summit of which, we are informed, there was once a fortification, one of the guards to the interior of the mountains. This is said to have been

been founded by the Britons, sometime prior to the sixth century. Whether there are any remains of the fort now existing, I am not able to say: the difficulty of ascending to it, and the small importance of the object, deterred me from attempting to examine it.—The Welsh people have a tradition respecting this rock, that its summit was formerly inhabited by a giant, or a warrior, called *Cidwm*. As Constantine, the son of Helen, was marching in the rear of an army, towards Merionethshire, he was distinguished from his soldiers, by the watchful *Cidwm*, who was on his station; and though the distance is many times as great, as our modern, degenerated bows, would twang their arrows, yet he aimed one, that with instant celerity, proved fatal. The news of his death was soon carried, along the ranks, to his mother, who was in the van of the army, about ten miles distant. He was interred in the meadow at the lower end of the lake, in a place now called *Bedd y mab, the grave of the son*. On enquiring into the particulars of this unaccountable story, I could neither learn who this *Cidwm* was, (beyond what I have stated,) nor what the Welsh believe to have been the cause of his enmity to Constantine: in short, it is one of those traditionary legends, that defy all attempts at investigation.

LLYN Y DYWARCHEN.

Higher up, amongst the mountains on the right, I visited a small pool, about the size of a good horse-pond, called Llyn y Dywarchen, *The Pool of the Sod*, first celebrated by Giraldus Cambrensis in the account of his journey through Wales, in the twelfth century, as containing a floating island. This is yet in existence, but is not more than eight or nine yards in length; and evidently appears to have been a detached piece of the turbery of which the bank is composed. There is a small willow tree growing upon it; and it is carried to and fro by the action of the wind and water. Sometimes it remains near the side of the pool for a considerable while; and it is so large and firm as to bear cattle upon it. When it has been dislodged by the wind, a sheep or two have often been borne by it to the other parts of the bank.

I passed Llyn Cadair, *The Pool of the Chair, or Eminence*, and, shortly afterwards, crossing a bridge, descended through Nant Colwyn, *The Vale of Colwyn*, to

BEDDGELERT,

A village completely embosomed in mountains, whose rude sides form a fine contrast with the meadows of the vale below. Moel Hebog, *The Hill of Flight*, rises to a point just in front of the village. In a deep hollow high up the side of this
moun-

mountain, there is a cave in which Owen Glyndwr, on one of his expeditions to harass the English forces, sought, for some time, a shelter from his enemies.—The houses of the village are few and irregular, but the church is one of the neatest of those among the wilds of Caernarvonshire. In the church-yard, among many Welsh inscriptions on the grave-stones, I was surprized by one in English;

Thousand fates on death attends,
Which *brings* poor mortals to their ends.

Llewelyn the Great, prince of Wales, is said to have had a hunting feat at this place. Among many others, he possessed one greyhound, a present from his father in law, king John, so noted for excellence in hunting, that his fame was transmitted to posterity in four Welsh lines, which have been thus translated :

The remains of famed Gêlert, so faithful and good,
The bounds of the cantred conceal,
Whenever the doe or the stag he pursued,
His master was sure of a meal.

During the absence of the family, tradition says, a wolf entered the house; and Llewelyn, who first returned, was met at the door by his favourite dog, which came out, covered with blood, to salute his master on his arrival. The prince, alarmed, ran into the nursery, and found his child's cradle overturned, and the ground flowing with blood. In this moment of his terror, imagining that the dog
had

had killed the child, he plunged his sword into his body, and laid him dead upon the spot. But, on turning up the cradle, he found his boy alive, and sleeping by the side of the dead wolf. This circumstance had such an effect on the mind of the prince, that he erected a tomb over the faithful dog's grave; on the spot where afterwards the parish church was built, called, from this incident, *Bedd Gêlert*, or *The Grave of Gêlert*. From this story was derived a very common Welsh proverb; "I repent as much as the man who slew his greyhound."

The following beautiful stanzas, which the author, the honorable W. R. Spencer, has obligingly allowed me to insert here, are founded on the above tradition. They were written at Dolmelynlllyn, the seat of W. A. Madocks, esq. after a perusal of the story related in my *Tour round North Wales*:

The spearmen heard the bugle found,
And cheerly smil'd the morn,
And many a *brach*, and many a hound,
Obey'd Llewelyn's horn.

And still he blew a louder blast,
And gave a lustier cheer,
"Come, Gêlert, come; wer't never last,
"Llewelyn's horn to hear.

"Oh! where does faithful Gêlert roam,
"The flower of all his race,
"So true, so brave, a lamb at home,
"A lion in the chase?"

"Twas

*Twas only at Llewelyn's board
 The faithful Gêlert fed;
 He watch'd, he serv'd, he cheer'd his lord,
 And sentinell'd his bed.

In sooth he was a peerless hound,
 The gift of royal John:
 But now no Gêlert could be found,
 And all the chace rode on.

And now as o'er the rocks and dells
 The gallant chidings rise,
 All Snowdon's craggy chaos yells
 The many mingled cries!

That day Llewelyn little lov'd
 The chace of hart or hare,
 And scant and small the booty prov'd,
 For Gêlert was not there.

Unpleas'd Llewelyn homeward hied,
 When, near the portal seat,
 His truant Gêlert he espied,
 Bounding his lord to greet.

But when he gain'd his castle door
 Aghast the chieftain stood,
 The hound all o'er was smear'd with gore,
 His lips, his fangs ran blood.

Llewelyn gaz'd with fierce surprize,
 Unus'd such looks to meet,
 His fav'rite check'd his joyful guise,
 And crouch'd, and lick'd his feet.

Onward in haste Llewelyn past,
 And on went Gêlert too,
 And still where e'er his eyes he cast,
 Fresh blood gouts shock'd his view.

O'er-

O'erturn'd his infant's bed he found,
With blood stain'd covert rent,
And all around, the walls and ground
With recent blood besprent.

He call'd his child, no voice replied,
He search'd with terror wild,
Blood, blood he found on every side;
But no where found his child.

"Hell-hound! my child by thee's devour'd,"
The frantic father cried,
And to the hilt his vengeful sword
He plung'd in Gélert's side.

His suppliant looks, as prone he fell,
No pity could impart,
But still his Gélert's dying yell
Pass'd heavy o'er his heart.

Arous'd by Gélert's dying yell
Some slumb'rer waken'd nigh:—
What words the parent's joy could tell,
To hear his infant's cry!

Conceal'd beneath a mangled heap
His hurried search had miss'd,
All glowing from his rosy sleep
The cherub boy he kiss'd.

Nor scath had he, nor harm, nor dread,
But the same couch beneath
Lay a gaunt wolf all torn and dead,
Tremendous still in death.

Ah! what was then Llewelyn's pain!
For now the truth was clear,
His gallant hound the wolf had slain
To save Llewelyn's heir.

Vain,

Vain, vain was all Llewelyn's woe,
 " Best of thy kind, adieu !
 " The frantic blow which laid thee low,
 " This heart shall ever rue."

And now a gallant tomb they raise,
 With costly sculpture deck't,
 And marbles storied with his praise
 Poor Gêlert's bones protect.

There never could the spearman pass,
 Or forester, unmov'd ;
 There oft the tear-besprinkled grass
 Llewelyn's sorrow prov'd.

And there he hung his horn and spear,
 And there as evening fell,
 In fancy's ear he oft would hear
 Poor Gêlert's dying yell.

And till great Snowdon's rocks grow old,
 And cease the storm to brave,
 The consecrated spot shall hold
 The name of " Gêlert's Grave."

PRIORY.

On this spot there was formerly a priory of Augustine monks, of a foundation so ancient, that Anian, bishop of Bangor, who lived in the thirteenth century, asserts it to have been the oldest religious house in Wales, except one. Part of the south walls of the present church were evidently formed from the old building : there are here the remains of two very old arches. In the year 1283, this priory was so much injured by fire, that, in
 order

order to encourage benefactors to come forward and contribute towards the rebuilding of it, the bishop gave notice that he would remit to all such persons (who sincerely repented of their sins), forty days of any penance inflicted on them. The revenues at the dissolution amounted to about seventy pounds *per annum*. The name of this priory was Abbey de Valle, S. Mariæ Snawdonia *.

The *inn*, or rather public house, that I found at Beddgelert in both my journies, was one of the worst and most uncomfortable houses, in which necessity ever compelled me to take up my abode. In my first journey I found only one bed in the place that was not wretchedly bad. The room in which I slept for three nights (for the other two bed-rooms were occupied), was at the back of the house, and partly over the kitchen. The floor, the ceiling, and the boarded partition, were all so full of large holes, as to seem only an apology for separation from the rest of the house. I was so intolerably pestered by myriads of fleas, bred and harboured among the filth accumulated in every part, that had I not every night been fairly wearied out with my rambles during the day, it would have been altogether impossible for me to have taken any rest. After I had been here one night, I complained to the servant of the inexcusable negligence that had suffered these animals

* Tanner, Rymer, ii 317.

to become so numerous, as now to defy all attempts at their destruction: "Lord, sir, (said she,) if we were to kill one of them, ten would come to its burying."—Nothing, in this state of the house, could possibly have induced a traveller to remain here through the night, but the exquisite scenery around the place. In my second journey I found several very material improvements, in consequence of Mr. Jones of Bryntirion having begun to build a comfortable house for the reception of travellers, on the other side of the river, at a few hundred yards distance. This is now opened, and, I am told, affords excellent accommodations. It is called the *Beddgelert Hotel*. The sign over the door is of a goat clambering among the mountains of Snowdon; and, underneath it, is the motto "*Patria mea petra.*"—The *guide* from Beddgelert to the mountains is William Lloyd, the village schoolmaster, whose boys, during the summer, are always engaged in rustic employments. He thus explains his summer occupations in a bill wafered on the inn door: "William Lloyd, conductor to Snowdon, Moel Hebog, Dinas Emrys, Llanberis pass, the lakes, waterfalls, &c. &c. Collector of crystals and fossils, and all natural curiosities in these regions. Dealer in superfine woollen hose, socks, gloves, &c."

PONT ABERGLASLLYN.

Beddgelert is the place to which travellers usually resort who wish to see Pont Aberglâslllyn, *The Bridge at the Conflux of the Blue Pool*, or, as it is usually called, *The Devil's Bridge*. It is about a mile and a half distant, but, as all travellers must cross it in their journey to Tan y Bwlch, many content themselves with merely resting a little while in their progress.

About a mile beyond Beddgelert, the rocks on each side become incomparably grand. The road winds along a narrow stony vale, where the huge cliffs so nearly approach, as only just to leave width sufficient at the bottom for the road, and the bed of the impetuous torrent that rolls along the side of it. Here these lofty rocks, which oppose nothing to the eye but a series of the rudest precipices, "raised tier on tier, high pil'd from earth to heaven," seem to forbid all further access, and to frown defiance on the traveller:

Fled are the fairy views of hill and dale,
 Sublimely throned on the steep mountain brow
 Stern nature frowns: her desolating rage
 Driving the whirlwind, or swollen flood or blast
 Of fiery air imprison'd, from their base
 Has wildly hurled the uplifted rocks around
 The gloomy pass, where Aberglâslllyn's arch
 Yawns o'er the torrent. The disjointed crags
 O'er the steep precipice in fragments vast

Impend-

Impending, to th' astonish'd mind recal
 The fabled horrors by demoniac force
 Of Lapland wizards wrought; who borne upon
 The whirlwind's wing, what time the vext sea
 Dash'd against Norwegia's cliffs, to solid mass
 Turn'd the swoln billows, and the o'erhanging waves
 Fix'd e'er they fell.

It was, probably, from this very scene, that Giraldus Cambrensis asserted of Merionethshire, that it was "the roughest and most dreary part of Wales, for its mountains were both high and perpendicular, and in many places so grouped together, that shepherds talking or quarelling on their tops, could scarcely, in a whole day's journey, come together *."

In the bridge itself my expectations were, I must confess, considerably disappointed. I had somewhere read of an arch thrown across a narrow stream, one end resting on a perpendicular rock in Caernarvonshire, and the other on another in Merionethshire. Perhaps also in some measure confounding it, with what I had heard of the Devil's Bridge, near Hafod, in Cardiganshire, I had formed an idea that I should see an arch thrown across a deep narrow valley, and hanging, as it were, in mid air: but how disappointed to find it a bridge very little out of the usual form! The grandeur of all the surrounding scenery rendered it, indeed, an insignificant object; but even this does not prevent it from forming a

* Itin. Cam. lib. ii. c. 5.

beautiful addition to the mountain view,—Many of the ignorant people of the neighbourhood believe that this structure was formed by supernatural agency. They attribute it to the devil, who, they say, proposed to the neighbouring inhabitants, that he would build them a bridge across the pass, on condition that he should take the first who went over it for his trouble. The bargain was made, and very soon afterwards the bridge appeared in its place. But the people were too cunning to adhere to any other than the literal terms of so unequal a bargain; and they cheated the devil by dragging a dog to the spot, and whipping him over the bridge. This, say those who tell the story, was all the recompence this universal agent, in difficult undertakings, was able to obtain for his labour. Hence they account for this structure having the name of the “Devil’s Bridge.”

A few yards above the bridge, the river is thrown over a range of rocks, eight or ten feet from the surface of the lower water. This cataract is chiefly noted as a salmon leap. Salmon come up the fresh water streams to deposit their spawn on the sandy shallows, and, when impeded in their progress by rocks or dams across the water, they have the power of springing to an amazing height above the surface, in order to get over them. This place being only a very few miles from the sea, is frequented by great numbers. In the course of an
hour

hour, I have sometimes observed twenty or thirty of them attempt to overcome this barrier; but, on account of a piece of netting which the renters of the fishery place there for the purpose of preventing them, they do not often succeed. Their extraordinary power of leaping out of the water seems to be owing to a sudden jerk which the fish give to their body, from a bent into a straight position. At this place, when the fish are fatigued, from their vain attempts to gain the upper stream, they retire to the still waters below, where they are either taken in nets, or are killed with harpoons. In the latter mode, which seems very cruel, from the lacerations of their flesh, the men are always so sure in their aim, that I have seen five or six fine fish killed by one person in the course of an hour. The general weight of the salmon caught near Pont Aberglâslyn in August and September, is from one to eighteen pounds. About the month of October they become much larger.—This fishery, I was informed, is the property of Mr. Wynne, who lets it to the fishermen at the rent of twelve pounds a year. The fish, when sold on the spot, are generally thought worth three-pence or four-pence a pound.—In the reign of Henry IV. this weir was royal property; and it is by no means improbable that, in old times, it might belong to the princes of Wales; for salmon was the most useful, and consequently the most valuable fish which the Welsh had. It was even reckoned amongst the game, and was

perhaps the only species of fish that was preserved by their laws*.

I wandered several times from the bridge to the adjacent arm of the sea called Traeth Mawr, *The Great Sands*, and was often amused by the few goats kept in this vale, chasing each other, in playful gambols, among the most dangerous steeps of the rocks. I seldom saw more than from twenty to forty at a time. The goats in this country are all now private property, none of them, as formerly, running entirely wild: they all return regularly to their folds in the evenings.—The varied scene beyond the bridge of wood, rock, and vale, is extremely fine. From several stations

The mountains huge appear
Emergent, and their broad bare backs upheave
Into the clouds; their tops ascend the sky;

And their rugged files seem here to close, and oppose an invincible barrier into the interior of the country.

Sir John Wynne of Gwydir conceived the vast design of recovering for cultivation the two arms of the sea, Traeth Mawr, and Traeth Bach, by embanking out the water. For this purpose, in the year 1625, he applied for assistance to sir Hugh Middleton, who, in the Isle of Wight had, not long before, gained upwards of two thousand acres of

* Memoirs of the Gwydir Family, 327.

land from the sea. The affair, however, probably from want of money to execute it properly, was never carried into execution. This object has, however, been in a great measure attained by W. A. Madocks, esq. This gentleman has, within the last four years, recovered above 1500 acres by embanking out the sea. The land is found exceedingly good, and has already produced excellent wheat, barley, and oats. Some years, however, will elapse before every part of it can be put into high cultivation, and before the trees that are planted will have any effect. The name of the place is *Glandwr*, and the whole length of the land recovered is about two miles.

MOONLIGHT SCENE AT PONT ABERGLASLLYN.

During the time I was at Beddgelert, I found myself one evening in want of employment; and as the moon shone beautifully bright, I was tempted to wander alone as far as the bridge. There never was a more charming evening. The scene was not clad in its late grand colours, but was now more delicately shaded, and arrayed in softer charms. The darkening shadows of the rocks cast a gloom around, and the faint rays, in some places faintly reflected, gave to the straining eye a very imperfect glimpse of the surfaces it looked upon; whilst, in others, the moon shot her silver light through the hollows, and brightly illumined the opposite rocks.

The silence of the evening was only interrupted by the murmuring of the brook, and now and then by the shrill scream of the night-owl, flitting by me in search of food.

The river rushing o'er its pebbled bed
Imposed silence, with a stilly sound.

The bridge was deserted, and I hung over its rude battlements, listening to the hoarse fall of the water down the weir, and watching, as the moon got higher, the decreasing shadows of the mountains. The solitude gave rise to reflection, and I indulged almost too long; for, when I arrived at the inn, I found I had been absent near two hours, and from the countenance of the inn-keeper on my appearance, I suspect the family had believed that I should not again return.

EXCURSION INTO NANT HWYNAN.

I had not been long at Beddgelert before I strolled through this vale, called also sometimes Nant Gwynant, *The Vale of Waters*; and I found it more beautiful than any other amongst these mountains. It is about six miles long, and affords, in its whole length, such a variety of scenery, of wood, lakes, and meadows, bounded on each side by lofty mountains, that one can scarcely conceive it to be excelled. The vale of Llanberis is the only one that seemed to me to rival it; but the character of the two are
so

so essentially different, and the beauty of each is so exclusively its own, that they cannot be put into comparifon.

DINAS EMRYS.

On the left of the path, about three quarters of a mile up the vale, the guide pointed out to me a round high rock, with many trees growing from the clefts and shelves of its fides, called Dinas Emrys, *The Fort of Emrys, or Ambrosius*, where

Prophetic Merlin fate, when to the British king
The changes long to come auspiciously he told.

It was to this place that Vortigern retired to hide his shame, and provide for his security, when he found himself under the general odium of his subjects, and unable any longer to contend with the treacherous Saxons whom he had introduced into his kingdom. It is probable, that upon this infular rock he erected a temporary refidence of timber (for the country at that time abounded with wood), that lafted him till he went to his final retreat in Nant Gwrtheyrn, or *Vortigern's Valley*, not far from Nefyn, in the promontory of Llŷn *.—Many of the ancient British and monkish writers assert, that, on his coming to Dinas Emrys, he attempted to erect a place of defence, but that, what was built in the day time always difappeared during the night. He there-

* Vortigern was king of Britain from the year 449, to 456.

fore consulted his magicians, for such all the men of learning in those dark ages were esteemed, as to the manner in which he ought to act in this dreadful predicament. "They advise (says the author of the notes on Drayton), that he must find out a child which had no father, and with his blood sprinkle the stones and mortar, and then the castle would stand as on a firm foundation." This was a tolerably secure mode of solving the difficulty, for they all had learning and philosophy enough to know that the king might search far and wide for this remedy. They were, however, for once disappointed! Emissaries were sent in all directions through the kingdom, and one of these, as he was going along the streets of the town, since called Caermarthen, overheard some boys quarelling at play, one of whom reproached his adversary with the epithet of "unbegotten knave." This was the very boy that he wanted: he ran up to them, took him from among the rest, and having found out his mother, brought them both to the king. The mother declared that the boy, whose name was Merlin Emrys, or Ambrosius, was the child of an incubus*. It is generally believed, however, that his father was a Roman consul, and that his mother, being a nun, the daughter of one of the kings of Mathraval, invented this story of his being father-

* He was called Ambrosius from the circumstance of his being patronized after Vortigern's death by Ambrosius, his successor to the British crown.

less to save her reputation and her life, for death was the usual punishment inflicted on those who had violated their monastic vow. The boy was ordered to be sacrificed, but he obtained his liberty by confounding all the magicians with his questions, and himself explaining the cause of the failure of the work. "He being hither brought to the king (continues the above writer), flighted that pretended skill of his magicians, as palliated ignorance; and with confidence of a more knowing spirit, undertakes to shew the true cause of that amazing ruin of the stone-work. He tells them, that in the earth there was a great water which could endure the continuance of no heavy superstructure. The workmen digged to discover the truth, and found it so. He then beseeched the king to cause further inquiry to be made, and affirmed, that in the bottom of it were two sleeping dragons, the one white, and the other red, which proved so likewise. The white dragon he interpreted for the Saxons whom the king had brought over, and the red one for the oppressed Britons; and upon this event in Dinas Emrys, he began those prophecies to Vortigern, which are to this day common in the British storie*."

The only probable part of this story is, that Myrddin Emrys, for so he is called by the Welsh

* Selden's notes on Drayton's Polyolbion. Matthew of Westminster has given us a long account of the latter part of Vortigern's life, and a full detail of all Merlin's prophecies. P 161.—170.

writers, may have been employed by Vortigern to search out for him a secure retreat from the just vengeance of his injured subjects; and that being a skilful architect and mechanic, he superintended the building of a fortress in this place.—There was another Merlin, frequently mistaken for this, a native of Caledonia, called *Myrddin ap Morvryn* and *Myrddin Wyllt*, who, in the year 542, when fighting under the banner of king Arthur, accidentally slew his own nephew. In consequence of this accident, he was seized with a madness which affected him every alternate hour during the rest of his life. He retired into Scotland, and in his lucid intervals composed some of the most beautiful pieces of poetry extant. This Merlin afterwards resided in North Wales, where he died: he was buried in the isle of Bardsey*.

Vortigern married his own child by his wife Rowena, and had by her one son. Some writers assert that he was afterwards so much affected by this crime, that with his own hands he set fire to his house, and thus, at the same time, destroyed both himself and his partner in guilt. Others say that his palace was destroyed by lightning; and others again, that it was destroyed by Aurelius Ambrosius and Uter Pendragon, two sons of Constantine, who, on discovering the place of his retirement, set fire to it, and consumed along with it

* Evans's *Dissertatio de Bardis*, p. 77.

Vortigern and his family *.—We are not, however, certain that any of these accounts are true; for Vortigern, being considered the author of all the calamities that his country afterwards suffered, he became odious to the people, and the British writers have loaded him with so many crimes, and have represented him as such a monster of iniquity, that it was not fit for him to go out of the world like other mortals. They have therefore invented for him those various kinds of death, that he might appear to depart from the world under the severest marks of divine vengeance.

A little farther in the vale is a pool, in a very charming situation, called

LLYN Y DINAS,

The Pool of the Fort, taking its name from its neighbouring rock of Dinas Emrys. It abounds in large and well-flavoured trout.—Two miles beyond this is *Cwm Llan*, a romantic hollow, extending into the mountains on the left towards Snowdon, the summit of which, above the intervening mountains, is visible from hence. The scene from this station is remarkably fine; there are here many trees about the foreground, and others are distributed among the

* Speed, i. 313. Stowe. According to Nennius, the palace was that in Nant Gwrtheyrn, for he says, when Vortigern went to fortify himself in Caer Gwrtheyrn, he gave to Myrddin the castle he had built in Eryri. C. 44.

rising steeps, exhibiting the rocks in various places, and thus elegantly varying the otherwise dull uniformity of the sides of the mountains.—Having passed the entrance into Cwm Llan, I soon afterwards came to another small pool, not even so large as that I had left, called *Llyn Gwynant*. Not far from hence, I believe it was, that a small chapel was founded by John Williams, a goldsmith of London, and a native of this vale, called *Capel Gwynant*. He was an antiquary of some eminence, and after accumulating a considerable fortune in London, retired to the place of his birth, and there ended his days.

IMMENSE STONE.

Near the end of the vale I observed two enormous masses of rock, that had once, no doubt, been loosened from some of the high precipices above by rain or frost, and had tumbled from thence into their present insulated situations. One of them was much larger than the celebrated *Bowdar Stone* in Barrowdale, near Derwent water. On one side it has the appearance of the gavel end of a house. It projects so far over its base, that an immense number both of men and horses might take shelter under it.

WATERFALL.

I ascended the rocks on the left of the vale, to a considerable height, to see the cataract Rhaiadr
Cwm

Cwm Dyli, *The Waterfall of the Vale of Dyli*. There are two distinct falls one above the other. The rivulet that runs from the alpine pool, Llyn Llwydaw, in the mountains above, here breaks in foam and spray down the rugged fronts of the rocks. At the time I was here there had been a succession of dry weather for near a month, and the water was of course very inconsiderable in quantity. The rocks, however, had in themselves sufficient grandeur to compensate for my trouble, and there was still water enough to render the scenes extremely picturesque.

The softened beauties of the vale of Gwynant, or *Nant Hwynan*, are particularly pleasing to a tourist who has lately visited the other more rude vales of Caernarvonshire. The present is varied by all the elegant features that meadows, woods, and corn-fields can furnish: it contains two beautiful little pools, and it is bounded by high rocks and mountains. In some places the specimens of picturesque scenery were so perfect, that all the order and beauty of colouring, so well described by Macon, were to be traced in them.

Vivid green,
 Warm brown, and black opaque the foreground bears
 Conspicuous. Sober olive coldly marks
 The second distance. Thence the third declines
 In softer blue, or lessening still, is lost
 In faintest purple.

During

During my walk along the vale, I observed, in different places, several men busily employed in cutting down the trees. It is truly lamentable that the practice of taking away the timber should be so general, not only in this country, but, as I some years ago had occasion to observe, even throughout all the north of England, and about the lakes. Avarice, or dissipation, and its inseparable attendant, poverty, a late writer has justly observed, have despoiled the principality of nearly all its leafy beauties. Depriving scenery of wood, is ruinous to picturesque beauty; and if the owners of land do but go on in the manner they have done, for a few years longer, there will be scarcely a tree remaining in all North Wales.

EXCURSION FROM BEDDGELERT TO THE SUMMIT OF SNOWDON.

As I had made a determination, soon after I first came into Wales, that I would ascend Snowdon by all the tracks that are usually pointed out to travellers, I, for the last time, undertook the task, along with a party of four others, from Beddgelert.

The distance from Beddgelert to the summit, being reckoned not less than six miles, and a lady being one of our number, it was thought most eligible for her to ride as far as she could without danger, and for the rest to walk the whole way. In

this manner, therefore, we set out, commencing our *mountain* journey by turning to the right, from the Caernarvon road, at the distance of about two miles and a half from the village.—We left the horse at a cottage, about half way up, from whence taking a bottle of milk to mix with some rum that we had brought along with us, we continued our route over a series of pointed and craggy rocks. Stopping at different times to rest, we enjoyed to the utmost, the prospects that by degrees were opening around us. Caernarvon and the isle of Anglesea, aided by the brightness of the morning, were seen to great advantage; and Llyn Cwellyn below us, shaded by the vast Mynydd Mawr, with Castell Cidwm at its foot, appeared extremely beautiful. In ascending, the mountains, which from below appeared of immense height, began now to seem beneath us; the lakes and vallies were more exposed, and all the little rills and mountain streams, by degrees became visible to us, like silver lines intersecting the hollows around.

Towards the upper part of the mountain, we passed over a tremendous ridge of rock, called Clawdd coch, *the red ridge*. This narrow pass, not more than ten or twelve feet across, and two or three hundred yards in length, was so steep, that the eye reached on each side, down the whole extent of the mountain. And I am persuaded, that in some parts of it, if a person held a large stone in each hand, and let them both fall at once, each might

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roll

roll above a quarter of a mile, and thus, when they stopped, they might be more than half a mile asunder. The lady who accompanied us, to my great surprize, passed this ridge without the least apparent signs of fear or trepidation.

There is no danger whatever, in crossing Clawdd Coch in the day-time, but I must confess, that I should by no means like to venture along this tract in the night, as many do who have never seen it. If the moon shone very bright, we might, it is very true, escape unhurt; but a dark cloud coming suddenly over, would certainly expose us to much danger. Many instances have occurred of persons who, having passed over it in the night, were so terrified at seeing it by day-light the next morning, that they have not dared to return the same way, but have gone a very circuitous round by Bettws. I was informed that one gentleman had been so much alarmed, that he crawled over it back again on his hands and knees.

In the hollow, on the left of the ascent, are four small pools, called *Llyn Coch*, the red pool; *Llyn y Nadroedd*, the adder's pool; *Llyn Glas*, the blue pool; and *Llyn Ffynnon y Gwas*, the servant's pool.

Soon after we had passed Clawdd Coch, we became immersed in light clouds, till we arrived at the summit of the mountain, when a single gleam of sunshine, which lasted but for a moment, presented us with the majestic scenery on the west of our station.

tion. It served, however, only to tantalize our hopes, for a smart gust of wind again obscured us in clouds. We now sheltered ourselves from the cold, under some of the projecting rocks near the top, and ate our dinners, watching with anxiety the dark shades in the clouds, in hopes that a separation might take place, and that we should be once more delighted with a sight of the grand objects around us. We did not watch in vain, for the clouds by degrees cleared away, and left us at full liberty to admire the numerous beauties in this vast expansive scene. The steep rock of *Clogwyn y Garnedd*, whose dreadful precipices are, some of them, above two hundred yards in perpendicular height, and the whole rock, a series of precipices, was an object which first struck one of my companions with terror, and he exclaimed, almost involuntarily :

How, fearful

And dizzy 'tis to cast one's eyes so low !

The crows and choughs that wing the midway air

Shew scarce so gross as beetles.

We now stood on a point which commanded the whole dome of the sky. The prospects below, each of which we had before considered separately as a grand scene, were now only miniature parts in the immense landscape. We had around us such a variety of mountains, vallies, lakes, and streams, each receding behind the other, and bounded only by the

the far distant horizon, that the eye almost strained itself with looking upon them. These majestic prospects were soon shut from our sight by the gathering clouds, which now began to close in much heavier than they had done before, and it was in vain that we waited near an hour for another opening. We were therefore, at length, obliged to descend, in despair of being any more gratified with these sublime prospects.

We again passed Clawdd Coch, and soon afterwards, turning to the left, descended into the mountain vale, called *Cwm Llân*, which I have mentioned in a preceding part of this chapter. We followed the course of a stream, which runs from thence into Llyn y Dinas, in Nant Hwynan. This little rivulet entertained us much in its descent, being, in many places, thrown over low rocks, and forming small, but sometimes elegant, cascades.—After a walk of two hours, we arrived in Nant Hwynan, the vale that I had traversed with so much pleasure a day or two before; and passing Llyn y Dinas, and Dinas Emrys, soon afterwards reached Beddgelert, not a little fatigued with our mountain ramble.

I observed near a cottage in Cwm Llân, that several children were employed in gathering the berries of the mountain ash (*Sorbus aucuparia* of Linnaeus). On enquiring of the guide to what purpose this was done, he informed me that the Welsh people

ple brew from them a liquor, which they call *Diod griafol*. This, he said, was done by merely crushing the berries, and putting water to them, which, after remaining a fortnight, is drawn off for use. The flavour, as I understood him, was somewhat like that of perry.

CHAP. XX.

EXCURSION FROM CAERNARVON TO THE
NANTLLE POOLS.

Nant Lle.—Dreary Mountain Pass.—Uncommonly elegant Views.—Slate Quarries.—Oxen attacked by the Gadfly; and a short Account of this insect.

IN my visit to the Nantlle Pools, I proceeded along the road from Caernarvon to Beddgelert, till I had passed Llyn Cwellyn, when taking a route westward, between Llyn Cader, and Llyn y Dywarchen, I entered a wild mountainous pass, that led me along a series of sheep tracts, into Nant Lle, *the Vale of Lle*. The mountains rose on each side to an immense height, those towards the north forming a long range of precipices, singularly marked by the innumerable gullies of the mountain storms. The whole scene was that of savage wildness, of nature in her most dreary attire. It is a narrow pass, encompassed by mountains, uncultivated, destitute altogether of wood, and unsheltered on all sides from the fury of the tempests.—As I proceeded, the scene by degrees, began to extend its limits, and the mountains to attain more varied and elegant forms. At length the two Nantlle Pools, called by the Welsh *Llyniau Nantlle*, and the

the whole range of the vale, with the gradually declining mountains, became visible nearly to the sea. The prospect was exceedingly beautiful; and the number of trees in different parts, and particularly about the foreground, added greatly to the effect.—On turning round, to look towards the road that I had left, now about two miles distant, I observed that Snowdon closed up the end of the pass, and terminated the view in that direction: its upper parts were, however, so enveloped in clouds, as to render them invisible.—I continued my route along a tolerable good horse-path, between hedge-rows, among meadows and woodland, on the north side of the pools. The trees were chiefly old oaks, that had withstood the fury of near a hundred winters; the limbs shattered, covered with moss, and bared of leaves. Several of the small farmers' cottages among these trees, presented, with the other objects around, scenes peculiarly picturesque. By an ancient over-shot mill, between the pools, I remarked a scene that exceeded all the rest. The mountain grandeur of the vale was broken by the wooded foreground; and the water of one of the lakes, from the rays of the sun, which shot obliquely upon it, glittered through the dark foliage of the trees. The mill, and its rude wooden aqueduct and wheel, with an adjacent cottage or two, overgrown with moss and lichens, and shattered in the walls and roofs, were the other component parts of the landscape. This

was, however, by no means, the last of the elegancies of the vale; in almost every part of my walk, I had something to admire, some new object presented to me, that afforded sources both of reflection and delight. At some distance beyond the farthest lake, the road, which is here wide enough to admit carriages to the neighbouring slate quarries, led me to some little height above the vale. I again turned round to look along the vale in the direction I had come, and was surprised by a view so elegantly picturesque, that even my fancy had scarcely ever led me to imagine one equal to it. The dense clouds that had enveloped all the higher regions of Snowdon, were in a great measure driven away, and those that I now saw, floated below the pointed summit of the mountain, which was visible above. It bounded the end of the vale, and I never before saw this mountain in so much grandeur. A dusky haziness about it, threw it to appearance very distant, and added greatly to its effect in height. A gleam of sunshine, passing the valley by Llyn Cwellyn, that crossed by its foot, and softening upwards, formed a fine light in the middle of the scene. The steep black rocks of Mynydd Mawr, on the left, and the craggy summits of the elegant and varied range of the Drws y Coed mountains, on the right of the vale, on whose side I stood, and appearing even still darker than usual, from the light on the mountain beyond them, formed a truly elegant middle distance. The expanse of the water of the
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the two lakes, intersected by a narrow isthmus, appeared in the bosom of the vale. The rude trunks, and weather-beaten limbs of the old oaks around, not only added beauty to the foreground, but varied, by their intervention, the otherwise too uniform appearance of the meadows of the vale, and of some parts of the mountains' sides. This landscape is not exceeded in beauty by any in North Wales.

As the *slate quarries* were not far from this station, I walked up to them, and found a chasm formed in the rocks that, from its peculiar appearance, surprized me almost as much as the excavations in the mountains of Nant Frangon, belonging to lord Penrhyn. This is very narrow, long, and deep, its sides being nearly all perpendicular; and to a stranger, unaccustomed to sights of this nature, it will be found very interesting. The mountain in which these quarries are formed, is called Cilgwyn, *the white retreat*: it is in the parish of Llanllyfni.

In the former part of this ramble (in the hollow near Llyn y Dywarchen), I had observed the cattle, in apparent agony, chasing each other round the foot of the mountains, with their tails erect, and head and neck stretched out, and uttering strange bellowings. The cause of this incident immediately occurred to me, and when they afterwards passed within a few yards the place where I was walking,
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it was fully explained, by my catching at a fly that was near one of them, which I found to be a species of gadfly, the *æstrus bovis* of Linnæus, that, in summer often torments the oxen, till they almost run mad with terror. If only a single ox is attacked, it runs off bellowing from among the herd, and where water is near, makes immediately to it; for the fly leaves the animal the moment it passes the bank: the rest generally follow, which accounts for all the animals about the same place, usually appearing agitated at the same time. Cattle have been known to plunge from the plough, and in spite of every effort, have run through hedges and thickets, to gain the bank of a stream or pond. Whatever they may happen to be doing, when attacked by these insects, nothing can restrain them from seeking some mode of ridding themselves of them;

Light fly their slumbers, if perchance a flight
Of angry gad-flies fasten on the herd;
That startling scatters from the shallow brook,
In search of lavish stream. Tossing the foam,
They scorn the keeper's voice, and scour the plain,
Through all the bright severity of noon;
While, from their labouring breasts, a hollow moan
Proceeding, run low-bellowing round the hills.

The reason why these flies attack the cattle is, that they may deposit their eggs in the skin. The operation is performed in a few seconds, but probably the pain is extremely severe. The aperture made by the flies, though very minute, does not afterwards

wards close up, but enlarges with the swelling. This, when the young grub is produced from the egg, serves both as a breathing place for it, and as a passage, through which the superfluous humour contained in the swelling, discharges itself, which, if confined, would occasion a large abscess, and suffocate the little creature. As soon as the grub has attained its full growth, it works itself out, and dropping to the ground, attains there its chrysalis, and afterwards its perfect, or fly state.—Young and healthy cattle are more liable to the attacks of the gadfly than any others; the first on account of the tenderness of their hides, and the latter, as affording a nidus best suited to nourishing the young insects. Cattle that are found to have a great number of bot-holes in their skins, are always esteemed by dealers to be the best, and when these occur in the hides, the tanners always find that such make strong and good leather. The skin heals on the exit of the grub, but it is not with the same matter as that of the original skin; and by the marks that are left, it is easy to know where these holes have been.—The grubs of this gadfly are called by farmers and others, *bots*, *warbles*, and *worms*.

CHAP. XXI.

EXCURSION FROM CAERNARVON INTO THE PROMONTORY OF LLYN.

The promontory of Llyn.—Account of Dinas Dinlle, and other ancient Forts dependant on it.—Clynog.—Church.—Beuno's Chapel and Chest.—Superstitions.—Llanhaiarn.—Nevin.—Porthynllyn.—Pwllbeli.—Criccieth.—Criccieth Castle.—Singular Story of Sir Howell y Fwyall, and his Battle-Ax.—Penmorfa.—Anecdote of Sir John Owen.—Ford, and projected new Road.—Account of various Feuds in Caernarvonshire during the fifteenth Century.

THE promontory of Llyn, or that division of Caernarvonshire that juts out into the Irish sea, was the *Langanum* of Ptolemy and Antoninus. Its Welsh name is derived from an old word, that signifies a long flip of any thing, and more particularly a spear.—In its general character it affords very little interesting matter for the observation of the tourist. In the more northerly parts a considerable quantity of corn is grown; so much indeed as to supply nearly all the rest of the county. Much of the land is there flat and capable of cultivation and improvement. The Rev. Mr. Ellis of Llanflynndwy, near Criccieth, has introduced in that part of the promontory, the culture of cabbages and turnips, for the fattening of cattle, with some degree of success. This strange attempt has astonished the

the Welsh farmers, who, wedded to old modes, and altogether ignorant of good management, cannot conceive how it should answer. The same gentleman has also made considerable advances in the irrigation of meadow land. It will probably be long before so good an example will be followed by other farmers; it is hoped, however, that its effect will not be lost.—The most distant extremity of Llyn is, in general, a bleak, open, and exposed country, in which agriculture can make little progress towards improvement.

DINAS DINLLE,

An ancient fort, about two miles west of Llandwrog, (a village near six miles south of Caernarvon,) was the first place of any consequence that I came to. This is situated on the summit of a green eminence, immediately on the coast. In a stream called Voryd, that runs not far from the place, there are two fords, which, to this day, retain the names of *Rhyd equestre*, and *Rhyd pedestre* (*Rhyd* being the Welsh word for ford), and are understood by these names, as the horse and foot fords.—The mount on which the fort was constructed, is supposed to have been artificial. It is so near the sea, that at high tides the water comes entirely up to it: on the side towards the water, the bank is very steep.—The fort was of a circular form, and about four hundred feet in diameter. On all sides, except

cept towards the sea, it was defended by a deep foss five or six yards wide. The principal entrance was on the east side. This station not only commanded the whole of Caernarvon bay, its creeks and harbours, but great part of the county of Caernarvon, and of the isle of Anglesea; was also within sight of the garrison.—To this great centre of observation and action (says the late learned vicar of Llanwnda) correspond several other forts, that lie diagonally across the country, some towards the north, and others towards the south; which, like the wings of an army, were of infinite service in time of danger, for its safety and protection. The most considerable on the east are Dinorddwig, in the parish of Llanddiniolen; and Yr Hên Gastell, and Dinas Gorfau, both in the parish of Llanwnda, and about three miles distant. Towards the south, one of the most rocky is Craig y Dinas, on the river Llyfni, about a mile and a half distant.—Dinorddwig, or, as it is now called, Pen Dinas, in the parish of Llanddiniolen, is still entire and strengthened with a double ditch and strong rampart. The excellence of this fort is its strength and compactness, standing, as it were, on tiptoe above all the rest.—Yr hên Gastell, *the old castle*, near the brook Carrog, is a small entrenchment with a single rampart, about fifty paces in length. Dinas Gorfau, near Pont Newydd, *the new bridge*, has merely the name remaining. But Craig y Ddinas, *the rocky fort*, is a circular encampment, about a hundred paces in diameter, very steep

steep towards the river that passes it on the south, as it is also on every other side except the west. The ramparts, with a treble ditch, are of loose stones, exceedingly strong, and not to be taken out even at this day, without great force. The entrance is towards the north side, very narrow, and forty paces in length. This fort is about a mile south-west of the great road that leads from Caernarvon to Pwllheli, and about a quarter of a mile from Lleiar, the ancient family seat of the Twisletons.—Farther on, towards the extremity of the diagonal line, at the foot of Llanhaiarn mountain, and not far from the place where that parish joins upon Llan Gybi, there is a small fort on the top of a high rock called *Caer*. This was a fort of observation, to guard not only the passes of the mountains, but to overlook Llŷn, the ancient division of Caernarvonshire, called *Evionedd*, and St. George's Channel.—There are other smaller forts, interspersed about the country (connected, no doubt, in some shape or other with Dinas Dinlle). These were either the residences of generals, as *Gad-lys*, in the parish of Llanwnda, or places of observation for some peculiar military uses, as *Dinas y Prif*, in the parish of Llanwnda, where there is one deep ditch and a western entrance, looking towards the principal fort *Dinas Dinlle*.—The disposition and economy of these head quarters, favour of the wisdom and sagacity, that seem to run through the whole, being situated, (if the expression may be used,)

used,) at proper intervals in the base of a triangle, which the two diagonal lines form, by meeting with the base, in a point at Dinas Dinlle*.

On the left of the road, about half a mile beyond the village of Llandwrog, I passed the grounds of *Glynllivon*, the seat of lord Newborough. The views were over a country in a tolerably good state of cultivation, and were on the whole interesting. At a little distance to the right, was the sea; and on the opposite side, a few miles off, were the mountains around Snowdon.

As I approached the *Rival* or *Eifl* (forked) mountains, they began to assume a very grand aspect. Their conical summits, all nearly of equal height, were obscured by light clouds. They seemed to oppose an impassible barrier, to the still extensive country beyond them. The mountain next the sea, presents a perpendicular precipice to the waves, which seemed to me at a distance, to beat against its foot.

CLYNOG

Is a small village, which, with its elegant gothic church appearing among the trees, and the mountains in the background, forms a picturesque scene, at the distance of about half a mile from the place.

* Letter of the Rev. R. Farrington, vicar of Llanwnda, near Dinas Dinlle.

The houses are half hidden by the foliage, and the tower of the church rises very beautifully from among them. The sea, on the right, forms an essential part of the view.

The *church*, differing in that respect from every other parish church in Wales, is a large gothic building, with some of the windows of painted glass. In different parts of it, I observed the tombs of several persons of a Yorkshire family of the name of Twisleton, who retired into Wales, and lived chiefly in this parish. A passage called Yr heinous, *the heinous*, (from its having been used as a place of confinement for disorderly persons), leads from the church to a small gothic building, called Eglwys Beuno, *the chapel of Beuno*, supposed to have been originally founded about the year 616. This Welsh saint was the son of one of the kings of Powys, and uncle to Wenefred, the celebrated virgin of Holywell. He is reported to have been interred in the chapel, and an ill worked stone figure, now placed in the belfry, headless and mutilated, was supposed to have covered his grave. In consequence of this opinion, lord Newborough, in the year 1793, ordered the ground to be examined for his remains, but nothing could be discovered.—In the south east corner of the church, near the altar table, there is an old wooden chest, belted with iron, and fastened to the floor, called Cyff Beuno, *Beuno's chest*. This has a slit in the cover, to receive the offerings of money from the

devotees of the saint. If a person was affected with any disorder, he made his offering into this chest, usually a four-penny piece, if such could be obtained, and having sat down on Bueno's grave, and addressed his prayers to the saint, he expected immediate relief. This custom is even yet continued by a few ignorant persons. On Trinity Sunday, bread and cheese were usually offered to Bueno; and the church formerly claimed all the calves and lambs that were cast with a slit in their ear.

The other curiosities about this place are, the well dedicated to St. Bueno, inclosed in a square wall on the left of the road, about a quarter of a mile beyond the village; a *cromlech*, which is to be seen, a little further on from the road, in a field near the sea; and a *waterfall* called *Rhaiadr Dibbin Mawr*, in the mountains about two miles distant. The latter I had not heard of when I was here.

From Clynog I directed my route towards the Rivals, and in passing the foot of a smooth and conical mountain called Gyrn Goch, *The Red Point*, observed a number of women and children busily employed in rolling large bundles of heath down the fides, to save themselves the labour of carrying them.—The road led me, up a tolerably steep hill, to *Llanhaiarn*, whose white-washed church on its elevated site, affords a land-mark to the distant mariner. I now wound my way along the hollows
of

of the Rival mountains, and for a considerable distance through a country as desolate and barren as can be well imagined. Emerging from these dreary wilds, I not long afterwards arrived at a small and insignificant borough town, governed by a bailiff and corporation, called *Nevin*, surrounded by mountains, and appearing altogether separated from the world.

I descended from hence to the shore, at Porthynllyn, *The Harbour in Llyn*, about a mile distant. Here are three or four houses situated at the foot of a small semicircular range of low mountains, with, in front, a large and extensive bay. This place is even more secluded from the world than *Nevin*; it cannot be seen, except from the edges of the hills that immediately surround it. The extent of all the land betwixt the hills and the sea is so small, as scarcely to be more than a mile and a half across, and a quarter of a mile deep. The harbour is chiefly frequented by coasting and Irish vessels.

As I had already seen nearly as much of this uninteresting part of Caernarvonshire as I wished, and as I had previously determined, in the course of a few days, to sail in the cutter belonging to the hotel at Caernarvon, from that place entirely round the promontory, I now cut short my journey by crossing directly over from hence to

PWLLHELI.

This is a small market town supported principally by its coasting trade. Vessels are here built of a tolerably large size; one that I saw on the stocks, I was told, would be registered as of about six hundred tons burthen, but this was the largest that had ever been constructed here. The harbour is a pretty good one, but at the ebb of the tide it is left nearly dry. Pwllheli is the principal town in the promontory, and has in its neighbourhood the seats of several families of great respectability. The surrounding country is more cultivated than in most other parts of Llyn; and it is in many parts varied with wood. The town itself is very unpleasant, from the extreme irregularity of the houses and streets.

CRICCIETH

Is situated at the north corner of Cardigan bay, about nine miles from Pwllheli. It is an insignificant borough town contributory to Caernarvon; and, except in the few remains of its *castle*, affords nothing which can claim attention from the traveller. This is situated on a rising ground, at the end of a long neck of land that juts into the sea. The entrance to it is betwixt two round towers, which are square within: all the other towers are entirely square. There have been two courts, but neither of them was very large, nor indeed has the whole

whole castle been a building of any other than small extent. At present it is in a very ruinous condition.—From the eminence on which it stands, there is a beautiful view across the bay towards Harlech, where that fine old castle is seen, backed by the high and distant mountains of Merionethshire.

From the architecture of Criccieth castle, it appears undoubtedly to have been of British origin; and its reputed founder Edward I., seems only to have cased the two towers at the entrance, their exterior workmanship being very different from that of the interior. It is conjectured by Rowlands to have been in existence before the sixth century*.—The constable appointed by Edward was allowed a salary of a hundred pounds a year, but out of this it was stipulated, that he should maintain a garrison of thirty stout men, a chaplain, surgeon, carpenter, and mason†.

SIR HOWELL Y FWYALL,

A native of the adjoining parish of Llanstyndwy, and a descendant from Colwyn ap Tangno, one of the fifteen tribes of North Wales, was constable of this castle. This valiant officer attended the Black Prince in the battle of Poitiers, where, although on foot, and armed only with a battle-axe, he performed several acts of the utmost bravery and

* Rowlands, 149.

† Pennant, ii. 192.

heroism. The principal of his services was the cutting off the head of the French king's horse, and taking him prisoner. As a recompence for his valour he received the honour of knighthood, and was allowed to bear the arms of France, with a "battle-axe in bend sinister;" and to add to his name y Fwyall, *the battle-axe*. In further commemoration of his services, it was ordered that a mess of meat should, at the expence of the crown, be every day served up before the axe with which he had performed these wonderful feats. This mess, after it had been brought to the knight, was taken down, and distributed among the poor. Even after sir Howel's death the mess continued to be served as usual, and for the sake of his soul, given to the poor till so lately as the beginning of the reign of queen Elizabeth. Eight yeomen attendants, called yeomen of the crown, were appointed to guard it, who received each eightpence a day constant wages*, —The present parish clerk of Criccieth informed a gentleman of my acquaintance, that in digging a grave in the church-yard, about ten years ago, he found a human skull of an enormous size, holding in the cavity for the brain more than two quarts of water. He used it for some time, in the place of a more convenient implement, to throw water out of newly opened graves. He supposed it to have been

* Harleian MSS in the British Museum, No. 2298, fol. 348. Wynne's Gwydir Family, 375. 425. Camb. Reg. i. 148.

the skull of this renowned hero, but probably, however, without any other reason, than from its enormous size; for the ignorant generally associate the idea of a gigantic figure with the character of a valiant man.

From Criccieth I proceeded about three miles to

PENMORFA,

The Head of the Marsh, a wood-clad village, romantically situated on the western bank of Traeth Mawr. The church contains a small monument to the memory of *sir John Owen*, a valiant commander in the army, and a staunch supporter of Charles I. This hero, after the execution of his royal master, with several of the nobility, was condemned by the parliament to lose his head. During his trial he exhibited a spirit of intrepidity worthy so brave a man; and, after his condemnation, he bowed to the court, and expressed his thanks for the honour they intended him. One of the members asked what he meant, and he replied loud enough to be heard by most of the persons present, "I think it a great honour for a poor gentleman of Wales to lose his head with such noble lords:—by G—, I was afraid they would have hanged me." By great good fortune, however, and by the interest of Ireton, who became his advocate, he was set at liberty, and restored to his friends, after only a few months imprisonment*.

* Pennant, i. 279.

There is a ford from Penmorfa, across the two sands, Traeth Mawr and Traeth Bach, to the roads leading to Tan-y-bwlch and Harlech: this saves a very circuitous route to those who wish to go from hence by Beddgelert. Passing this ford is, however, sometimes attended with danger, owing to the tide's not leaving the same level, but sometimes washing deep holes in the sand: and it is never proper for a stranger to attempt to cross it without the attendance of a guide.—The gentlemen of Llyn have lately entered into a subscription, for the purpose of obtaining an act of parliament, to form a post road from this place, across the promontory, to Porthynllyn, where some Irish packets would then be stationed. The advantages arising from it would be very great to Irish passengers, as from Shrewsbury, (instead of skirting the country by Chester, St. Asaph, and Conwy,) they would pass directly across North Wales, and having saved many miles of land-carriage, they would still have at Porthynllyn a station nearly as good as that of Holyhead.

CAERNARVONSHIRE FEUDS.

The whole of this part of the county of Caernarvon was, in the fifteenth century, the scene of the most direful contentions. Jealousies betwixt powerful families, whose adherents were numerous, produced continual quarrels. These were invariably bloody and revengeful. So high did the contentions
run,

run, says sir John Wynne, that “they would even fight for the first good-morrow,” where a more ostensible cause could not be found. The first of the quarrels that I shall mention, commenced about the year 1468, the seventh of Edward IV.—There subsisted in Wales at this period, and it is even not yet entirely done away, a kind of connexion unknown in England, that of *foster-parent*. When a child was given to another family to be nurtured and educated, which was very commonly done, an attachment took place that was esteemed equally inviolable with that betwixt the child and its natural parents.

Jevan ap Robert ap Meredith, of Gefailgyfarch, about a mile from Penmorfa, was brought up under John ap Meredith, as his foster-father. Jevan married the sister of *Howell ap Rhys*, of Bron y Voel, a house not far distant, but, in consequence of his attachment to John ap Meredith, his foster-father, betwixt whose family and that of Howell, there had always subsisted feuds and jealousies, these became almost entirely transferred to him. Howell’s second wife (for his first wife was also the sister of Jevan,) was afflicted with a most quarrelsome and ungovernable disposition, and she became the principal agent in the fomentation of the disputes betwixt the houses.—In times when the most villainous stratagems were adopted to ill-treat, or even to assassinate an enemy, it was necessary, in so wild a country

country as this, that every man should be constantly on his guard, and never appear abroad unarmed. Howell made several attempts to destroy Jevan, all of which had proved unsuccessful. At length he received information that Jevan and some friends were going to Llanvihangel, a village about three miles from his house, to meet a large party who were to exercise in various feats of activity. Howell, in consequence, hired an assassin, and formed the following plan to murder him. He collected together a strong party of his adherents, who were to surprize them in their journey, and when, in the confusion of battle, every one's attention was engaged, the man, who was a stranger, had directions to go carefully behind the tallest and most handsome man of the whole company, and to knock him down. "You will easily distinguish him (says Howell,) by his immense stature: but he has a foster-brother, Robin ap Inko, a little fellow who is always near him; be aware of this man, for, however hot the encounter may be, he is generally on the watch for his brother's safety."—Jevan set out on horseback with his friends, in the morning. His wife accompanied them, on foot, about a mile of the road, when she returned. In her way back she met her brother Howell, with a company of armed men, riding in the same direction, and immediately guessing at the intent of the expedition, intreated him to desist and return home. He attempted

tempted to push past her, when she snatched at the horse's bridle, but not succeeding, from his turning suddenly round, she caught hold of the tail. By this she suffered herself to be dragged along, imploring them with tears to spare her husband's life. But being forced to give up her hold, by a blow on the arm from Howell's sword, she sprang before him to a narrow place, where there was a wooden bridge over which he must pass. Stepping on this, she tore away the hand-rail, and threw it with such fury, and with so sure an aim at his head, that had he not evaded the blow, it would infallibly have brought him to the ground.

Howell and his party pushed by the lady, and soon overtook their adversaries, whom they found much inferior to themselves in number. Certain of success, they made the onset, and Jevan and his friends bore the attack with the utmost bravery. The assassin, attentive to his orders, soon discovered his man, and approaching behind him, as he thought unobserved, aimed a blow at his head,—but Robin ap Inko, who was at hand, laid him in a moment breathless on the ground. This closed the business of the day, for Howell called out to his men, that it was time to be gone, since Robin ap Inko had been so ill-watched.

Not long after this contention, the parson of Llanfrothen took a child of Jevan's to foster. This was a new source of jealousy to Howell's wife, since her husband possessed more land in the parish than Jevan.

Jevan. She therefore formed a scheme to have him murdered. She sent to his house a woman to intreat, under the appearance of poverty, a night's lodging. This being granted without hesitation, the woman, about midnight, shrieked so violently, as to induce him to hasten to her relief; when, rushing out of the house, she threatened revenge, under the plea of his having attempted to ravish her. In the morning her brothers, three well known villains, watched the parson as he went to look at his cattle, and murdered him. As in those days none but the men who actually struck the blow, and who, in consequence, were called *Llaw rudds*, or *Red Hands*, were considered guilty of a murder, only two of these men fled from the country.

In *Chirkland* resided the family of Trevors, friends of Howell, and in *Oswaldstreland*, the Kyffins, friends of Jevan, two parties as greatly at enmity as those of whom I am speaking. These had each their friends in different parts of the country, to whom, according to the manners of the times, they sent such of their followers for protection as had been guilty of murder or manslaughter; and they, in return, afforded a refuge to others from their friends. These *Llaw rudds* hid themselves during the day in the dwelling houses, but at night they generally spent their time in the wine-houses of the family.

Two of the parson's murderers fled into *Chirkland*, and Jevan, to punish the villains, came secretly
into

into the neighbourhood, and was on the watch for them for some time. At length, with the help of some friends, he discovered and seized both the men. As his enemies immediately received information of it, and began to collect in considerable numbers, he did not, however, attempt to escape with them, but was compelled to execute them on the spot.

On his return Jevan, and seven of his adherents, were riding, by moonlight, near Traeth Mawr, when an arrow, evidently directed from an adjacent hill side covered with wood, glanced past them. They stopped, and listening for a moment, shot all at once towards the place from whence they supposed it to proceed; and one of these random arrows fatally punished their enemy, whom they found to be the other man concerned in the murder at Llanfrothen.

It has been remarked that the *Llaw rudds*, or murderers, were always taken great care of by the friends of the family from whence they were sent. Howell, therefore, having received information that Jevan, and his principal adherents, were about to go to the assizes at Caernarvon, sent for some of his most trusty friends, and, among the rest, for David ap Jenkin, a relation, an outlaw, and a man of great valour, to storm Jevan's house in his absence, seize all the *Llaw rudds*, and convey them to be hanged. They commenced the attack early in the morning, and the men who were sleeping in the hall, being roused by the noise, called for assistance

ance to all the outlaws, who were hidden in different places around. Jevan's wife, like the good housewives of those days, had risen some time before it was light, to superintend the making of the methglyn. The wort was boiling, but no sooner did she and her maid understand what was going on, than they laded out the scalding liquor, and bestowed it liberally on the heads of the assailants. This ended, they further assisted the men to defend the house, which was now attacked on all sides. Several breaches were effected in the walls, but so brave was the defence that no one dared to lead a party through.—The whole country in a few hours was in a state of alarm, and the tenants and friends of Jevan assembled in great numbers, under the command of the valiant Robin ap Inko. A fight was commenced, which lasted all that day, and till the next morning, when coming to a truce, Robin threatened, that if they foolishly persevered till the arrival of a party of friends which he hourly expected, every man should be put to the sword. Prudence therefore dictated a retreat, and when they arrived at Howell's house, David ap Jenkin seriously advised his friend to live on good terms with his brother-in-law and neighbour, "for be assured (said he) that I have met too warm a resistance in his absence ever to make one with you in attacking his house when he is present."

After this exploit, Howell at different times entered into several obligations to keep the peace, and
many

many awards were made by intermediate friends, on the subject of their contentions, but all to no purpose. These did not end till the death of Jevan, who it is said, was seized with the plague at his house at Gefailgyfarch and died, at the early age of thirty-one.

The impetuous temper of Howell, even after the death of his rival, still continued to involve him in broils with his neighbours. Griffith ap John ap Gronw, who had served many years in the French wars, returned to end his days in his native country. One of his servants was returning from a pool near Criccieth, called Stymllyn, with some fish that he had caught, when one of Howell's men, according to his orders, took from the man his fish, and bestowed on him a severe drubbing. Griffith was so highly provoked at this instance of outrage and insult, that he immediately challenged Howell to the field. But, on Howell's refusing to fight him, he assembled the sons of his cousin-german, John ap Meredith, and their friends, and attacked him in his house. They set fire to the barns and all the out-houses, and while Griffith was actively engaged in storming the hall, an arrow from a crevice pierced the thigh of his beaver, and killed him on the spot. His friends, roused only to madness by his death, redoubled their vehemence. They heaped enormous quantities of straw and other combustibles against the doors, and set fire to them. The smoke from these so annoyed those within, that to avoid

it they crept under boards and benches on the floor of the hall. During this scene of confusion, the old man Howell was the only one whose courage did not flag. Standing in the midst of the suffocating fumes, with the sword in his hand, he addressed them, "Shame, shame! often has the smoke in this hall been greater on a Christmas eve than at present; arise like men, and let us face our enemies!" This had some effect, but the assailants were too powerful to be withstood; Howell therefore proposed to surrender, on condition that Morris the son of John ap Meredith, should swear to convey him in safety to Caernarvon castle, to be tried by the law of the land for the murder of Griffith. He was therefore taken to Caernarvon; but on the trial it was found, that as Griffith had commenced the attack on Howell's house, the latter had been actuated only by the necessary principles of self-defence, on which he was acquitted; and thirty-five of his adversaries, with Morris ap John ap Meredith at their head, were detained in custody to be indicted for felony.

In consequence of this affair, Howell's enemies became so numerous and so powerful, that he did not dare any more to return to his house, but retired to reside with his mother's relations, at Penmachno, near Llanrwst, where he died.—From this time we are told the family began to decay, and it never afterwards prospered.

In

In my walk from Penmorfa to Beddgelert, on my route to Caernarvon, I passed by the house of *Gesailgyfarch*, formerly the habitation of Jevan ap Robert. The country on the whole was mountainous and unpleasant.

CHAP. XXII.

VOYAGE FROM CAERNARVON TO THE ISLE OF
BARDSEY, AND THENCE TO PWLLHELI.

Llandelwyn Rocks.—Account of some Species of Shell-fish.—View of the Caernarvonshire Mountains from the Sea.—Evening and Night in a dead Calm.—Violent gale of Wind.—Island of Bardsey.—Gatherers of the Eggs of Sea-fowl.—Account of the Inhabitants and Productions of the Island.—Mode of catching Lobsters and Crabs.—Oysters.—Cockles.—Account of the Visit of Lord Newborough, and a large Party, about eight Years ago.—History of Bardsey.—Singular Legend of a Covenant betwixt the Abbot and the Almighty.—The dangerous Bay of Hell's Mouth.—Description of this Part of the Welsh Coast.—Studwal's Islands.—Arrival at Pwllheli.

HAVING victualled the Flora cutter, belonging to the Hotel at Caernarvon, with provisions for a week's voyage, I went on board one morning in August, on the first of flood, with the intention of failing to the island of Bardsey, (distant about twelve leagues,) and round the promontory of Llyn, to Pwllheli.

In the first tide, from want of wind, we only just cleared what is called the bar, a range of sand banks a little beyond the gap of Abermenai. At
low

low water, we were, therefore, under the necessity of coming to anchor off the

LLANDDWYN ROCKS:

And in order to amuse ourselves for a few hours we landed on this point of the island of Anglesea.— As I had examined the place before, I now passed my time in searching for plants and shells. The *purple whelk*, *Buccinum lapillus* of Linnæus, was that which first attracted my attention. This was formerly used for dying linen cloth purple. I bruised one of them with a stone, and stained my handkerchief with it. The mark was at first of a yellowish hue, it then became dark green, and after some time assumed its proper colour. The shell is not large, but it is very thick and hard. The colouring matter is contained in a vesicle that lies in a small furrow by the head. The natives of South America, on whose coast this shell is very common, use the juice in dying, and extract it in two ways. They sometimes break the shell, and taking out the animal, lay it on the back of one of their hands, and with a knife press the juice from the head towards the tail, then separating that part of the body into which it is collected, throw the rest away. The usual way, however, is, not to break the shell, but only to squeeze the animal till it throws up the juice; they then return it to the rocks, where it soon recovers from its bruises. After this operation has been repeated about four times, its

vigour becomes entirely exhausted. Before the introduction of cochineal from America, this animal was much in request by the dyers not only of our country, but of Europe in general: at present, however, it is merely considered as an object of curiosity. Bede, who flourished about the latter part of the seventh century, says, "There are snails in very great abundance, from which a scarlet or crimson dye is made, whose elegant redness never fades either by the heat of the sun, or the injuries of rain, but the older it is, it is the more elegant."

Amongst the rocks, I picked up two or three specimens of the *common five-fingered sea-star*, or Star-fish, *Asterias glacialis* of Linnæus. In their construction and economy, these animals differ very greatly from all others. On an examination, the upper parts of their body are found to be composed of grains of a hard calcareous matter various in figure and size. This covering, when they are fixed close to the rocks or stones, by means of their hundreds of tentacula below, defends them from the attacks of their enemies. The tentacula are short, soft, and fleshy tubes, which may be observed to be pushed out and withdrawn in the same manner as the horns of snails. They are arranged in files from the mouth, which is in the centre of the under part of the body, through the whole length of the branches. Notwithstanding the exterior calcareous covering of these animals, they are able, by the undulation of their rays or branches, both to move on the

the rocks, and to swim, but their motion is, at all times, exceedingly slow. Their mouth is furnished with five bony teeth, by which they are enabled to break the shells of the animals on which they feed. All the species of star-fish are easily dried, after having been drowned in spirits of any kind, and had their stomach and intestines extracted by a pair of forceps; for they will then come out entire through the mouth*.

The rocks were in many places studded over with the shells of the *common limpet*, *Patella vulgata* of Linnæus. This is a conical shell known to everyone. On a mere inspection, either as fixed on its rock, or when removed from thence by a knife or any other sharp instrument, no one could suppose this animal capable of exerting any locomotive powers. I however observed two or three of them near the edge of the water, left by the tide in the recesses of the rocks, in the act of moving forward, but this was very slowly. When carefully examined, they are found to be furnished for this purpose, with a fleshy mass of fibres, crossing each other in various directions, called a foot or tongue. In this instrument, the superior muscle is composed of two rows of fibres, that meet and form an acute angle upon a middle line, which corresponds to the long diameter of the tongue. The inferior muscle is used in contracting the ellipsis of the tongue, and

* See Bingley's Animal Biography, iii. 520.

at the same time in lessening it in breadth ; whilst the superior one diminishes the length, but increases the breadth. By means of this singular mechanism it is, that these animals are endowed with progressive powers. They adhere to the rocks by creating a vacuum, from contracting the middle of their bodies into a smaller compass than when they are in motion. Such are the wonderful operations of the parent of the universe, in these, apparently, the most insignificant parts of the creation. They are, however, by no means less astonishing than what we observe in the greater animals, and can only be overlooked in the want of due reflection on the works of God. It is a pleasing thought, and has often recurred to me, that were we for once actually to observe a fly, of the same bulk and size as an elephant, we should be struck with astonishment at a production so wonderful. But surely all the parts of a fly, or all the parts of the animals of which we are now speaking, are not to be esteemed the less surprizing, because they are so minute as in a great measure to escape the cognizance of our senses. If the larger animals surprize us in their conformation, that of the minute parts of the creation, instead of calling for less attention, ought surely to excite a still greater degree of admiration and wonder.

But to return from these digressions to the main object of my landing, that of collecting plants and shells : I have to remark, that of the former I took
away

away with me several specimens of *Euphorbia Portlandica*, and the bulbs of *Scilla verna*. Of the shells besides those already mentioned, I found only the periwinkle, or *Turbo littoreus*, and *Nerita littoralis*, adhering to the rocks; and *Buccinum reticulatum*, *Cypræa pediculus* (gowries), *Turba terebra*, and *Solen filiqua* (common razor-shell), and *Nerita glaucina*, amongst the rubbish thrown up by the tides.

When I had sufficiently fatigued myself in clambering among the clefts of these rocks, I proposed that we should re-embark.—The moment the tide became again in our favour, we weighed anchor, and to catch the faint breeze over the island, crowded every inch of our canvass.—In a short time we came into a situation that afforded me a most beautiful and extensive view of the whole range of the Caernarvonshire mountains, from Penmaen Mawr towards the north, to an extreme point of the promontory of Llyn. In this range, which in a direct line occupies upwards of fifty miles, all the primary mountains were visible, namely Snowdon, Glyder, Llyder, Garn, Carnedd Ddafydd, Carnedd Llewelyn, Carnedd Elain, and Penmaen Mawr northwards; and on the south of Snowdon, Mynydd Mawr, Drws y Coed, Barra dû, the Rivals, Carn Madryn, and Cefn Amwlch. We were proceeding sufficiently slow and steady to allow me to make a tolerably good sketch of their appearance from the sea.—It is perhaps the finest range of mountain scenery that this kingdom affords.

Towards sun-set we found ourselves off Clynog, about six miles from the coast, and as the wind had now entirely failed us, we thought it best to come again to an anchor. This afforded me at least one pleasure, that of watching the departing sun, and the approach of the evening. As the orb became immersed, the horizontal rays of light gleamed along the water, and tinged it with colours uncommonly brilliant. A vessel of some burthen passed, almost along the line of the horizon, before the sun at this moment. Its distance was very considerable, but its situation rendered the whole of its rigging perfectly visible to us: Almost every rope became black and distinct. When it was nearly dark, I ordered a fire to be lighted in the cabin, and retired to rest. This was only interrupted by the sound of "What cheer?" sung by the man on watch, to a vessel coming in with the tide, and the answer of "All's well." All again became still, and I slept till near five o'clock in the morning, when, as we had still a dead calm, I got up and determined to amuse myself with fishing. It was not long after putting out my line, that I caught an immense skait, and after that a dog-fish, *squalus catulus* of Linnæus. I was interrupted in this employment, by a breeze springing up, just at the turn of the tide, and was not displeased at laying aside my line, to assist in weighing anchor.

We passed the harbour of Porthynllyn, and in return for the late calm, the weather now became

so boisterous, that it was necessary, for our safety, to hold out to sea. We soon approached the island of Bardsey, on which I was desirous to land; but till the wind abated, this was altogether impracticable.

The sudden change in the weather, which at first augured in every respect favourably for us, was now become worse to us than the preceding calm. We suffered ourselves to be driven about during the rest of the day, and all the next night, by the fury of the elements; but in the morning we determined, at all hazards, to enter the strait between the island and the main land, and if possible, get into shelter under the south-east side of the island. In the sound we had, in addition to our heavy gale of wind, to encounter the fury of a violent tide. Here our little bark rose over the tops of the high waves, and was driven into their deep bosoms. The boltspit several times dipping into the tide, threw the whole spray of the divided wave upon us. A large brig at a little distance was often entirely hidden from our sight by the intervening waves, which seemed about to overwhelm us. But the most unpleasant sensation I experienced, arose from the violent rolling of the vessel from side to side, in which it was with the utmost difficulty I could keep my feet, and then its often pitching suddenly forward, so as sometimes to give me the most violent shocks imaginable. I was completely wet through two great coats, and the cabin floor at one time was two or three inches deep

deep in water. We made several tacks to accomplish the object of our voyage, but, after beating about near twelve hours, we were at length compelled to abandon all further thoughts of it, and to make the best of our way into harbour at Pwllheli.—The reader will, however, experience no disappointment in my not having been able to effect a landing, since the letters of Mr. Jones, the worthy vicar of Aberdaron, to whose parish it belongs, have given me a better account of the

ISLAND OF BARDSEY

Than my own observations could possibly have furnished.

This island, which is the property of lord Newborough, is somewhat more than two miles long, and one in breadth; and contains about three hundred and seventy acres of land, of which near a third is occupied by a high mountain, that affords feed only for a few sheep and rabbits. Its distance from the main land is about a league. Towards the south-east and south-west it lies entirely open, but, on the north and north-east, it is sheltered by its mountain, which to the sea presents a face of perpendicular, and in some parts even of overhanging rocks. Among these precipices the intrepid inhabitants, in the spring of the year, employ themselves in collecting the eggs of the various species of sea-fowl that frequent them. This is usually done barefooted, to prevent them from slipping from

from heights whence they must be dashed to pieces; and their concern for their own safety, while seizing these eggs, is infinitely less than that of the beholder, sitting securely in the boat below:

Nor untrembling canst thou see
How from a scraggy rock, whose prominence
Half o'er shades the ocean, hardy men,
Fearless of dashing waves, do gather them.

These poor fellows do not often meet with accidents, except by the giving way of pieces of the rock, which, however, sometimes, though very rarely, happens. In this case they are irrecoverably lost. The men who venture without ropes are accounted by the natives the most bold climbers: those who are more cautious fix a rope about their middle, which is held by some persons on the top of the rock. By this they slip down to the place where they think the most eggs are to be found. Here, untying it from their body, they fasten it to the basket that is to contain the eggs, which they carry in their hand. When this is filled, they make a signal to their companions to draw them up. In this manner they proceed from rock to rock, ascending or descending as they find it necessary. They adopt the same modes in collecting the samphire, with which the rocks also abound.

On the south-east side of the island, the only side on which it is accessible to the mariner, there is a small, but well sheltered harbour, capable of admitting vessels of thirty or forty tons burthen.

In

In this the inhabitants secure their own fishing-boats.

The soil is principally clayey, and produces excellent barley and wheat: vetches, peas, and beans, are said to succeed sufficiently well, but to oats it is not so favourable. Trees will not grow here, the keen westerly winds immediately destroying the young plants. Indeed, except a small quantity of fine meadow land, all the lower ground of the island is of little value.—No reptile is ever seen in this island, except the common water lizard. None of the inhabitants ever saw in it a frog, toad, or snake of any kind.—Till about four years ago, no sparrows had been known to breed here: three nests were, however, built during the same spring, and the produce have since completely colonized the place.

There are here but eight houses, although the number of inhabitants is upwards of seventy. Two or three of the principal of these rent the island of lord Newborough. They pay for it a hundred guineas a year, and have their land tythe free, and are also freed from taxes and rates of every description. They keep about twenty horses, and near thirty cows. All the former, though greatly overstocking so small a place, are absolutely necessary, on account of the great labour required in carrying up the sea-weeds from the coast for manure.

The

The sheep are small, and, on the approach of a stranger, as Mr. Jones informs me, they squall not much unlike hares. Their activity is very remarkable. In the year 1801, Mr. Jones had one of them on his farm at Aberdaron, that had twice ventured through the sea, though the channel is three miles across, and regained the island. The inhabitants train their dogs to catch them, but if the sheep once gain the rocks, they bid defiance to every attempt for the time, as, rather than suffer themselves to be seized, they will plunge from thence into the sea. At the time of the year when the females usually drop their young, the inhabitants watch them every day, and before these are able to follow their dams, they mark them in the ears: they then suffer them to range at liberty. Without this attention, from the extreme wildness of the animals, the owners would never be able to distinguish their respective property. Some few of the sheep of the island, from having been rendered tame when young, are more easily managed. These alone submit to be folded in the evenings.

Very few of the present inhabitants are natives of the island. Those, however, that are, differ from the new-comers considerably in their tone of voice, which has a distant resemblance to the Irish brogue. Their complexions are in general brown, and their manners, and habits of life, bespeak the little intercourse they have with the world. Their chief employment, beyond managing their land, is fishing.

The

The principal mart for the produce of their labour is Liverpool; to which place they sail in little open boats, and sometimes even in the most boisterous weather.

During the herring season they generally have full employment; but the collecting of *lobsters* and *crabs* it is that occupies the most considerable portion of their time. These they principally take by means of traps made of willows, exactly in the shape of a wire mouse-trap, with the cone inverted. They have weights tied to them, and are let down into the water by means of ropes, a buoy marking their place. The baits of fish, or garbage, are suspended by strings from the sides so near the centre, as to prevent the animals reaching them from without. Tempted by these, they tumble into the traps, or *pots* as they are called, from whence they cannot be released but by the fishermen, who transfer them to other pots, much larger, but constructed exactly in the same manner, where they are kept till a quantity is collected sufficient to be worth the carriage to Liverpool. When the lobsters or crabs are taken, a peg is driven into the moveable joints of each of the large claws, to prevent them from tearing and devouring each other when in confinement. On the English coasts the fishermen usually tie the claws with pieces of hemp. In the preserving pots they are kept without any food, and consequently are better or worse in quality, according to the time they have been immured.—The *sea craw-fish*, cancer
homarus

homarus of Linnæus, are frequently found on the coast of Bardsey, and are caught in the same manner as the lobsters. They grow to a larger size than the lobster, and are usually sold at the same rate.

The *oyster-beds* on the Welsh coast lie in eight or more fathoms of water. In the straits of Menai, previous to 1700, it is said no oysters were to be found, but in that year some person threw in about a hundred, which have since so far extended themselves, as perfectly to stock the whole of these coasts. The oysters are, as in England, taken by means of a *dredge*, an instrument about two yards wide, and composed of a net, distended by means of iron rings. The opening in front is of a triangular shape, and the base is a flat piece of iron, which scrapes the oysters from their beds. This dredge, which is of considerable weight, is lowered from the boat by means of a rope attached to the upper angle of the triangle. The boat is then rowed along, and the oysters, as they are scraped off, fall back into the bag of the net. In this operation some care is necessary to bring the boat from deeper into shallower water, as otherwise the net would throw out its contents, and all the labour would be lost.

The modes of taking *cockles* I shall relate nearly in the words of Mr. Jones. The places of these shell-fish are marked in the sands uncovered with water by the depressed spots that they make in opening their shells; but when the fishermen search for them in the shallows, where they lie on the surface

surface of the sand, the eye is directed to the object by a shining line about this size —, refracted through the water. The substance that forms this is perfectly clear and very tough, so as not, indeed, to yield to any pressure made by the finger. It is easily removed from the animal by the finger and thumb. The reflection that proceeds from this body is called in Welsh *arlwydd*, the sign or signal: it is not to be seen but during the sunshine; and if a person stands betwixt it and the sun, it is then nearly impossible to discern even the shell of the cockle. The cockles are picked up with the fingers, then put into a basket, and souped in the water till all the sand is completely washed from them. Where they are in tolerable plenty, instead of the men groping for them in the sand, with the fingers, they are dug up, and, along with the sand, put into a basket, and immersed as before.

Curiosity induces many persons to visit this island almost every summer; but the grandest sight the present inhabitants ever witnessed, was at a visit of the proprietor, lord Newborough, about eight years ago, accompanied by lady Newborough, and several persons of distinction, in the whole to the number of about forty. This company embarked in fishing smacks from Porthor, near Carreg Hall, in the parish of Aberdaron. On their arrival in the island, marquees were immediately pitched. The whole company dined in the open air; and, at the conclusion of their repast, all the inhabitants were assembled.

assembled. The ensuing scene reminded a gentleman of my acquaintance, who was present, of what he had read respecting the inhabitants of some of the South-Sea islands. They were drawn up into a circle, and lady Newborough adorned the heads of the females with caps and ribbons, whilst lord Newborough distributed hats among the men. The nominal king and queen of the island were distinguished from the rest by an additional ribbon. Part of the day was occupied in strolling over the island, examining the creeks, and picking up shells; and the rest was spent in mirth and pleasantries. On the embarkation it was intended, being in the heat of summer, that the whole party should continue in the island till the next day. The ladies, however, in the evening suddenly changed their resolution, and judiciously ordered the boats to be got ready. The rest of the company followed so good an example, and the night was spent, under the hospitable roof of Mr. Thomas of Carreg, much more agreeably than could have been done in the island.

HISTORY OF BARDSEY.

The Welsh name of this place is *Ynys Enlli*. During the violent struggles between the Welsh and English, it was stiled by the poets the Sanctuary, or Afylum of the Saints, and it was sometimes denominated the Isle of Refuge. Some of these poets assert that it was the cemetery of *twenty*

thousand saints! The reputed sanctity of this island induced the religious to resort to it from many very distant parts of the country.

It has been asserted by several writers that Roderic Moelwynog, prince of North Wales, first founded here a monastery some time in the eighth century. He might perhaps rebuild or enlarge it, but there are good grounds, from Welsh manuscripts, for supposing that there was a religious house in this island of a much more early date. St. Dubricius, (in Welsh Dyfrûg,) the archbishop of Caerleon on Ush, having resigned his see to St. David, is stated to have retired to Bardsey, with many of his clergy, from the synod of Brevi, which was holden in 522, in order to condemn the Pelagian heresy. Laudatus (Lleuddaf or Lleudad) was then abbot, who did not choose to appear at the above synod, and altogether neglected the summons. This retirement of Dubricius and his followers is mentioned principally by Aneurin, the monarch of the British bards, who himself was living at the same time.

There is an old legend yet extant, written in monkish Latin, which assures us that the Almighty had entered into a particular covenant with Laudatus, in return for the piety of his monks. This granted to all the religious of the monastery of Bardsey, the peculiar privilege of dying according to seniority, the oldest always going off first. By this privilege it is stated, that every one knew very nearly the time of his own departure. The following is a

translation of it:—"At the original foundation of the monastery of this island, the Lord God, who attendeth to the petitions of the just, at the earnest request of holy Laudatus, the first abbot, entered into a covenant with that holy man, and miraculously confirmed his promise, unto him and his successors, the abbots and monks, for ever, while they should continue to lead holy and religious lives, that they should die by succession, that is, that the oldest should go first, like a flock of corn ripe for the sickle. Being thus warned of the approach of death, each of them, therefore, should watch, as not knowing at what exact hour the thief might come; and, being thus always prepared, each of them by turns should lay aside his earthly form. God, who is ever faithful, kept this covenant, as he formerly did with the Israelites, inviolable, until the monks no longer led a religious life, but began to profane and defile God's sanctuary by their fornications and abominable crimes. Wherefore, after this, they were permitted to die like other men, sometimes the older, sometimes the younger, and sometimes the middle-aged first: and being thus uncertain of the approach of death, they were compelled to submit to the general laws of mortality. Thus, when they ceased to lead a holy and religious life, God's miraculous covenant also ceased: and do thou therefore, O God, have mercy upon us."

The ancient building is now entirely destroyed; but, about the ground where the monastery stood,

a great number of graves have even very lately been discovered, lined with white stone or tile, and distant about two feet from each other.

All the religious duties of the inhabitants are now performed in the parish church of Aberdaron. Sometimes, however, in stormy weather, they are under the necessity of interring their own dead in the island.

John Wynne ap Hugh, of the family of Bodvil, standard bearer at the battle of Norwich, in the time of Edward VI., had, for that service, the isle of Bardsey, and a mansion in the parish of Aberdaron, called Court. He was sheriff of Caernarvonshire in the year 1551.

After these observations on the island of Bardsey, I resume the narrative of my voyage to Pwllheli. The wind, as I have already observed, continued still boisterous; it was therefore necessary for us to be very cautious in the management of our little bark. We therefore held off from the Welsh coast, for some distance, towards the south, that we might weather the eastern point of the extensive, but dreadful bay, called

HELL'S MOUTH.

I never saw a place which presented so favourable an appearance, and that was at the same time so much dreaded by the mariners, as the present. It is at the very extremity of the promontory, and from point to point is supposed to measure about eight miles:

miles: it is also nearly semicircular. None but strange vessels, even in the most boisterous weather, ever seek for shelter here, and when these are so unfortunate, they are soon stranded, and never again return. "We remember (says Mr. Jones, in one of his letters) more misfortunes to have happened in this bay, and more inhumanity shewn to the sufferers, than we have ever heard of any where else on the Welsh coast." My pilot, who had been long acquainted with every part of these coasts, informed me, that, from whatever point of the compass the wind blew, out at sea, on account of the surrounding high rocks, it always came into the mouth of this bay; and from whatever quarter the tide flowed, the upper current here always sets inwards! From these circumstances the common tradition is, that the place obtained the appellation of *Hell's Mouth*.

The whole coast, from the Rivals round the end of the land, nearly to Pwllheli, is terminated only by high and steep rocks, inhabited in the summer by a variety of sea-fowl. In one part I could observe some hundreds of martins flitting along the black cliffs and caverns in pursuit of flies and other insects for their young.

Passing the eastern point of Hell's Mouth, we kept as close to the wind as we could, and soon afterwards came in sight of St. Tudwal's, or, as they are usually called, *Studwal's Islands*, of which a considerable sum of money is annually made, as

puffin warrens. After a difficult navigation of several hours from hence, on account of the wind blowing almost directly from the west, we at length failed round the rock of Carreg, at the mouth of the harbour of Pwllheli, and came to anchor in the river just opposite to the town. This was about eight o'clock in the evening of our third day.

From Pwllheli I chose the next morning to make a short passage back, by crossing over the land to Clynog, and walking from thence to Caernarvon. This journey I performed in about five hours. The cutter did not arrive till two days afterwards.

CHAP. XXIII.

EXCURSION FROM CAERNARVON, BY CAPEL CURIG, TO LLANRWST; AND FROM THENCE, BY THE VALE OF FFESTINIOG, AND TAN-Y-BWLCH AGAIN TO CAERNARVON.

Vale of Capel Curig.—New Inn there.—St. Curig.—Dolwyddelan Castle.—History of Dolwyddelan.—Feuds during the Reign of Henry VII.—Village of Dolwyddelan.—Picturesque Scene at Pont y Pair.—Waterfall of the River Llugwy.—Bettws y Coed.—Vale of Llanrwst.—Gwydir.—Llanrwst Bridge.—Town of Llanrwst.—Church and Chapel.—Singular Inscription.—Inn.—Waterfalls of the River Conwy.—Gray's Bard.—Penmachno.—Tŷpytty Evan, and House of Knights of St. John of Jerusalem.—Ffestiniog.—Inn.—Falls of the Cynfael.—Pulpit Hugh Lloyd Cynfael.—Anecdote of Hugh Lloyd.—Vale of Ffestiniog.—Instances of great Age and Fecundity.—Tanybwlech.

ACCOMPANIED by my worthy friend the rector of Llanrûg, I went from Caernarvon, by way of Nant Frangon and Capel Curig, to Llanrwst.

THE VALE OF CAPEL CURIG

(For I have described all the former part of our route in a previous chapter) is bounded by the British Alps, Snowdon and his adjacent mountains,

and affords some of the most picturesque landscapes of the whole country.

Here hills and vales, the woodland and the plain ;
Here earth and water seem to strive again :
Not chaos-like, together crush'd and bruis'd,
But, as the world, harmoniously confus'd.

In this vale there is that variety both of wood and water, which most of the other Welsh vales so much want to add to their picturesque effect. Here are two tolerably large pools. Near one of these lord Penrhyn has erected, from a design of Mr. Benjamin Wyatt, a small, but very comfortable

INN.

Those tourists who, like myself, have visited this vale a few years ago, when the only place of public accommodation was a mean pot-house, considerably allied to those at Llanberis, and who shall now visit it with the present accommodations, (with which for a mountain country, I was greatly surprised,) will be able with some justice to appreciate the spirited conduct, and truly patriotic exertions of the noble proprietor, who has not only constructed for them an inn, but who was the first to make this part of the country passable in carriages.—In the inn a book is kept, in which such persons as express themselves satisfied with the treatment insert their names. Among other curious entries, I found the following, with the date of August 3, 1801:

Heath-

Heathcote, Impey, and Drake,
For formality's sake,
All due commendation bestowing
On the drinking and eating,
They had at this neat inn,
Subscribe to the praises foregoing.

The name of the vale is derived from its chapel, dedicated to a Welsh faint called Curig. He is mentioned in an old Welsh poem, which, however, only intimates his order; and nothing more is at present known of him.

“ A certain friar to increase his store,
Beneath his cloak, *grey Curig's* image bore;
And to protect good folks from nightly harm,
Another sells St. Seiriol as a charm.”

When we left Capel Curig, we proceeded about two miles on the road to Llanrwt, and then leaving it, went about three miles southward to see

DOLWYDDELAN CASTLE,

A fortress, some centuries ago, of considerable importance to the Welsh princes. Its mountainous situation rendered it difficult to find, and it was not till after numerous inquiries that we could get into the track that led us immediately up to it.

This castle stands on a rocky steep, nearly perpendicular on one side, and in a vale entirely closed round by mountains. The original import of the name seems to have been the castle in *the meadow of Helen's wood*;

*wood**; for the ancient military road called Sarn Helen, or *Helen's Road*, from Helen, the daughter of Octavius, duke of Cornwall, passed through the country not far from hence, to the sea-coast of Merionethshire†.—It has never been a large building, but it occupied the entire summit of its mount. It formerly consisted of two square towers, each three stories high, having but one room on a floor, and a court-yard, which was betwixt them. The largest of these towers measures within no more than twenty-seven feet in length, and eighteen in width, and the walls are about six feet thick. The walls of the court are entirely destroyed, and very little is now left of the other parts of the building.

HISTORY OF DOLWYDDELAN CASTLE.

Who the founder of this fortress was, or what purpose it was originally intended to answer, we have not at this time any documents left to inform us. Most probably, when the feudal system prevailed in Wales, and petty chieftains were engaged in perpetual wars with each other, Dolwyddelan

* Dôl Gwydd Elen:—or the name may have been Dôl Gwydd Elain, *The Meadow of the Wood of the Doe*.

† This Helen is supposed by Camden to have been the mother of the emperor Constantine the Great. She was sometimes called by the Britons Elen Luyddawc, or *Elen with the great Army*; which she led out of Britain on an expedition to Jerusalem, where she is said to have found the holy cross on which Christ suffered. She lived in the latter end of the third, and the beginning of the fourth centuries.

castle,

castle, and others similar to it, may have been erected by some of them as places of retreat and refuge, where they could reside in security, attended by their vassals and adherents, in case they should be compelled by superior force to relinquish the plains and more cultivated parts of the country. These castles also answered the double purpose of guarding the passes and defiles of the mountains.

It is a conjecture of Rowlands, that this castle was erected prior to the sixth century. What his grounds for this supposition are, he does not state*.

This place was, for many years, the residence of the eldest son of Owen Gwynedd, Iorwerth Drwn-dwn, or *Edward with the broken nose*. On the death of his father, Iorwerth claimed the crown of Wales as his hereditary right, but was unanimously rejected, and merely from the blemish in his face: so whimsical and indecisive, was, at that time, the mode of succession to the Welsh throne. He had, assigned to him, as part of his parental inheritance, the hundreds of Nan Conwy and Ardudwy, and he retired to this sequestered spot to spend the rest of his life. It was in Dolwyddelan castle that his son was born, who afterwards, in the beginning of the thirteenth century, reigned in Wales under the title of Llewelyn the great †.

Meredith, the son of Jevan ap Robert, who has already been mentioned at considerable length, in

* Rowlands, 149.

† Wynne, 359. Warrington.

the account of the promontory of Llŷn *, purchased the lease of this castle, and of the inclosures belonging to it, in the reign of Henry VII. It was at that time the property of the executors of sir Ralph Berkenet, late chamberlain of North Wales, having been excepted among those places that had been granted by Richard III. and resumed by his successor.

About this period the whole of the surrounding country, was one entire forest overrun with thieves and outlaws. The castle had itself been previously possessed by Howell, ap Evan, ap Rhys Gethin, one of the most noted of these, against whom David ap Jenkin, whom I have also had occasion to mention before, rose in arms †. David, who was likewise an outlaw, contended with him long for the sovereignty of the mountains, and at length, by stratagem, took him in bed, but spared his life, on condition that he should immediately seek refuge in Ireland. In that country he scarcely remained a year, but returned in the ensuing summer with some select adherents. He clothed himself and his followers entirely in green, that they might be the less distinguishable among the forests, and in this disguise, appearing abroad only in the nights, they committed the most dreadful depredations ‡.

The friends of Meredith ap Jevan, were greatly surprised that he should think of changing his habi-

* See p. 396.

† See p. 413.

‡ Wynne, 419.

tation

tation near Penmorfa, for this castle thus surrounded by multitudes of freebooters. He gave, as a decisive reason, that he chose rather to fight with outlaws and thieves, than with his own immediate relatives. "If (says he) I live in my own house in Evionedd, I must either kill my own kinsmen, or submit to be murdered by them."—He had not been here long before he built the house at Penanmen, and removed the church from the thicket in which it formerly stood, to its present more open situation: the church, his house and the castle, thus forming the points of a triangle, each a mile distant from the other. Whenever he went to the church, he took with him, as a guard, twenty stout archers; and he had a centinel placed on a neighbouring rock called Carreg y Big (from whence the church, the house, and the castle), could be seen, who had orders to give immediate notice of the approach of banditti. He never mentioned before-hand when he intended to go out, and always went and returned by different routes through unsuspected parts of the woods. He found it necessary, to his perfect security, to increase the number of his adherents; he therefore established colonies of the most tall and able men he could procure, occupying every tenement, as it became empty, with such tenants only as were able to bear arms. His force, when complete, consisted of a hundred and forty archers, ready to assemble, whenever the sound of the bugle from the castle, echoed through the woods, to call
for

for their assistance. These, says sir John Wynne, were each arranged in a “jacket, or armolet coate, a good steele cap, a short sword and dagger, together with a bow and arrows. Many of them had also horses and chafing slaves, which were ready to answer the crie on all occasions, whereby he grew so strong that he began to put back, and to curb the sanctuary of thieves and robbers, which, at times, were wont to be above a hundred, well horsed and well appointed *.”—Such was the state of Wales in these unhappy times, when every one claimed by a kind of prescriptive right, whatever he had power to seize; and when lives or property were considered of no other value than interest or ambition chose to dictate. Meredith ap Jevan, to enjoy a quiet life, threw himself into the bosom of a country infested with outlaws and murderers, and, comparatively with the state of society about his former residence near Penmorfa, attained his end. He closed his useful life in the year 1525, leaving to survive him twenty-three legitimate, and three natural children.

DOLWYDDELAN.

The village of Dolwyddelan is about a mile from the castle, and, from its mountainous situation, it is altogether secluded from the world. Its inhabi-

* Wynne, 429. The sanctuary here alluded to, was the hospital which will be hereafter mentioned, at y Spytty Evan, of the knights of St. John of Jerusalem.

ants seemed extremely simple, and in their manners, they exhibited signs of great shyness and timidity, probably, however, arising from the unaccustomed appearance of strangers among them. None of them are acquainted with any other language than that of their country: and hemmed in as they are with mountain barriers, it is very probable that three fourths of them never in their lives wandered half a dozen miles from their dwellings.—The village itself is composed of little else than small cottages; for I could only observe one house of any tolerable size in the place.

PONT Y PAIR.

We left Dolwyddelan, and came into our former road near Pont y Pair, *the Bridge of the Cauldron*, a singular structure of five arches, not far from the village of Bettws y Coed, *the Station in the Wood*. This bridge, whose arches are irregular and very lofty, is built over the river Llugwy, and has, with the adjoining scenery, a very singular effect. Both above and below it, the bed of the river is covered with such strange masses of rock, as, when the quantity of water is considerable, to exhibit a most pleasing and picturesque scene*.

From Pont y Pair, we returned for about a mile, along the road leading towards Capel Curig. Then leaving it three or four hundred yards to the left,

* See the frontispiece to this volume.

and passing over some meadows, we came to the celebrated

WATERFALL OF THE RIVER LLUGWY*,
called Rhaiadr y Wenol, *the Cataract of the Swallow*. This fall and the scenery around it, are altogether grand. The water is thrown in a sheet from above, down a rock nearly perpendicular; but below, its course is changed, by its direction over a smooth and slanting bed. The high and wooded banks were enlivened by the various tints of the oaks, birch and hazels, which hung from the rocks. Had there been more water in the river, we should have seen this cataract to greater advantage than we now did, but the dry weather had diminished all the mountain streams to mere rills. The station on the side of the stream opposite to that on which we stood, appeared as if it would take in more of the fall: I made several attempts to get across, but from the rapidity of the current I found it impossible. When the river, after a heavy fall of rain, assumes a more impetuous form than at this time, the cataract must certainly be very grand, as the bed of the stream is at least twenty yards wide; and the innumerable masses of rock, which have at different times been carried along with it, and lodged here, opposing its fury, must throw it foaming into all directions.

* This cataract is about five miles from Llanrwlst.

At a little distance below the bridge Pont y Pair, the rivers Llugwy and Conwy unite. The latter rises from *Llyn Conwy*, a large pool about three miles beyond the village of Penmachno. Both these streams before their junction, are furious and broken torrents, they are each a truly "foaming flood," but from hence they assume a placid form, and glide, in one tranquil current, silently through the vale.

We stopped a while at Bettws y Coed, to see an ancient monument in the church, in memory of Griffith the son of David Goch, who was a natural son of David, brother to Llewelyn, the last prince of Wales. He died in the fourteenth century, and is here represented by a large armed recumbent figure in a recess in the north wall. On one side of the figure, there is yet left this inscription: "*Hic jacet Gruffydd ap Davyd Goch, agnus Dei misere me.*"

VALE OF LLANRWST.

The road now led us into the luxuriant vale of Llanrwst, where the gay tints of cultivation once more beautified the landscape, for the fields were coloured with the rich hues of ripened corn and green meadows. Many gentlemen's seats interspersed around, gave an air of civilization to this valley. We had not enjoyed the beauties of this prospect long, before we entered the gloomy woods of *Gwydir*, which afforded a fine contrast to the luxuriance of
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the

the vale. The Conwy runs at a little distance from the road, and the silvery reflection of its water through the dark foliage of the trees, gave an additional interest to the scene. On emerging from hence, we had again the same open vale, in which the town of Llanrwst, now before us, formed a conspicuous feature; and the extensive landscape, thus completed, heightened by the dreary rocks, bounding it on each side, has been justly admired by all the lovers of nature, as one of the finest scenes her pencil ever traced.

GWYDIR.

About a quarter of a mile from Llanrwst, we passed by Gwydir, the old family residence of the Wynnes. This mansion was erected about the year 1558, by John Wynne ap Meredith, as appears by the date and initials over the gateway. It is an extensive but irregular building. The name is supposed to be derived from the Welsh words *Gwy*, *water*, and *Tir*, *land*; part of the grounds being subject to the overflowings of the river.

At a little distance, among the woods above this mansion, was *Upper Gwydir*, a house erected by Sir John Wynne, in 1604, apparently for the purpose of enjoying from thence the numerous beauties of the vale, which is here seen in a broad and elegant expanse, nearly as far as Conwy. The house was taken down some time ago, but the family chapel is still left. This is a small building in the gothic style,

stile, sufficiently neat on the outside, but the roof and various other parts within, are decorated with paintings of scriptural figures, most miserably executed.

Both these places are at present the property of lord Gwydir, in right of his lady Priscilla, baroness Willoughby, the eldest sister of Robert late duke of Ancaſter. They paſſed into this family in the year 1678, by the marriage of Mary, daughter and heiress of ſir Richard Wynne, with Robert, marquis of Lindſey.

LLANRWST BRIDGE.

Betwixt Gwydir and Llanrwſt, is the celebrated bridge over the river Conwy, conſtructed by Inigo Jones. This bridge was directed to be built by an order from the privy council, in the ninth year of the reign of Charles I. The expences, which were eſtimated at a thouſand pounds, were paid by the two counties of Denbigh and Caernarvon *. It conſiſts of three arches, the middle one of which is near fixty feet wide. One of the other two has been rebuilt ſince Jones's time, and the inferiority of the workmanſhip is very viſible. The inhabitants of Llanrwſt *boast*, that their bridge is formed on ſuch nice principles, that if a perſon thruſts againſt the large ſtone, over the centre of the middle arch, the whole fabric may plainly be felt to vibrate: though

* Wynne, 353.

one cannot from conviction be inclined to concur with them in this assertion, yet allowing it true, would not the bridge have been better built, if it was entirely firm? So many persons have tried the experiment, that the stone is now become quite loose. We attempted it, but except that stone, found the whole bridge as firm as a rock.

THE TOWN OF LLANRWST

Is finely situated on the eastern bank of the Conwy. In itself, it has nothing to recommend it to notice: the streets are narrow, and the houses very irregular.

THE CHURCH

Is a plain, ill-looking structure; but adjoining to it is a *chapel*, built in 1633, by sir Richard Wynne, from a design of Inigo Jones, which has a considerable degree of elegance.

Against the wall of the chapel, there are five brasses, four of them engraved by Sylvanus Crew, and one by William Vaughan, that are remarkable for the excellence of their execution. Each of these, besides an inscription, contains a portrait of the person to whose memory it was finished. They are the work of the seventeenth century. That on Sarah Wynne, by Vaughan, is much superior to the rest.

The carved work of the roof of the chapel is said to have been brought from the neighbouring *Abbey of Mænan* *.—Into this chapel has lately been removed, an ancient monument of Hoel Coytmor, which lay before among the rubbish, under the stairs leading into the gallery of the church. It is an armed recumbent figure, with the feet resting on a lion. The inscription upon it is: “*Hic jacet Hoel Coytmor ap Gruff. Vychan ap Gruff. Amn.*” Hoel Coytmor possessed the estates of Gwydir, which were sold by his son David, to Meredith ap Jevan, Welsh nephew, or first cousin once removed to the renowned John ap Meredith, and ancestor to the Wynnes of Gwydir. Hoel was the grandson of David Goch of Penmachno, whose monument we had just seen in the church of Bettws †.

Near this monument is placed a large stone coffin, supposed to have been that of Llewelyn ap Iorwerth, denominated from his valiant actions, Llewelyn the great. He was interred in the abbey of Conwy, in the year 1240, but after the dissolution of abbies in the reign of Henry VIII. as appears from a brass plate affixed to it, this coffin was removed thence to this place, where it has ever since remained.

* This abbey stood about three miles north of Llanrwst. On its site was erected a house, at present the property of lord Newborough. It was founded by Edward I. after he had fortified the town of Conwy, for the purpose of removing into it the religious of the Cistercian abbey there.

† Yorke. 24.

Besides these, there are no other monuments in this chapel worth notice, except one, which bears the following singularly long and curious inscription, containing a pedigree of the Wynne family from Owen Gwynedd, prince of Wales, to sir Richard Wynne, who died about the middle of the seventeenth century.

“ This chapel was erected anno Domini 1633, by sir Richard Wynne of Gwydir, in the county of Caernarvon, knight and baronet, treasurer to the high and mighty princess Henrietta Maria queen of England, daughter to king Henry the Fourth, king of France, and wife to our sovereign Charles. Where lieth buried, his father sir John Wynne of Gwydir, in the county of Caernarvon, knight and baronet, son and heyre to Maurice Wynne, son and heyre to John Wynne, son and heyre to Meredith; which there lie buried in the church of Dolwyddelan with tombs over them. This Meredith was son and heyre to Evan, son and heyre to Robert, son and heyre to Griffith, son and heyre to Caradoc, son and heyre to Thomas, son and heyre to Roderic, lord of Anglesey, son to Owen Gwynedd, prince of Wales, and younger brother to David prince of Wales; who married Eme Plantagenet, sister to king Henry the II. There succeeded this David, three princes; his nephew Leolinus Magnus, who married Jone, daughter to king John; David his son, nephew to king Henry the III.; and Leoline, the last prince of Wales of that house and line, who lived in king Edward I.’s time. Sir John Wynne, married Sydney, who lieth buried here, the daughter of sir William Gerrard, knight, lord chancellor of Ireland; by whom he had issue sir John Wynne, who died at Lucca in Italy; sir Richard Wynne, now living; Robert Wynne, who lieth here; Roger Wynne, who lieth here; William Wynne, now living; Maurice Wynne, now living; Ellis Wynne, who lieth buried at Whitford in the county of Flint;
Henry

Henry Wynne, now living ; Roger Wynne, who lieth here, and two daughters ; Mary, now living, married to sir Roger Mostyn, in the county of Flint, knight ; and Elizabeth, now living, married to sir John Bodvil, in the county of Caernarvon, knight."

The river Conwy runs close past the churchyard of Llanrwst, from whence there is a fine prospect of the bridge, and the high woods or Gwydir behind it. In this river salmon are frequently taken, and in the months of February and March, great numbers of smelts. The tide reaches no farther than to the village of *Trefriew*, about a mile and a half from Llanrwst, to which place only the river is navigable.

In the fifteen years of civil discord during the insurrection of Owen Glyndwr, such were the ravages committed in these parts of Wales, that this place was so entirely forsaken by its inhabitants, that grass grew in the market place, and the deer from the mountains fled for refuge into the churchyard*.

INN.

The Eagles inn at Llanrwst, the only one where post horses are kept, is in general found a very comfortable house ; but during the summer season it is often so much crowded by company, as to ren-

* Wynne, 420.

der it very unpleasant to the wearied tourist. From this house guides may be had to accompany the traveller to any of the curiosities of the neighbourhood.

About five miles from Llanwrst, leaving the road to Penmachno on the right, we passed over some fields, to see a small *waterfall on the river Conwy*. Its height is not very considerable, being only twelve or fourteen yards. The scene was clad with wood, and the bed of the river excessively rugged.

Somewhat more than half a mile beyond this, we stopped at a fulling mill, near a bridge called Pont y Pandy, *the bridge of the fulling mill*. Here is a

CATARACT

Called *Rhaiadr y Craig Llwyd*, truly romantic and picturesque. It is not very lofty, and the river, from want of water when we were here, flowed in two streams, but the black and rugged rock that separated them, rendered the scene, though not perhaps quite so tremendous, yet much more beautiful than if the whole had been concealed by the water. The high banks on each side are ornamented with pendent shrubs, and a mill, and rude wooden aqueduct (which conveys water to an old overshot wheel), overgrown with mosses and grass, completed this elegant landscape. The descent to the bottom was steep and difficult, but my trouble in scrambling down was well repaid in seeing the fall

fall to much greater advantage than from above. From hence it seemed increased in height, and many of the prominent and pointed rocks, before hidden, came, from this situation, into the view.

The river accompanies the road to some distance beyond this waterfall. Where they parted we left the road, and wandered along the banks of the stream for some time, till we came to a most wild scene of wooded and projecting rocks, overhanging the black and dismal torrent. A grassy ledge on the opposite side, at some height above the water, reminded me very forcibly of the scene where Gray has placed his bard; and all the accompanying features were well suited to such a scene,

High on a rock, whose haughty brow
Frowns o'er old Conwy's foaming flood,
Rob'd in the sable garb of woe,
With haggard eyes, the poet stood
(Loose his beard, and hoary hair
Stream'd like a meteor to the troubled air),
And with a master's hand, and prophet's fire,
Struck the deep sorrows of his lyre,

From hence we returned to the road, and proceeded onwards over a mountainous, though not either very romantic or interesting country, till we reached Penmachno, *The Head of the Machno*, a village singular in its appearance, the houses being built almost in a circle round the church.

At the distance of about four miles from Penmachno, in the road leading from thence to Corwen, is *Yspytty Evan*, now a small village, but so called, it has been conjectured, from its having formerly contained a house belonging to the knights hospitalers, or knights of St. John of Jerufalem *. This had the privilege of a sanctuary, and the place of course became a receptacle for thieves and murderers. It was, says sir John Wynne, “a wasp’s nest, which troubled the whole country,—a sanctuary of robbers, which at times were wont to be above a hundred, well horfed and well appointed †.” Being here beyond the reach of invaders, the place was always fully peopled; and extending their plundering excursions on all sides to the distance of twenty or thirty miles, they rendered themselves the terror of the adjacent country. Such were indeed the ravages they committed, that nearly all the inhabitants of the neighbourhood were driven to seek for refuge and security beyond their reach.

From Penmachno, for we did not think it worth our while to visit *Yspytty Evan*, we continued our journey, over a still mountainous but dreary country, till we came to the village of

FFESTINIOG,

The Place of Hastening. This little place, and the vale near it, have been justly celebrated by the

* The word *spytty* being probably derived from *hospitium*.

† Wynne, 420. 429.

elegant pen of lord Lyttleton, who made a tour through Wales in the year 1756.

It happened to be during a fair when we were here, and as we chose to suffer any inconvenience rather than be pestered with the vociferous curiosity of a set of drunken fellows, we were taken from the inn into an adjoining building, and shewn up stairs into a bed-room, even worse than that I had slept in at Beddgelert. After we had satiated our thirst as well as we could with what was called brandy and water, but which might indeed have been as easily mistaken for burgundy as brandy, we went by a foot-path which passes through the field, opposite to the end of the house, to see the

FALLS OF THE CYNFAEL.

These are situated, the one about three hundred yards above, and the other three hundred yards below a rustic stone bridge over the river, to which the path led us.—The upper cataract consists of three steeps, over which the water foams into a deep black bason, shadowed by the adjoining rocks.—The other, which I think nearly as beautiful as this, is formed by a broad sheet of water, precipitated down a slightly shelving rock, about forty feet high, and darkened by the foliage around it, which closes in almost to the edge of the stream. After the water has reached the bottom of the deep concavity, it rushes along a narrow rocky chasm; then

Raging

Raging still amid the shaggy rocks,
 Now flashes o'er the scatter'd fragments, now
 Assant the hollow channel rapid darts,
 And falling fast from gradual slope to slope,
 With wild inflected course and lessen'd roar,
 It gains a safer bed, and steals, at last,
 Along the mazes of the quiet vale.

Betwixt this cataract and the bridge there is a tall columnar rock, which stands in the bed of the river, called *Pulpit Hugh Lloyd Cynfael*, or Hugh Lloyd's pulpit, the place from whence, the peasantry say, a magician of that name used to deliver his nightly incantations,

ANECDOTE OF HUGH LLOYD.

Of this bard, magician, and warrior, for he claimed all these titles, the following anecdote is recorded. When he was a young man, he made a stone seat to put at the door of his house, which was not far from hence; and his wife's sister was the first that sat upon it. "Molly, (he said,) you have sat first upon this bench, and you must pay me three kisses for it." The demand was satisfied. Some time afterwards his wife died, and he went to London; leaving his sister in law, then married, and her husband. He enlisted into the parliament's forces, where he soon obtained a commission; and he was in the army of general Monk at the restoration of Charles II. After having been from home many years, and at length growing old, he returned
 to

to his native country. Arriving at his own house one fine summer's evening, he saw his sister-in-law, her husband, and children (all now grown up), sitting on the same stone bench, eating flummery and milk. He asked them in English if they would give him a night's lodging? but none of them knew a word of this language. They, however, conjectured what he wanted, and shewed him a bed, the best in the cottage, but asked him to partake of their fare before he retired to rest. This he did, and being satisfied with his hospitable reception, addressed them in Welsh in the following extempore stanza:

Yn Ffrainc y mae gwin yn ffraeth: yn Llundain
Mae llawnder cynlliaeth;
Yn Holand 'menyn helaeth;
Y 'Nghymru, llymry a llaeth.

For wines delicious mighty France is prais'd,
And various dainties are for London rais'd;
With butter, Holland half the world supplies,
But milk and flummery more than all I prize.

“What, you are a Welshman, my good friend?” exclaimed his sister. “Yes, (said he,) I am: it is many years since I had three kisses from the female who sat first on this bench!” He was immediately recognized with the utmost joy. He then took out of his pocket a large purse filled with gold, and throwing it into her lap, “Here, (said he,) take this as a reward for your hospitality to the old English stranger, who is now more than fourscore
2 years

years of age: he requires for it nothing more than a bed every night, and flummery and milk every day while he lives." From this time it is said that he resided with them till his death, which did not happen till some years afterwards.

THE VALE OF FFESTINIOG.

From the village of Ffestiniog we descended into Cwm Maentwrog, *The Vale of Maentwrog*, (improperly called by tourists the vale of Ffestiniog,) and wandered leisurely along, enjoying all the way the most sublime pleasure in contemplating the beauties of the scene before us. There are few vales in this country that afford such lovely prospects as this. Many of the high mountains bounding its sides are shaded with lofty oaks; and the silver Dwyryd, *Two Fords*, serpentizes placidly and silently along the bottom, amidst the richest cultivation. The sea, at a distance, closes the view; and Traeth Bach, a wide arm of it, is seen to receive the Dwyryd, a little below Tanybwllch hall, which is situated on a rising ground, and embowered in woods, at the north-west extremity of the vale. The little village of Maentwrog, from whence it takes its name, is seated nearly in the middle. The character of the vale of Ffestiniog is very different from that either of Llanberis or Nant Hwynan: the former is majestic, grand, and sublime; Nant Hwynan bears a middle character, its bottom is varied by insulated rocks,

rocks, and clad with trees; this is simply elegant, and principally affords charms to the admirer of nature in her most chaste and delicate attire. The bottom is open, and cultivated from end to end, with trees scattered along the walls and hedge-rows. The thick woods on the mountains on the north-side soften very beautifully what would be otherwise a bleak and dreary feature in the scene. "With the woman one loves, with the friend of one's heart, and a good study of books, (says lord Lyttleton to his friend Mr. Bower,) one might pass an age in this vale, and think it a day. If you have a mind to live long, and renew your youth, come with Mrs. Bower, and settle at Ffestiniog. Not long ago there died in that neighbourhood an honest Welsh farmer, who was 105 years of age. By his first wife he had *thirty* children, *ten* by his second, *four* by his third, and *seven* by two concubines: his youngest son was *eighty-one* years younger than his eldest; and 800 persons, descended from his body, attended his funeral."—I can add another instance of age and fecundity in this vale, which, though far short of this in point of numbers, is still sufficiently great to prove the healthiness of the place. Jane Price, who died in the year 1694, had at the time of her death *twelve* children, *forty-seven* grand-children, and *thirteen* great grand-children.

We ascended, along with the road, the mountains forming the northern boundary of the vale, on the heights

heights of which stand Tanybwllch inn. Here we dined, and from hence we went the same evening, through Beddgelert, again to Caernarvon*.

* Tanybwllch will be described in the first chapter of the ensuing volume.

END OF THE FIRST VOLUME.

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